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THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW



Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill.

From a drawing by John J. Sargent, R. A.

From Electro Engraving.

THE
ANGLO-SAXON
REVIEW
A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY

EDITED BY
LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL

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ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME BY CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.



AMONG the Italian bookbindings of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries are probably to be found the finest existing specimens of the art of decorative bookbinding in leather. The taste and skill displayed in several instances have never been exceeded—indeed, even now these ancient bindings influence our modern work strongly, and certainly in Europe they laid the foundation of the more ornamental styles of bookbinding which may be said to have come into vogue concurrently with the invention of printing. On most of the finest bindings made in France and England since this date may be traced readily enough the modified forms of Italian designs, and it is also on Italian bindings that are found the earliest instances of gold tooling in leather that were made in Europe. This beautiful art undoubtedly originated in the East. It is shown on Arabic books from the twelfth century onwards, and in a modified form on Persian books of an early date. On these Oriental bindings, lines, points, and roundels of gold occur, the gold being fixed in various ways. In the cases of the points and roundels, both on Oriental and early Italian books, the gold appears to be what we should now call foil; it is much thicker than gold leaf, and is often superimposed upon a small disc of some composition, the material of which is unknown. Small pieces of the foil were cut as nearly to the required size as possible and laid down on the composition, and finally strongly pressed into the leather by means of suitable tools. As might be expected, these little metal films often become detached, leaving the composition behind them. They were always strongly varnished. Actual gold leaf, however, was frequently used on fifteenth-century Italian bindings, but not in the way we now use it. Some very beautiful specimens exist on which designs are broadly spaced out on the leather with leaf gold, afterwards finished with burnishers and impressed points. This method of ornamentation is extremely effective, and opens out to a clever designer a much larger field than he can hope to compass with the comparatively limited scope afforded by the usual bookbinding stamps.

The combination of these two systems of gilding on leather has resulted in the gradual discovery that brilliant gilded work in thin gold can be strongly produced on leather by the concurrent use of glaire of egg and heated stamps. Gold applied with a brush has also been used on leather bindings at several periods and in several countries; for this purpose it was probably made ready in a similar way to the gold shell used at the present day. It has generally a dull appearance.

Bookbinding stamps may be broadly divided into two classes, one resembling a die for making a coin, and the other resembling an

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ordinary letter in type. The use of these two styles of stamps may also be clearly divided into two periods. The die, producing what is called a 'cameo' stamp, was most extensively used before and during the early sixteenth century, and the other from the early sixteenth century onwards. Also, the cameo stamps were generally used without any gilding or colour, and the others usually with gold.

In England large numbers of small cameo stamps have been used from a very early period, invariably on calf or goat skin. Beautiful designs carried out in combinations of such stamps were made notably at Durham, Winchester and London during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, and instances of their use are found on bindings of a later date by Caxton, Pynson, Jacobi, Reynes, Rood, and numberless others. Many of these were panel stamps, and in other cases most decorative borders are cut in the same way on cylinders, so that they could be rolled along on the leather and make a continuous pattern. Borders and ovals with open centres of the same kind were used by John Day on several of the bindings he made for Queen Elizabeth—brown calf with inlays of white deerskin—and on one of Queen Elizabeth's books, a Bible of 1566, is a magnificent cameo stamp, measuring nine inches in length, with open centre, bearing flying horses, cherubs, masks, and flowers, all richly coloured by hand. This same stamp occurs on books of less importance, simply stamped with a gold background. French cameo stamps are numerous in small early work, and on calf-bound books of the sixteenth century. The finest of these is probably the large group, most delicately and beautifully cut, representing the Vision of the Emperor Augustus (*Ara Coeli*). This splendid panel, with its border, measures about eight inches in length, and on a shield at the lower edge are the initials of the binder, Jean Norins.

Most of the French panel stamps represent saints or biblical subjects, but now and then, like the mill signed 'Jean Moulin,' they are secular, and are frequently signed in full with the binder's name, André Boule, Louis Bloc, R. Macé, and others too numerous to mention. Subsequent French bindings rarely show panel stamps—there is, however, a fine portrait of Henri II., and busts of Cato and Cicero produced in this manner; they are usually gilded.

In Germany, too, the panel stamps had a long and important reign, beginning, like the other countries, with small stamps arranged in lines or groups; it being gradually found that the panel stamp made a good centre ornament. The German bindings are largely in white pigskin, very strong and well adapted for receiving a sharp impression from a well-cut metal die. One of the earliest specimens of a large German cameo stamp is also one of the most beautiful; it is of fifteenth-century workmanship, and is a very decorative arrangement of a flower stem, arranged in close oval curves, in each of which is a grotesque figure, human or animal. It is rectangular,

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measures about nine inches by four, and is most delicately and beautifully cut.

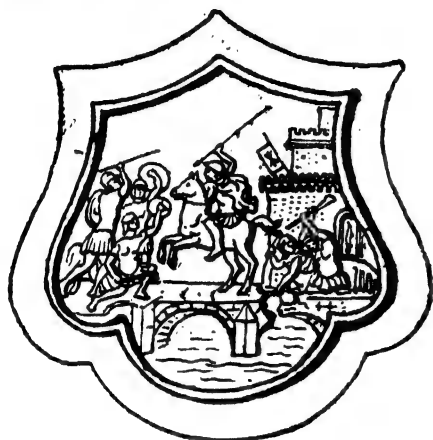
A very important outcome of the cameo stamp in German hands is the remarkable collection of portraits which exists upon their calf or pigskin bindings. No coin or medal could be more effective than the portrait of the Emperor Charles V., or that of John Friederich, Duke of Saxony; these two splendid specimens of die cutting being often found in the same book, one on each side. Again, it would be difficult to find a finer example of a cameo portrait than one of Maximilian II. in Imperial dress, which is not uncommonly found in books of contemporary date. These personages were, no doubt, highly decorative models; but this cannot be said either of Luther or of Melancthon, whose portraits, nevertheless, are probably more frequently met with in bookbindings than those of any other persons, usually as cameos, and rarely coloured. Heraldic motives are also common in German bindings and are frequently found as cameos.

In the introduction to the catalogue of Bookbindings shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1891, Mr. Gordon Duff gives an admirable account of the history of bindings adorned with panel stamps, and he gives the credit of their introduction to the Netherlandish binders, dating from the middle of the fourteenth century. They are generally used on calf bindings, with curious legends and quotations, frequently embodying the name of the binder.

The earliest cameo stamps I know of on Italian bindings are on Venetian official publications, and take the form of the lion of St. Mark. They are usually in very low relief and highly coloured. Several very decorative heads are treated in the same way in relief, but are curiously sunk in a rounded hollow made in the centre of very thick boards. A beautiful Greek anthology of 1494, with blind and gold tooling in exquisite taste on red leather, bears portraits of Philip and Alexander in cameo; another of a little later date has a similar portrait of Cæsar. These are both of Florentine workmanship. In such cases there is generally a groove along the edges of the thick boards, being a survival of the Oriental boards with sunk panels in the centres and at the corners, in which case the plan of making them double was frequently adopted; then holes of the proper form were pierced through the upper of the two, leaving the under one to supply the framework of the sunk panels. Naturally, there would be some indication of this arrangement on the edges of the complete double board, and this was taken advantage of as an ornamental feature which existed, or was persisted in, long after its structural justification had become obsolete. These books, always splendidly finished from a technical point of view, usually had clasps of some kind, not only on their front edges, but also at the top and bottom of each of the boards.

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A very well-known stamp is found impressed in colour on a valuable copy of 'Celsus, De Medicina, Venetiis, 1497,' which belonged to Jean Grolier and bears his autograph. This curious stamp was cut by Giovanni delle Corniole, a Florentine gem-cutter, and appears to have been also used for the producing of plaques for the decoration of sword-handles.



On one side is a representation of Curtius leaping into the abyss in the Forum at Rome, and on the other Horatius Cocles, on a white horse, defending the Sublucian bridge against the Etruscan army under Lars Porsenna. Both cameos are delicately coloured and gilded by hand.

Of Demetrio Canevari little is known; he lives in our recollection chiefly because of the beautiful bookbindings which are known by his name. These bindings were not, however, made for him, as they appear to

have been made by Venetian workmen, or by a Venetian artist, between 1535 and 1560, and Canevari was not born until 1559. It is possible that he inherited them from his father. Canevari was a doctor of great repute in Rome, and was officially attached as physician to the Court of Pope Urban VII., and probably also to that of his successor. He wrote several medical works, and died in 1625. His large library has been widely scattered, and specimens of the 'Canevari' bindings in good condition are now highly prized. These books, both large and small, are I think the first which, as a rule, bear their title upon them, not only on the upper board, but usually on the back as well, high up near the top. They are all bound by the same binder, and are decorated largely with the same small stamps differently arranged, but in the same general design. The backs are excellently designed. They have two kinds of bands across them, one thick, one thin; the thick ones are constructional and are ornamented with small gold tooling of various kinds, the small ones are ornamental and put in alternately with the others, having across them small diagonal lines of gold. In the panels between the bands are single impressions from some small stamp—rose or fleur-de-lys.

The chief feature, however, is the beautiful oval cameo which, in one of two forms, is the main characteristic of the bindings which belonged to Demetrio Canevari. The design is the same on each of the stamps, one of which is a large upright oval, and the other a smaller oval with its longer diameter horizontal. Apollo, with

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golden helmet and cloak, holding a golden whip, is standing in a golden chariot with silver wheels, and driving two horses, one white and one black, probably representing day and night. A silver Pegasus is standing on a high green and gold rock in front of the horses. In the sky are usually some silver clouds, but these



are only painted, if they exist at all, and are really not part of the cameo stamp itself. The oval is enclosed by a ribbon on which are the words 'ΟΡΘΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΗ ΛΟΞΩΣ,' a mysterious legend which may have some connection with, or play upon, the name ΛΟΞΙΑΣ, which was one of the epithets applied to Apollo on account of the antiquity of his oracles.

The binding reproduced on this number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*¹ is one of the finest specimens of a Canevari binding in existence. The colour still remains on one side in almost perfect condition; on the majority of specimens there is no colour left at all except on the rock. The title is displayed in an ornamental cartouche just above the centre stamps and repeated on the back. It is bound in deep olive green goatskin, the smaller volumes from the same library being always bound in red.

Parallel with the edges of the boards is a broad border outlined with double lines and broken in six places by semicircular interlacings. Within the spaces thus produced are richly designed arabesques worked in gold with 'solid' stamps, and here and there a very charming small symmetrical stamp of two dolphins holding a shell on their tails.

The four inner corners of the border are ornamented with

¹ Taken from a copy of 'Polydorus Vergilius. *Anglicæ Historiæ libri xxvi.* Basilæ. 1534.' Formerly the property of Demetrio Canevari and now in the British Museum.

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arabesques and a stamp of a triple flame, which is also used at each of the outer angles.

Although Italian bookbinding up to about the date of this book was perhaps the finest that has ever been produced, it began to decline in excellence very shortly afterwards. But the example set by Florentine, Neapolitan, and Venetian bookbinders particularly, had already done its work, and though the pre-eminence was not maintained after about the middle of the sixteenth century, yet highly decorative and excellent work may still be found of a later date, especially among the ecclesiastical bindings.

HUMPLEBEE

BY GEORGE GISSING



THE school was assembled for evening prayers ; some three score boys, representing for the most part the well-to-do middle class of a manufacturing county. At either end of the room glowed a pleasant fire, for it was February and the weather had turned to frost. Silence reigned, but on the young faces turned to where the headmaster sat at his desk appeared an unwonted expression, an eager expectancy, as though something out of the familiar routine were about to happen. When the master's voice at length sounded he did not read from the book before him ; gravely, slowly he began to speak of an event which had that day stirred the little community with profound emotion.

‘Two of our number are this evening absent. Happily, most happily, that absence is but for a short time ; in our prayers we shall render thanks to the good Providence which has saved us from a terrible calamity. I do not desire to dwell upon the circumstance that one of these boys, Chadwick, had committed worse than an imprudence in venturing upon the Long Pond ; it was in disregard of my injunction ; I had distinctly made it known that the ice was still unsafe. We will speak no more of that. All we can think of at present is the fact that Chadwick was on the point of losing his life ; that, in all human probability, he would have been drowned, but for the help heroically afforded him by one of his schoolfellows. I say heroically, and I am sure I do not exaggerate ; in the absence of Humplebee I may declare that he nobly perilled his own life to save that of another. It was a splendid bit of courage, a fine example of pluck and promptitude and vigour. We have all cause this night to be proud of Humplebee.’

The solemn voice paused. There was an instant's profound stillness. Then, from somewhere amid the rows of listeners, sounded a clear, boyish note.

‘Sir, may we give three cheers for Humplebee ?’

‘You may.’

The three score leapt to their feet, and volleys of cheering made the schoolroom echo. Then the master raised his hand, the tumult subsided, and after a few moments of agitated silence, prayers began.

Next morning there appeared as usual at his desk a short, thin, red-headed boy of sixteen, whose plain, freckled face denoted good humour and a certain intelligence, but would never have drawn attention among the livelier and comelier physiognomies grouped about him. This was Humplebee. Hitherto he had been an insignificant member of the school, one of those boys who excel neither at games nor at lessons, of whom nothing is expected, who

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rarely if ever get into trouble, and who are liked in a rather contemptuous way. Of a sudden he shone glorious ; all tongues were busy with him, all eyes regarded him, every one wished for the honour of his friendship. Humplebee looked uncomfortable. He had the sniffy beginnings of a cold, the result of yesterday's struggle in icy water, and his usual diffidence, his monosyllabic inclination, were intensified by the position in which he found himself. Clappings on the shoulder from bigger boys who had been wont to joke about his name made him flush nervously ; to be addressed as Humpy, or Bumble, or Buzz, even though in a new tone, seemed to gratify him as little as before. It was plain that Humplebee would much have liked to be left alone. He stuck as closely as possible to his books, and out of schooltime tried to steal apart from the throng.

But an ordeal awaited him. Early in the afternoon there arrived from a great town not far away a well-dressed and high-complexioned man, whose every look and accent declared commercial importance. This was Mr. Chadwick, father of the boy who had all but been drowned. He and the headmaster held private talk, and presently they sent for Humplebee. Merely to enter the 'study' was at any time Humplebee's dread ; to do so under the present circumstances cost him anguish of spirit.

'Ha ! Here he is !' exclaimed Mr. Chadwick, in the voice of bluff geniality which seemed to him appropriate, 'Humplebee, let me shake hands with you ! Humplebee, I am proud to make your acquaintance ; prouder still to thank you, to thank you, my boy !'

The lad was painfully overcome ; his head dropped, his hands quivered, he stood like one convicted of disgraceful behaviour.

'I think you have heard of me, Humplebee. Leonard has no doubt spoken to you of his father. Perhaps my name has reached you in other ways ?'

'Yes, sir,' faltered the boy.

'You mean that you know me as a public man ?' urged Mr. Chadwick, in whose eyes glimmered a hungry vanity.

'Yes, sir,' whispered Humplebee.

'Ha ! I see you already take an intelligent interest in things beyond school. They tell me you are sixteen, Humplebee. Come now ; what are your ideas about the future ? I don't mean'—Mr. Chadwick rolled a laugh—'about the future of mankind, or even the future of the English race ; you and I may perhaps discuss such questions a few years hence. In the meantime, what are your personal ambitions ? In brief, what would you like to be, Humplebee ?'

Under the eyes of his master and of the commercial potentate, Humplebee stood voiceless ; he gasped once or twice like an expiring fish.

'Courage, my boy, courage !' cried Mr. Chadwick. 'Your father, I believe, destines you for commerce. Is that your own

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wish? Speak freely. Speak as though I were a friend you had known all your life.

‘I should like to please my father, sir,’ jerked from the boy’s lips.

‘Good! Admirable! That’s the spirit I like, Humplebee. Then you have no marked predilection? That was what I wanted to discover. Well, well, we shall see. Meanwhile, Humplebee, get on with your arithmetic. You are good at arithmetic, I am sure?’

‘Not very, sir.’

‘Come, come, that’s our modesty. But I like you none the worse for it, Humplebee. Well, well, get on with your work, my boy, and we shall see, we shall see.’

Therewith, to his vast relief, Humplebee found himself dismissed. Later in the day, he received a summons to the bedroom where Mr. Chadwick’s son was being carefully nursed. Leonard Chadwick, about the same age as his rescuer, had never deigned to pay much attention to Humplebee, whom he regarded as stupid and plebeian; but the boy’s character was marked by a generous impulsiveness, which came out strongly in the present circumstances.

‘Hallo, Humpy!’ he cried, raising himself in bed when the other entered. ‘So you pulled me out of that hole! Shake hands, Buzz, old fellow! You’ve had a talk with my governor, haven’t you? What do you think of him?’

Humplebee muttered something incoherent.

‘My governor’s going to make your fortune, Humpy!’ cried Leonard. ‘He told me so, and when he says a thing he means it. He’s going to start you in business, when you leave school; most likely you’ll go into his own office. How will you like that, Humpy? My governor thinks no end of you; say’s you’re a brick. And so you are. I shan’t forget that you pulled me out of that hole, old chap. We shall be friends all our lives, you know. Tell me what you think of my governor?’

When he was on his legs again, Leonard continued to treat Humplebee with grateful, if somewhat condescending, friendliness. In the talks they had together the great man’s son continually expatiated upon his preserver’s brilliant prospects. Beyond possibility of doubt Humplebee would some day be a rich man; Mr. Chadwick had said so, and whatever he purposed came to pass. To all this Humplebee listened in a dazed sort of way, now and then smiling, but seldom making verbal answer. In school he was not quite the same boy as before his exploit; he seemed duller, less attentive, and at times even incurred reproaches for work ill done—previously a thing unknown. When the holidays came no boy was so glad as Humplebee; his heart sang within him as he turned his back upon the school and began the journey homeward.

That home was in the town illumined by Mr. Chadwick’s commercial and municipal brilliance; over a small draper’s shop in

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one of the outskirt streets stood the name of Humplebee. The draper, about sixty years of age, had known plenty of misfortunes and sorrows, with scant admixture of happiness; nowadays things were somewhat better with him; by dint of severe economy he had put aside two or three hundred pounds, and he was able, moreover, to give his son (an only child) what is called a 'sound' education. In the little rooms above the shop there might have been a measure of quiet content and hopefulness but for Mrs. Humplebee. She, considerably younger than her husband, fretted against their narrow circumstances, and grudged the money that was being spent—wasted she called it—on the boy Harry. From his father Harry never heard talk of pecuniary troubles, but the mother lost no opportunity of letting him know that they were poor, miserably poor; adding that if he did not work hard at school he was simply a cold-hearted criminal, and robbed his parents of their bread.

But during the last month or two a change had come upon this household. One day the draper received a visit from the great Mr. Chadwick, who told a wonderful story of Harry's heroism, and made proposals which sounded so nobly generous that Mr. Humplebee was overcome with gratitude. Harry, as his father knew, had no vocation for the shop; to get him a place in a manufacturer's office seemed the best thing that could be aimed at; and here was Mr. Chadwick talking of easy beginnings, quick advancement, and all manner of vaguely splendid possibilities in the future! The draper's joy proved Mrs. Humplebee's opportunity; she pushed a project which had of late been constantly on her mind and on her lips, to wit, that they should transfer their business into larger premises, and give themselves a chance of prosperity. How could her husband hesitate? He had his little capital to meet the first expenses, and, if need were, there could not be the slightest doubt that Mr. Chadwick would assist him. A real gentleman, Mr. Chadwick! Had he not expressly desired to see Harry Humplebee's mother, and had he not assured her of his desire to show in every possible way the gratitude he felt towards all who bore the name of Humplebee? The draper, if he neglected this opportunity, would be an idiot—a mere idiot!

So, when the boy came home for his holiday he found two momentous things decided; first that he should forthwith enter Mr. Chadwick's office, secondly that the little shop should be abandoned and a new one taken in a better neighbourhood.

Now Harry Humplebee had in his soul a secret desire and a secret abhorrence. Ever since he could read his delight had been in books of natural history; beasts, birds and fishes possessed his imagination, and for nothing else in the intellectual world did he really care. With poor resources he had learnt a great deal of his beloved subjects. Whenever he could get away into the fields he

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was happy ; to lie still for hours watching some wild thing, noting its features and its ways, seemed to him perfect enjoyment. His treasure was a collection, locked in a cupboard at home, of eggs, skeletons, butterflies, beetles, and I know not what. His father regarded all this as harmless amusement ; his mother contemptuously tolerated it, or, in worse humour, condemned it as waste of time. When at school the boy had frequent opportunities of pursuing his study, for he was in mid-country and could wander as he liked on free afternoons ; but neither the headmaster nor his assistant thought it worth while to pay heed to Humplebee's predilection. True, it had been noticed more than once that, in writing an 'essay' he showed unusual observation of natural things ; this, however, did not strike his educators as a matter of any importance ; it was not their business to discover what Humplebee could do, and wished to do, but to make him do the things they regarded as desirable. Humplebee was marked for commerce ; he must study compound interest, and be strong at discount. Yet the boy loathed every such mental effort, and the name of 'business' made him sick at heart.

How he longed to unbosom himself to his father ! And in the first week of his holiday he had a chance of doing so, a wonderful chance, such as had never entered his dreams. The town possessed a museum of natural history, where, of course, Humplebee had often spent leisure hours. Half a year ago a happy chance had brought him into conversation with the curator, who could not but be struck by the lad's intelligence, and who took an interest in him. Now they met again ; they had one or two long talks, with the result that, on a Sunday afternoon, the curator of the museum took the trouble to call upon Mr. Humplebee, to speak with him about his son. At the museum there was wanted a lad with a taste for natural history, to perform at first certain easy duties, with the prospect of further advancement here or elsewhere. It seemed to the curator that Harry was the very boy for the place ; would Mr. Humplebee like to consider this suggestion ? Now, if it had been made to him half a year ago, such an offer would have seemed to Mr. Humplebee well worth consideration, and he knew that Harry would have heard of it with delight ; as it was he could not entertain the thought for a moment. Impossible to run the risk of offending Mr. Chadwick ; moreover, who could hesitate between the modest possibilities of the museum and such a career as waited the lad under the protection of his powerful friend ? With nervous haste the draper explained how matters stood, excused himself, and begged that not another word on the subject might be spoken in his son's hearing.

Harry Humplebee knew what he had lost ; the curator, in talk with him, had already thrown out his suggestion ; at their next meeting, he discreetly made known to the boy that other counsels

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must prevail. For the first time Harry felt a vehement impulse, prompting him to speak on his own behalf, to assert and to plead for his own desires. But courage failed him. He heard his father loud in praise of Mr. Chadwick, intent upon the gratitude and respect due to that admirable man. He knew how his mother would exclaim at the mere hint of disinclination to enter the great man's office. And so he held his peace, though it cost him bitterness of heart and even secret tears. A long, long time passed before he could bring himself to enter again the museum doors.

He sat on a stool in Mr. Chadwick's office, a clerk at a trifling salary. Everything, his father reminded him, must have a beginning; let him work well, and his progress would be rapid. Two years passed, and he was in much the same position; his salary had increased by one half, but his work remained the same, mechanical, dreary, hateful to him in its monotony. Meanwhile, his father's venture in the new premises had led to grave embarrassments; business did not thrive; the day came when Mr. Humplebee, trembling and shamefaced, felt himself driven to beg help of his son's so-called benefactor. He came away from the interview with empty hands. Worse than that he had heard things about Harry which darkened his mind with a new anxiety.

'I greatly fear,' said Mr. Chadwick, 'that your son must seek a place in some other office. It's a painful thing; I wish I could have kept him; but the fact of the matter is that he shows utter incapacity. I have no fault to find with him otherwise; a good lad; in a smaller place of business he might do well enough. But he is altogether below the mark in an office such as *mine*. Don't distress yourself, Mr. Humplebee, I beg. I shall make it my care to inquire for suitable openings; you shall hear from me—you shall hear from me. Pray consider that your son is under notice to leave this day month. As for the other matter of which you spoke, I can only repeat that the truest kindness is to refuse assistance. I assure you it is. The circumstances forbid it. Clearly, what you have to do is to call together your creditors, and arrive at an understanding. It is my principle never to try to prop up a hopeless concern—such as yours evidently is. Good-day to you, Mr. Humplebee; good-day.'

A year later, several things had happened. Mr. Humplebee was dead; his penniless widow had gone to live in another town on the charity of poor relatives; and Harry Humplebee sat in another office, drawing the salary at which he had begun under Mr. Chadwick, his home a wretched bedroom in the house of working-folk.

It did not appear to the lad that he had suffered any injustice. He knew his own inaptitude for the higher kind of office work, and he had expected his dismissal by Mr. Chadwick long before it came.

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What he did resent, and profoundly, was Mr. Chadwick's refusal to aid his father in that last death-grapple with ruinous circumstance. At the worst moment, when the poor draper already lay stricken with his fatal illness, Humplebee wrote a letter to Leonard Chadwick, whom he had never seen since he left school. He told in simple terms the position of his family, and, without a word of justifying reminiscence, asked his schoolfellow to help them if he could. To this letter a reply came from London. Leonard Chadwick wrote briefly and hurriedly, but in good-natured terms; he was really very sorry indeed that he could do so little; the fact was, just now he stood on anything but good terms with his father, who kept him abominably short of cash. He enclosed five pounds, and, if possible, would soon send more. 'Don't suppose I have forgotten what I owe you. As soon as ever I find myself in an independent position you shall have substantial proof of my enduring gratitude. Keep me informed of your address.'

Humplebee made no second application, and Leonard Chadwick did not again break silence.

The years flowed on. At five-and-twenty Humplebee toiled in the same office, but he could congratulate himself on a certain progress; by dogged resolve, he had acquired something like efficiency in the duties of a commercial clerk, and the salary he now earned allowed him to contribute to the support of his mother. More or less reconciled to the day's labour, he had resumed in leisure hours his favourite study; a free library supplied him with useful books, and whenever it was possible he went his way into the fields, searching, collecting, observing. But his life had another interest, which threatened rivalry to this intellectual pursuit. Humplebee had set eyes upon the maiden destined to be his heart's desire; she was the daughter of a fellow clerk, a man who had grown grey in service of the ledger; timidly he sought to win her kindness, as yet scarce daring to hope, dreaming only of some happy change of position which might encourage him to speak. The girl was as timid as himself; she had a face of homely prettiness, a mind uncultured but sympathetic; absorbed in domestic cares, with few acquaintances, she led the simplest of lives, and would have been all but content to live on in gentle hope for a score of years. The two were beginning to understand each other, for their silence was more eloquent than their speech.

One summer day—the last day of his brief holiday—Humplebee was returning by train from a visit to his mother. Alone in the third-class carriage, seeming to read a newspaper, but in truth dreaming of a face he hoped to see in a few hours, he suddenly found himself jerked out of his seat, flung violently forward, bumped on to the floor, and last of all rolled into a sort of bundle, he knew not where. Recovering from a daze, he said to himself,

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‘Why, this is an accident—a collision!’ Then he tried to unroll himself, and in the effort found that one of his arms was useless; more than that, it pained him horribly. He stood up and tottered on to the seat. Then the carriage door opened, and a voice shouted:

‘Anybody hurt here?’

‘I think my arm is broken,’ answered Humplebee.

Two men helped him to alight. The train had stopped just outside a small station; on a cross line in front of the engine lay a goods truck, smashed to pieces; people were rushing about with cries and gesticulations.

‘Yes the arm is broken,’ remarked one of the men who had assisted Humplebee. ‘It looks as if you were the only passenger injured.’

That proved, indeed, to be the case; no one else had suffered more than a jolt or a bruise. The crowd clustered about this hero of the broken arm, expressing sympathy and offering suggestions. Among them was a well-dressed young man, rather good-looking, and of lively demeanour, who seemed to enjoy the excitement; he, after gazing fixedly at the pain-stricken face, exclaimed in a voice of wonder:

‘By Jove! it’s Humplebee!’

The sufferer turned towards him who spoke; his eyes brightened, for he recognised the face of Leonard Chadwick. Neither one nor the other had greatly altered during the past ten years; they presented exactly the same contrast of personal characteristics as when they were at school together. With vehement friendliness, Chadwick at once took upon himself the care of the injured clerk. He shouted for a cab; he found out where the nearest doctor lived; in a quarter of an hour he had his friend under the doctor’s roof. When the fracture had been set and bandaged they travelled on together to their native town, only a few miles distant, Humplebee knowing for the first time in his life the luxury of a first-class compartment. On the way Chadwick talked exuberantly. He was delighted at this meeting; why, one of his purposes in coming north had been to search out Humplebee, whom he had so long scandalously neglected.

‘The fact is, I’ve been going through queer times myself. The governor and I can’t get along together; we quarrelled years ago, there’s not much chance of our making it up. I’ve no doubt that was the real reason of his dismissing you from his office—a mean thing! The governor’s a fine old boy, but he has his nasty side. He’s very tight about money, and I—well, I’m a bit too much the other way, no doubt. He’s kept me in low water, confound him! But I’m independent of him now. I’ll tell you all about it to-morrow, you’ll feel better able to talk. Expect me at eleven in the morning.’

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Through a night of physical suffering, Humplebee was supported by a new hope. Chadwick the son, warm-hearted and generous, made a strong contrast with Chadwick the father, pompous and insincere. When the young man spoke of his abiding gratitude, there was no possibility of distrusting him ; his voice rang true, and his handsome features wore a delightful frankness. Punctual to his appointment, Leonard appeared next morning. He entered the poor lodging as if it had been a luxurious residence, talked suavely and gaily with the landlady, who was tending her invalid, and, when alone with his old schoolfellow, launched into a detailed account of a great enterprise in which he was concerned. Not long ago he had become acquainted with one Geldershaw, a man somewhat older than himself, personally most attractive, and very keen in business. Geldershaw had just been appointed London representative of a great manufacturing firm in Germany. It was a most profitable undertaking, and, out of pure friendship, he had offered a share in the business to Leonard Chadwick.

‘Of course, I put money into it. The fact is, I have dropped in for a few thousands from a good old aunt, who has been awfully kind to me since the governor and I fell out. I couldn’t possibly have found a better investment ; it means eight or nine per cent., my boy, at the very least ! And look here, Humplebee, of course you can keep books ?’

‘Yes, I can,’ answered the listener, conscientiously.

‘Then, old fellow, a first-rate place is open to you. We want some one we can thoroughly trust ; you’re the very man Geldershaw had in his eye. Would you mind telling me what screw you get at present ?’

‘Two pounds ten a week.’

‘Ha, ha !’ laughed Chadwick exultantly. ‘With us you shall begin at double the figure, and I’ll see to it that you have a rise after the first year. What’s more, Humplebee, as soon as we get fairly going, I promise you a share in the business. Don’t say a word, old boy ! My governor treated you abominably. I’ve been in your debt for ten years or so, as you know very well, and often enough I’ve felt deucedly ashamed of myself. Five pounds a week to begin with, and the certainty of a comfortable interest in a thriving affair ! Come now, is it agreed ?’

Humplebee forgot his pain ; he felt ready to jump out of bed and travel straightway to London.

‘And you know,’ pursued Chadwick, when they had shaken hands warmly, ‘that you have a claim for damages on the railway company. Leave that to me ; I’ll put the thing in train at once, through my own solicitor. You shall pocket a substantial sum, my boy ! Well, I’m afraid I must be off ; I’ve got my hands full of business. Quite a new thing for me, to have something serious to

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do ; I enjoy it ! If I can't see you again before I go back to town, you shall hear from me in a day or two. Here's my London address. Chuck up your place here at once, so as to be ready for us as soon as your arm's all right. Geldershaw shall write you a formal engagement.'

Happily, the broken arm was the left. Humplebee could use his right hand, and did so, very soon after Chadwick's departure, to send an account of all that had befallen him to his friend Mary Bowes. It was the first time that he had written to her. His letter was couched in terms of studious respect, with many apologies for the liberty he took. Of the accident he made light—a few days would see him re-established—but he dwelt with some emphasis upon the meeting with Leonard Chadwick and what had resulted from it.

'I did him a good turn once, when we were at school together. He is a good, warm-hearted fellow, and has sought this opportunity of showing that he remembers the old time.'

Thus did Humplebee refer to the great event of his boyhood. Having despatched the letter, he waited feverishly for Miss Bowes' reply ; but days passed, and still he waited in vain. Agitation delayed his recovery ; he was suffering as he had never suffered in his life, when there came a letter from London, signed with the name of 'Geldershaw,' repeating in formal terms the offer made to him by Leonard Chadwick, and requesting his immediate acceptance or refusal. This plucked him out of his despondent state, and spurred him to action. With the help of his landlady, he dressed himself, and, having concealed his bandaged arm as well as possible, drove in a cab to Miss Bowes' dwelling. The hour being before noon, he was almost sure to find Mary at home, and alone. Trembling with bodily weakness and the conflict of emotions, he rang the door-bell. To his consternation, there appeared Mary's father.

'Hallo ! Humplebee !' cried Mr. Bowes, surprised but friendly. 'Why, I was just going to write to you. Mary has had scarlet fever. I've been so busy these last ten days, I couldn't even inquire after you. Of course, I saw about your smash in the newspaper ; how are you getting on ?'

The man with the bandaged arm could not utter a word. Horror-stricken, he stared at Mr. Bowes, who had begun to express a doubt whether it would be prudent for him to enter the house.

'Mary is convalescent ; the anxiety's all over ; but——'

Humplebee suddenly seized the speaker's hand, and in confused words expressed vehement joy. They talked for a few minutes parted with cordiality, and Humplebee went home again to recover from his excitement.

A note from his employers had replied in terms of decent

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condolence to the message by which he explained his enforced absence. To-day he wrote to the firm, announcing his intention of resigning his post in their office. The response, delivered within a few hours, was admirably brief and to the point. Mr. Humplebee's place had, of course, been already taken temporarily by another clerk ; it would have been held open for him, but, in view of his decision, the firm had merely to request that he would acknowledge the cheque enclosed in payment of his salary up to date. Not without some shaking of the hand did Humplebee pen this receipt ; for a moment something seemed to come between him and the daylight, and a heaviness oppressed his inner man. But already he had despatched to London his formal acceptance of the post at five pounds per week, and in thinking of it his heart grew joyous. Two hundred and sixty pounds a year ! It was beyond the hope of his most fantastic day dreams. He was a made man, secure for ever against fears and worries. He was a man of substance, and need no longer shrink from making known the hope which ruled his life.

A second letter was written to Mary Bowes ; but not till many copies had been made was it at length despatched. The writer declared that he looked for no reply until Mary was quite herself again ; he begged only that she would reflect, meanwhile, upon what he had said—reflect with all her indulgence, all her native goodness and gentleness. And, indeed, there elapsed nearly a fortnight before the answer came ; and to Humplebee it seemed an endless succession of tormenting days. Then——

Humplebee behaved like one distracted. His landlady in good earnest thought he had gone crazy, and was only reassured when he revealed to her what had happened. Mary Bowes was to be his wife ! They must wait for a year and a half ; Mary could not leave her father quite alone, but in a year and a half Mr. Bowes, who was an oldish man, would be able to retire on the modest fruit of his economies, and all three could live together in London. What, cried Humplebee, was eighteen months ? It would allow him to save enough out of his noble salary to start housekeeping with something more than comfort. Blessed be the name of Chadwick !

When his arm was once more sound, and Mary's health quite recovered, they met. In their long, long talk, Humplebee was led to tell the story of that winter day when he saved Leonard Chadwick's life ; he related, too, all that had ensued upon his acquaintance with the great Mr. Chadwick, memories which would never lose all their bitterness. Mary was moved to tears, and her tears were dried by indignation. But they agreed that Leonard, after all, made some atonement for his father's heartless behaviour. Humplebee showed a letter that had come from young Chadwick a day or two ago ; every line spoke generosity of spirit. When he asked, might they expect their new bookkeeper ? They were

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in full swing ; business promised magnificently ! As yet, they had only a temporary office, but Geldershaw was in treaty for fine premises in the City. The sooner Humplebee arrived the better ; fortune awaited him !

It was decided that he should leave for London in two days.

The next evening he came to spend an hour or two with Mary and her father. On entering the room, he at once observed something strange in the looks with which he was greeted. Mary had a pale, miserable air, and could hardly speak. Mr. Bowes, after looking at him fixedly for a moment, exclaimed :

‘Have you seen to-day’s paper?’

‘I’ve been too busy,’ Humplebee replied. ‘What has happened?’

‘Isn’t your London man called Geldershaw?’

‘Yes,’ murmured Humplebee, with a sinking of the heart.

‘Well, the police are after him ; he has bolted. It’s a long-firm swindle that he’s been up to. You know what that means ? Obtaining goods on false credit, and raising money on them. What’s more, young Chadwick is arrested ; he came before the magistrates yesterday, charged with being an accomplice. Here it is ; read it for yourself.’

Humplebee dropped into a chair. When his eyes undazzled, he read the full report which Mr. Bowes had summarised. It was the death-blow of his hopes.

‘Leonard Chadwick has been a victim, not a swindler,’ sounded from him in a feeble voice. ‘You see, he says that Geldershaw has robbed him of all his money—that he is ruined.’

‘He *says* so,’ remarked Mr. Bowes, with angry irony.

‘I believe him,’ said Humplebee.

His eyes sought Mary’s. The girl regarded him steadily, and she spoke in a low, firm voice :

‘I, too, believe him.’

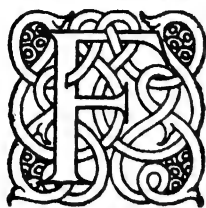
‘Whether or no,’ said Mr. Bowes, thrusting his hands into his pockets, ‘the upshot of it is, Humplebee, that you’ve lost a good place through trusting him. I had my doubts ; but you were in a hurry, and didn’t ask advice. If this had happened a week later, the police would have laid hands on you as well.’

‘So there’s something to be thankful for, at all events,’ said Mary.

Again Humplebee met her eyes. He saw that she would not forsake him.

He had to begin life over again—that was all.

ANGLING REMINISCENCES IN ENGLAND AND THE TROPICS. BY SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY



FISHING is a sport which does not seem to commend itself to all alike. It is either absolutely entrancing, giving a pleasure which nothing can exceed, or else it is the most tiresome of all employments, producing that effect on the mind which the Frenchman described when he compared an angler with a fish at the end of his line to *deux ânes emmanchés*.

For women it has obviously more attractions than shooting, as it does not require great physical strength so much as skill, delicacy of touch and a habit of careful observation, all of which she ought easily to acquire. Brute force is here quite out of place, although the strain of handling a full-sized salmon-rod for many hours is no doubt severe, not only for a woman but also for a man. Still, even in this latter case, there should be ways and means of mitigating the fatigue, such as the proper balancing of the butt of the rod and a good method of casting. A very heavy fish will certainly test one's powers of endurance pretty highly, for although Sir Edward Grey, in his charming book on fly-fishing, asserts that he never played a salmon for more than thirty minutes, I myself assisted at the capture of one which fought for an hour and a half before he could be brought within reach of the gaff which I was holding, ready to strike at the first chance which presented itself. As it was, I had to gaff him still swimming fast in deep water and with but few signs of exhaustion. He was rather a red fish and weighed about sixteen pounds. My own experience has been that the heavy fresh-run fish fight much less than the smaller ones of, say, about twelve pounds, the latter being so much more lively and active.

In addition to the above reasons, there is also the fact that various horrid circumstances which attend other sports—such as the pitiful cries of a hare, the tears in the speaking eyes of a hunted wild deer, and, generally, the ensanguined condition of the victims—are absent in fishing, and we are taught to believe that fish, being cold-blooded animals, do not feel pain. What truth there is in this statement I am not physiologist enough to decide; but it is certain that fish display as great an objection to be caught as if their nervous system were equal in sensitiveness to ours. I was once struck dumb with horror at the length of time a salmon's heart continued to beat after he had been crimped, the first cut being just below the shoulder, leaving the valves uninjured.

Like war, which has been called the highest form of sport, for there a man pits his intellect against an equal in that as well as in physical strength, fishing requires a close study of the habits of a shy and wary race, and of the region it inhabits—that is, the beds of

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streams and rivers, and such portions of the sea or of lakes as lend themselves more kindly to investigation.

The difficulties are naturally increased by the fact that we have to study life in an element in which we cannot ourselves exist except for a short time and under particular conditions. In the case of rivers, streams, or lakes, the time to select is, therefore, obviously a drought, when the water is low and clear, when natural outlets or tributaries, concealed perhaps at other times, can be carefully examined, and the conformation of pools and banks can be ascertained, as well as the position of rocks, roots of trees, weeds or other obstructions lying at the bottom. The knowledge so gained will be stored ready for use when a happy change of weather or season has enabled the fisherman to ply his gentle craft. He will have better success in that he will know to a certainty exactly where the fish habitually lie and what difficulties are likely to arise in playing them. He will be wise in time, and if his prize should make a rush towards a part of the stream where the line is likely to become entangled, he will adopt such a system of tactics as will transfer the theatre of action to safer ground.

I might here remark that fish almost always lie in the same places, and these no doubt have conveniences and advantages more obvious to them than to us. Where once you have caught sight of a salmon or a trout, or any of the so-called 'coarse' fish at rest, you will invariably find others. If a salmon, and he has gone up the river, a second will shortly take his place, lying in precisely the same manner, until sufficiently recovered to resume his journey.

In addition to the advantages already enumerated, the fisherman, by taking his walks abroad along the river banks in hopelessly fine weather, will save himself a great deal of trouble and disappointment in uselessly thrashing water which he will previously have observed to be unfrequented by fish. This will enable him to land his fly delicately just in the right place, without needlessly disturbing the water and arousing the suspicions of its inhabitants. The proper course will be, when he has hooked a fish, to draw him away from that spot to another, not favoured as a resting place or feeding ground, so that his struggles may not be witnessed by any others who may happen to be there. Unless this is done in the case of perch, for instance, no second capture can be effected in that hole, and if a perch be lost he quite certainly is able to warn his companions. They will not again so much as look at the most fascinating bait on that day.

Another fact has always struck me as strange : that all animals, except man, seem to know by nature's light which way their true advantage lies in the art of attack or defence. This is very noticeable in angling, particularly in water which has been much fished, and where experience has been added to instinct.

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It is also important to observe the habits of fish in different rivers and streams. They are, as the initiated are well aware, full of character and individuality. The rise occurs almost invariably at the same time of day, the hour differing with the river, except, perhaps, in the case of trout in a chalk stream, where it is controlled by the hatch of fly. On the other hand, with salmon, sea-trout, and brown trout in ordinary water, there is no doubt that the true artist's best chance is to hold his hand and wait for what experience and observation have taught him to be the psychological moment. His arm, wrist and the muscles of his back and shoulder will be fresh, his senses keen and alert, his eye quick, and altogether he will have a much better chance of success than if he had conscientiously bored and tired himself by hours of flogging at the wrong time of day.

There is so much that is beautiful and interesting to watch in river scenery that no one need ever feel the time of waiting long. Even if he is no great botanist, he must notice many rare and lovely water plants which seem to come almost from a different planet, when compared to those we have always loved and known in the meadows, woods or moorland. It is not necessary either to be an ornithologist to enjoy the delight of stolen glances at the intimate home life of water or sedge birds, when a short period of immobility on our part has put them off their guard. All sorts of strange and curious proceedings may be witnessed in this way, by those who have eyes to see and a heart to enjoy Nature in her many different aspects.

I have seen, among other things, a land-rail dancing on a little smooth, grassy spot surrounded and screened with scrub. It was, no doubt, for the edification of his mate ; but I could not get to see her without moving, which would have been fatal to the nerves of the solitary actor in this little pastoral play.

I have often watched a peregrine 'quartering' the air, on the outlook for wild duck, and the ways of stoats, weasels, otters, water-rats, kingfishers and moorhens have all an attraction of their own.

Then suddenly a cloud would come over the sun and send me back to the serious business of the day, the fairy pageant fading from my dreaming eyes.

I have tried to show that the real angler will have plenty to occupy his time out of doors both pleasantly and profitably, whatever the weather, for he should examine the meadows and banks by the side of his fishing-ground ; otherwise he may be stopped in full cry, so to speak, after an able-bodied salmon by a ditch too broad to jump and too deep to wade through, a fence too difficult to climb without laying down his rod, a covert growing thickly down to the water's edge, an overhanging tree or a bog the bottom of which he would rather try to fathom with a pole, as an experiment, than with his own person. Traces of otters should be searched for, as

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they injure, sometimes fatally, quite as many fish as they fairly consume. No one would grudge so beautiful an animal as an otter a fair share of 'loot,' but it is hard to see, perhaps, a fine salmon lying dead on the water with a piece bitten out of his shoulder, his life taken in mere wasteful and useless cruelty.

Signs of poaching, such as night-lines, &c., should be noted; suitable spots for gaffing or netting a fish marked; in short, no stone must be left unturned which can give the angler the slightest advantage at the crucial moment of capture.

A good fisherman must be weather-wise in relation to his craft. There are certain peculiar conditions of the light and sky which cast, it may be supposed, reflections on the water, and act in a very unfavourable way on the disposition of fish to rise. It is well known that a piece of white paper floating along a stream will put every fish down; so a white glint of light from above may perhaps have something of the same effect, or it may enable creatures living under water the more clearly to observe the proceedings of those on land.

As long as water continues to rise after a storm, it is well to save oneself the trouble of flogging away when fish have something else to think of beside our ill-timed blandishments: when perhaps they have been washed by a heavy current altogether out of their usual places of resort, or else are so gorged with the food brought down by the stream that they take no notice whatever of our somewhat interested offers of entertainment.

There is nothing so fatal as to accustom fish to the sight of your fly or bait until the first impression of delightful novelty has worn off, or until the joints of your harness—*i.e.*, the points of dissimilarity between your little offering and the real article—become too apparent. In the case of salmon, curiosity alone, or a reminiscence of an appetite they once had, play a large part in the impulse which causes them to impale themselves on the hook. Some people think that they take a fly merely for the purpose of drowning it, looking upon it perhaps as an enemy, and being in a bellicose state of mind when they ascend a river. However this may be, nothing of an edible nature has ever been found inside them when taken in fresh water, where they steadily decrease in condition until at last they are unfit for human food, and no inexperienced person would recognise them as the same fish. Nevertheless they will rise to a boiled prawn, but not a fresh one, which is a common food with them in the sea, where I have never heard that they have been taken, except in a net.

Sir Edward Grey relates that, at the mouth of a 'voe'—by which I suppose is meant a small bay running some way inland—in Shetland, he caught sea and brown trout with a fly. It is evident from his description that this took place actually in the sea, as he mentions rough waves and seaweed in which his fly constantly became entangled, but

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I think the brown trout alluded to must have been different from the usual river trout, as they had pink instead of white flesh.

I once caught just such a fish as he describes, but larger, in a little stream called the Bundorrhha River, leading from the upper part of the Killery Bay into Delphi Lake, the first of a chain of lakes which lose themselves in the mountains behind Muil Rea. This trout weighed about 6 lb., and was excellent eating. He had been left imprisoned in a pool by the falling of a sudden spate in the little river, there being no possible way up for him into Delphi or Dhulough Lakes, which however were, and perhaps are still, full of sea-trout which can never migrate to the salt water.

Among the various forms of angling practised by English sportsmen, dry-fly fishing seems to hold the first position for delicate and artistic handling of the rod and line, and for a capacity to circumvent an ingenious enemy. The beauty of clear chalk streams such as the Test and Itchen, the pleasure which the actual sight of the longed-for prize swimming at large in his own 'policies,' affords to the fisherman can scarcely be surpassed. To behold a 'hatch of fly' sailing down the current, with one's own excellent imitation in its midst, to watch from one's hiding-place the easy, lazy movements of the trout as he comes up to have a look—perhaps (oh, breathless moment!) to have a try—raises anticipation to its highest possible point. The fact also that the season for this kind of fishing is in May and June adds greatly to the enjoyment of true lovers of Nature, which fishermen usually are. Half their delight comes from the circumstances which attend their sport, and in dry-fly fishing the pleasant weather which one has a right to expect, and the fresh foliage, springing grass, and flowers which surround the stream are a pasture for the heart and eye. With wet-fly fishing all is changed. Owing to the colour of the water, it is most difficult to see clearly what is going on, and it does not follow because fish are jumping out of water that they can be persuaded to interview the fly. This is one of those tantalising and disappointing circumstances which bring one back to a chastened knowledge of the limitations of all things. With salmon, unless it is known by former experience where they lie, it is usually impossible to see them when they have not shown themselves above the surface, for on a clear bright day, with transparent water, they will not rise, while as soon as the sky is clouded and a fresh breeze ripples the stream they cannot be seen. The feel of your hook striking the fish is often the first intimation that he is after the fly. It will be evident how important it is in angling to have a keen long sight.

Then, again, a salmon will at times foul-hook himself by striking at the fly with his tail or some other part of his body. This could not happen in dry-fly fishing, where the trout's idea is to swallow the fly and not merely to drown it, and he is almost invariably struck instead of hooking himself.

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Indeed, the practice of striking is not to be recommended for beginners in wet-fly fishing, for as often as not they drag the fly out of the fish's mouth instead of hooking him, or frighten him away by a sudden unnatural movement of the wrist.

But, whatever the attractions of the dry-fly, it is rare to find a salmon fisher who has once tasted the excitement of playing a great fish return with any sort of gusto to the milder if more æsthetic joys of the art. His frame of mind will always be a different one and the characters of the two classes of sportsmen will be widely asunder—probably also their physique.

Trout are cleverer than salmon, which are somewhat foolish beasts, upon whom far coarser deceptions may be practised with satisfactory results. I have myself caught salmon in rather thick water in the Hampshire Stour with so rough a fly that I almost blushed to use it; also I have descended as low as a boiled prawn and have hooked a salmon when trolling for pike with a dace and spinning tackle.

The supreme moment of hooking a really large fresh-run fish, and the fine desperate rush of a free-born creature which first tastes restraint, the sudden whirl of the reel, the heavy strain on all one's faculties—these things can never be forgotten. They stand out sharply and alone amongst the memories of life.

The largest fish I ever caught weighed 32 lb., and was taken with a fly in the Hampshire Stour, not far below Throop Mill.

The difference between such an experience as I have described and a day's shooting at large numbers of hand-fed pheasants seems to be the same as that between hunting a carted deer and a wild free denizen of the Quantocks and of Exmoor, with, let us say, 'three on top and all his rights.' Happily, although rearing is practised, and some waters are over-stocked in consequence so that the fish suffer in condition, they can never be lowered to the barn-door condition of pheasants.

While salmon and trout must always come first, still there are many other forms of angling which are far from being beneath the notice of a sportsman. Pike, in their proper season—June and July—and in rivers with a gravel bottom, give excellent sport, and are, moreover, when properly cooked, quite undistinguishable from whiting. Only one small portion of the pike should be eaten—the flank—and this is far better fried in batter, or *à la Horly*, as the cooks call it, and served with *sauce Tartare*, than baked and stuffed in the usual way. No pike caught in a muddy river or in a pond should ever be eaten, as they are not in good condition. This is known by their colour, which should be a beautiful greenish gold on the sides and silvery white underneath. Muddy pike are black and dark grey. These fish will often give very good sport, although, of course, not like a salmon or trout, as they must be fished for with

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gimp, on account of their habit of cutting the line with their teeth. Could light tackle be used they might prove much more difficult to deal with, but as it is there is so little danger of their breaking away altogether that the temptation is to have done with the business and haul them in without ceremony. A friend and I once caught nine pike, varying from 7 lb. to 26 lb. in weight, during the half-hour after sunset one evening in July. We were trolling from a boat with dace, in the Hampshire Stour at Blackwater Ferry. In that river I have also caught many large perch, up to 3 lb. in weight. One of the great charms of perch fishing is that they can be seen swimming about in the water apparently in no fear of the boat and its occupants, which they must be able to see quite clearly. They are supposed to keep one of their number on guard as a sentinel, probably against pike. I cannot say that I ever noticed this myself, but, as already stated, it does not do to lose one, for they certainly communicate their unpleasant experiences to each other.

Sea trout are, for their size, the gamest of all fish, and the season for taking them—July, August and September—coincides happily with the holiday time of many hard-worked men. Trout fishing of all descriptions is also much less expensive to rent than a salmon river, which now fetches quite a fancy price.

‘Tickling’ for brown trout is a humble amusement upon which, no doubt, all grown-up anglers will look with contempt, but in small streams, where no fly is possible, the only choice is between that and a worm. It is by no means easy to ‘tickle,’ and the tickler must not mind putting not only his hands into the water but also his arms up to the shoulders, as the banks are generally undermined by the stream for some distance under where the ground appears to be quite solid. The tickler must begin at the lower part of a small pool and work upwards, so that he may first come upon the tail of the trout as he lies with his head up stream. If this is done gently and in an insinuating manner, the fish do not seem to be frightened and can be grasped firmly without much difficulty.

The great interest of sea-fishing seems to me to lie in the delightful uncertainty of what your line may bring up from unknown depths. I except, of course, fishing for bass with a fly at the mouths of rivers, &c. Mackerel, caught with a rod and fine tackle, will be found quite as game as sea-trout, and it is astonishing what a resistance their small muscular bodies are capable of affording with only the purchase of the water as they curve themselves against it, while their beauty of tint and movement is wonderful.

I have caught them in this way off the Island of Mull, in Loch Scridain, a lovely sea-lake, fringed with golden-coloured sea-weed and full of fish. Seals come up frequently and follow the boat so close that they can be seen opening and shutting their nostrils and their wet glistening whiskers can almost be counted. But if there is

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a gun on board they can detect it, probably by its smell, for they are not to be deceived by any disguise and rarely come within shot. Shooting seals in the water is wanton cruelty, for they sink at once to the bottom and their bodies can never be recovered. The only chance is to catch them on land and to get between them and the sea.

Anglers who have never been outside the United Kingdom and who care for sea-fishing might do worse than go to Barbados and see something of the way that flying-fish are caught there. These exquisite creatures are as good to eat as they are beautiful to look upon, and if they do not really fly, as naturalists assert, they certainly skim through the air at quite a respectable height and for a good distance with their wing-like transparent fins spread out. They turn and guide themselves in their flight by the tail fin.

The fact that they prefer to alight in smooth water is taken advantage of by the fishermen, who spill a little oil on the surface, and, having caught the first, use the oil bag which it contains, also crushing and throwing it overboard, to attract others. A few can be caught with a line, to begin with, and fixed in the net, so that their struggles attract the curiosity of their fellows. The fishermen are very skilful in casting their nets over any sort of fish, and I have seen a man stand and watch from a rock forty or fifty feet high and cast his net over a shoal of fish in the sea below with perfect accuracy. In the West Indies the sea is so clear that it is like an aquarium, where one can watch for hours the movements of all kinds of strange and wonderful creatures.

To return to the flying-fish ; as soon as the fishermen find that their shoal has disappeared they know that dolphin are near, and bait their lines with the former sort of fish.

Captain Barton, in his interesting report on the fisheries at Barbados, puts dolphin as running from about 6 lb. to 12 lb. in weight ; but I saw one caught which, unless my eye, accustomed to judge salmon, deceived me grossly, must have scaled quite 30 lb. The colours, when first taken, are almost unearthly, but they very soon fade to a rich prussian blue, the colour of deep parts of the Atlantic in the Tropics.

After dolphin come whale, and this spoils sport for the small fishing boats, or 'Moses' as they are called, for to have a lively young whale chasing dolphin round the boat is by no means a safe, though it is a most exciting, experience. Whales generally travel in pairs, and when one has been sighted his consort is almost sure to follow.

'Snappering' and 'brimming' (fishing for snappers and brim) are also much practised, but cannot be as interesting as the former kind of sport. The brim is a very good fish to eat, but snapper and grooper are both, unless West Indian cooks do them gross injustice, redolent of train-oil.

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In harbour at St. Thomas (Danish West Indies, recently, I believe, bought by the United States) I have watched from the side of the vessel the manœuvres of all kinds of giant skates and good-sized sharks. These latter are killed by towing a dead horse out to sea, and shooting them as they fight amongst themselves for so attractive a repast, but I never wished to see this revolting, if necessary, proceeding.

Grooper grow to be quite an enormous size, and off the pier at La Brea, Trinidad, they are caught up to two hundred pounds in weight. I was astonished to find that for these immense creatures a tarpon-rod of only about seven feet long is used, although the tackle is pretty strong, and the hook itself, baited with a large piece of mother-o'-pearl, is almost large enough to be used as an anchor for a small 'Moses.' As soon as the grooper's head is out of water he is shot, and hauled in dead, or nearly so, as he is a very ugly customer at close quarters, like the shark—which they also catch at La Brea in the same way.

Fly-fishing is not very much practised, but there are two kinds of mullet which are caught in Jamaica; one is called the mountain mullet and is found high up in the rivers, while the other may be taken with a fly further down in the brackish water. Although Cuvier classes these two fish together as being identical it is believed they are really distinct, owing to the different shape of the fins. The colour might be affected by living in fresh water, as with our salmon and sea-trout. These mullet, which correspond to our king and queen mullet, never grow to any great size, but are very delicate eating.

There are many other most curious fish to be caught or seen lying in the markets of the different West Indian Islands. Parrot-fish, brilliant in colour, and with a convex, beak-shaped mouth, are more interesting to the naturalist than to the gourmand, and as they are only caught in nets, are not particularly attractive to the sportsman either. I saw a quantity of these in the market at St. Vincent, but the smell of fried whale, which is a common article of food in that island, made me beat a hasty retreat, and postpone my inquiries to a happier moment.

Many of my readers have possibly eaten cuttle-fish, which, prejudice apart, are not at all bad, and, when properly cooked, very like calves' feet.

Mountain chicken, which in plain English is neither more nor less than frog, is also excellent, and considered a great delicacy in Trinidad and other of the West Indian Islands, but far the best fish for the table are red mullet and mackerel, the latter having none of the coarseness which ours occasionally show.

As regards the shell fish, prawns and sea-crayfish are large and good, but not quite so delicate perhaps as ours, while sea-

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urchins, which are obtained by divers in five or six fathoms of water, are an important article of food. Although strongly advised to taste them, their appearance is such that I could not bring myself to make the experiment.

King-fish are among some of the choicer sorts; they grow to a great size, and are now taken by boats specially contrived to keep them fresh—the great difficulty in the Tropics, where a few hours are equal to days in these colder regions—but I think that all the larger kind are open to a slight suspicion of train oil in their flavour.

I cannot conclude without directing the attention of fishermen in our country to the delightful and elegant art of making flies. No man can be so sure of his tackle as he who has made it up himself, who has tested the gut, stained it to the colour of the water in which he is going to fish, tied the knots, and, above all, made the fly with which he now triumphantly lands his big fish. I can say, from personal experience, that the pleasure is doubled when, after hours of delicate manipulation, an attractive fly is produced and its career crowned with glory by an actual capture. Each fly, when finished, should be tried in a basin of water to see how his wings look, and whether he swims upright in a natural and fascinating way. The whole process requires the daintiest finish and neatness, the artist beginning at the tail and ending up with the head, care being taken that the eye of gut is thoroughly well and strongly put on. Let him never do what I once saw done by a beginner, in a remote part of Ireland, where the establishment ran short of cobbler's-wax. An apparently excellent substitute presented itself in the shape of a wax candle, and all seemed fair until the fly, carefully cast just over the nose of a large salmon, met with a sudden strain. The whole thing, hook and feathers, came right away, and the salmon, with a flounce of his tail, disappeared into Nirvana—at least as far as we were concerned.

Another very important point is the soaking of the gut and line. The former is apt to become brittle if very dry, and in any case no satisfactory knot can be tied unless it is wet. The line must also be freed from kinks, soaked, and a few casts made with it to see its exact condition. Both line and gut should be tested with a steel-yard to a point slightly above the weight of any fish the angler thinks himself likely to catch.

The rod should also be most carefully attended to; if too dry it will be brittle, if too damp it may warp. If in joints, each joint and the places where the brass eyes for the line to run through are spliced on should be thoroughly seen to, and the rod itself varnished. A spare top should always be carried, and also materials for repairing a slight breakage, if that should occur.

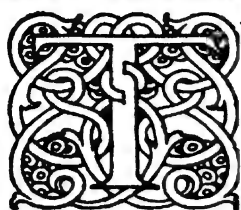
I have tried to show that the pleasures of an angler are many and higher than the mere wish to 'go out and kill something.' To

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the true lover of sport and nature, the capture of his quarry is merely an incident, although a very agreeable one, in the chain of happy circumstances which attend his path. He will willingly—or at least uncomplainingly—submit to blank days, and he will console himself as he feels that each hour spent away from cities, from clerkly occupations, or the lowering contacts which business and the necessities of life impose, have brought him more in touch with that supreme Impersonal Perfection, which some of us call Nature, but which others know to be the living Heart of God.

SIGURD

BY MAURICE BARING



HE king of men and heroes lay asleep,
Lulled by the murmurs of an inland
sea.

His army slept along the barren sand,
Awaiting the great battle of the
morn.

Out of the sultry sky there seemed to fall
Great drops of blood, and like a lonely ghost
The pale sea cried, while in the purple West
A star emerged not seen before of man,
Outshining silvery Sirius and red Mars.
And phantom armies ran upon the sea,
And in the forest was a noise of wings.

To Sigurd as he slept there came a dream
Of a sad, shining angel with veiled eyes
And sable wings that rustled drearily,
Like autumn leaves blown to the doors of men;
And bending down she spake. In the hushed night
Her solemn words were sadder than the sound
Of Roland's horn resounding in the hills
Of Roncevaux, when with his failing might
He blew a farewell blast to Charlemain.

And thus the angel spake : ' Make ready, Prince,
I am the holy harbinger of Death.
The Angel of the battle, I appear
To men that unto Death are consecrate.
To-morrow in the red fight we shall meet ;
Amid the lightnings of the broken swords
Thou shalt behold unveiled my terrible eyes,
And hear my fatal bugle-call ; and I
Swiftly shall bear thee through the starry ways
Of night, and trackless space ; but first must thou
Give ear unto the message of the Gods.

Because thou hast been glorious in thy life,
Flinched not, nor swerved from the tremendous task :
Because thou hast endured calamity,
And grief proportioned to thy mighty heart,
The Gods have stored a certain gift for thee.
To-morrow thou shalt die. But though the Gods
Are powerless to join the severed thread,
They bid thee choose the manner of thy life
For all eternity.'

Whereon she sang
Of high Valhalla where the heroes dwell.

MAURICE BARING

‘ A wondrous light shines in the Warriors’ hall,
And quiring stars intone their morning song.
Say, wilt thou soar to loud Valhalla’s hall,
And take thy place among the vanished kings ?
There shouldst thou drain the cup that overcomes
All eating care, disheartening weariness,
Anguish and memories, and heals the soul.’
Then Sigurd lifted his kind sea-grey eyes
And smiled most sadly, as an aged Queen,
Who once had seemed a dazzling garden-flower,
Smiles wistfully to see her grandchild weave
A coronal of daisies and wild grass.
And Sigurd to the Angel answered ‘ No :
For in the phantom feast, although the cup
Should drown the memory of mournful things,
Though steeped in slumberous ease, the restless soul
Would in her dream uneasily regret ;
And, as a vision captive in the brain
Lies furled and folded, so the past would dwell
Within the present. My desire would seek
The shadowy years that beckon like far lights,
The glimmering days I could not quite recall,
The past I might not utterly forget.
Moreover her whom I have loved on earth,
Brunhilda, in Valhalla would not dwell :
And without her how could I dwell in bliss ? ’
And then her voice grew gentle as a flute
Blown o’er the levels of a glassy lake
At twilight. ‘ Wouldst thou the dominion
Of earthly paradises, pleasant fields,
And chaliced lilies and white asphodel ?
There are the orchards of immortal fruits—
Lands ever golden with ungarnered corn,
And yellow roses teeming with brown bees.
Like stars in a deserted firmament,
Thou and Brunhilda shining will abide
By crystal streams and cool melodious woods,
Where nightingales and fireflies never leave
The aisles of dusk ; or near some shadowed pool
Starred with the water-lilies’ golden shrines.’
And Sigurd smiled, ‘ Nay, but the past would rise
And drown in tears our unforgetting souls.
As when the moon, a luring sorceress,
Casting enchantment on the stealthy tide,
Compels the salt and bitter flood to creep
And nestle in the inlets of the world,

SIGURD

And fringe the darkling beaches with pale surf.
Thus round the island of our blissfulness,
The envious flood of memory would rise
Soon we should sink in listless apathy,
And yearn in inconsolable regret.'

The angel questioned Sigurd once again :
' Wouldst thou another world wherein to love,
Labour and struggle on the battlefields
Of old, and win the bitter crown of leaves ?
Taste the fleet minute, dizzy and divine,
Of rapture, and then feel the hand of Fate
Withdraw the chalice from unsated lips ?
The agony of parting, and the years
Of treachery and falsehood ? the dark web
Of poisonous deceit encompassing
The love that slander nor the tongues of men
Nor power of Gods might else have overcome ?
Wouldst thou renew thy love, to be betrayed
And fall beneath calamity once more ? '

Then before Sigurd like a pageant passed
The ghosts of all the ancient troubled years.
He saw the forest where, a careless child,
He lived in a green cave, while rustling leaves
And sighing branches made a cradle song.
He saw the tall trees shiver in the dawn,
And heard the dewy matins of the lark ;
He trampled meadows of anemones,
White crocus fields and lilies of the vale,
Which paved with ghostly silver the dim floor
Beneath the dome of Dawn, until they gleamed
At sunrise, through a cloud of mist and dew,
As through a veil of incense tapers burn.

Once more he wandered through the coverts green,
And mocked the blackbird on his hemlock flute ;
Through golden drowsy noons in the deep grass
He lay half sleeping and yet half aware
Of fluted sounds and the delicious noise
Of summer ; the warm droning insect-hum,
Cuckoo and calling dove, and the cool glimpse
Of speckled fishes in the running stream ;
And when the Twilight made the woodways dim,
And veiled the skies with a mysterious pall
Of emerald, he would seek a dark recess
Of leaves and moss, to sleep, while overhead
Hesperus quivered in the liquid sky
And nightingales made music to the moon.

MAURICE BARING

He saw again the years of wandering,
The travel over many lands and seas,
The years of service for an alien King,
And at the last Brunhilda on the hill
Encompassed with a ring of snow-white fire.
Once more he kissed the sleeping Queen to life
And caught the splendour of her opening eyes.
And in that daylight all the fire grew dim.
Then the dread vision of the darkling years
Revealed the mystery and all the threads
Close-woven in the tangled loom of Fate—
How, his heart blinded by forgetful spells,
He won Brunhilda for an alien King.
At length the awakening from the trance, the dawn
Of sunless morning and the long despair,
The saddest of awakenings in the world.

Thus, in a dim procession, passed the years
The crowded years of his tormented life.
And Sigurd said to the angel, 'I have loved
Once, and for ever, and in eternity.
Such love as this can never be again.
Though I were to be born in a new shape,
And banished to the furthest star of Heaven,
And though I drank of the oblivious wave,
Yet if I met my love again, my soul
Would recognise and clasp her, soul to soul.
Then like to exiled angels we should seem,
Or children banished from the blissful years
Of childhood, and returning there anew
After long toil, not able to regain
The childish soul, nor find the old delight.
I that have battled though my soul despaired,
And loved with love more great, more sad than
death,
I who have borne irreparable wrong,
Which aeons of bright bliss cannot repair ;
I, knowing that the hour of Fate has come,
Would fain at last possess the whole of peace.
Let me be drenched in Death's divinest dew,
Let me be cradled in immensity,
Let me inherit all oblivion
And the impregnable night of the dumb grave,—
The night unvisited by any star,
The sleep unvexed by any wandering dream.
Then shall I be rewarded with the void,
The inviolable darkness and the dust,

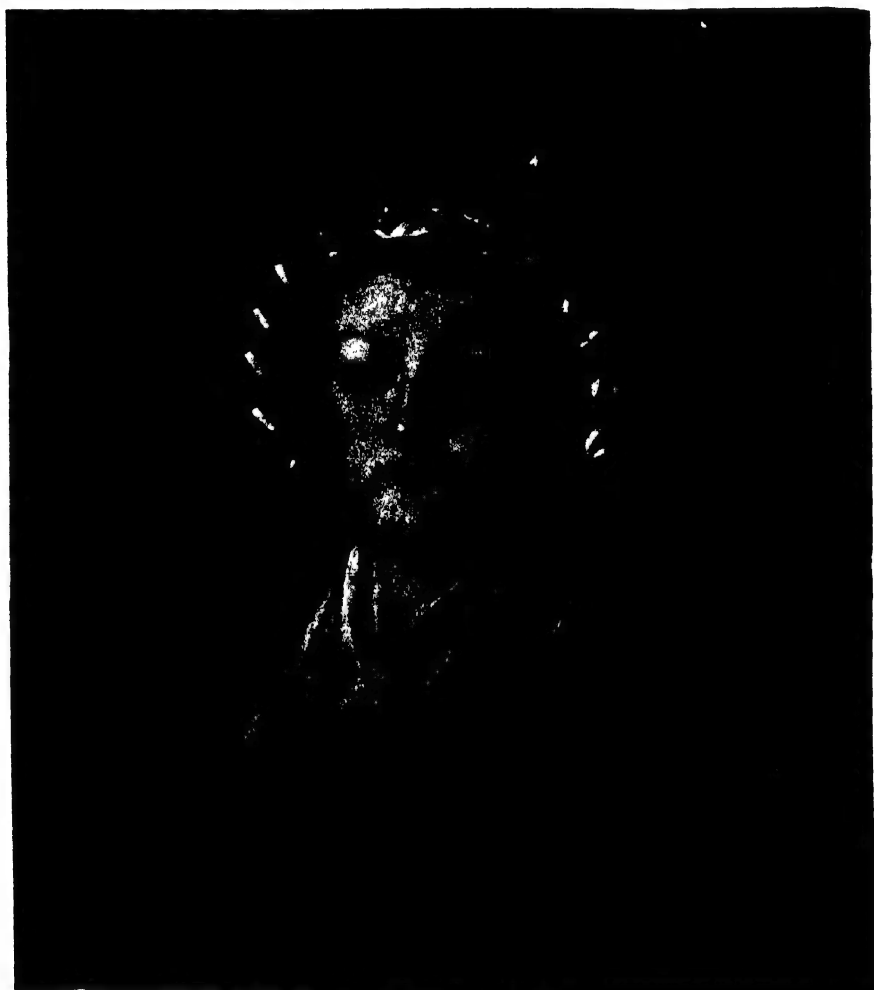
SIGURD

The secrecy, the silence, and the sleep
Unbroken by the struggling pangs of morn.'

So Sigurd chose. The morrow in the fight
He beheld silver armour and the eyes
Unveiled and terrible. Now once again
He tasted rapture dizzy and divine,
And knew the Gods had heeded his one prayer.
Then the strange star not seen before of man
Sank in the inland sea as Sigurd died.

And somewhere in the vastness Sigurd sleeps.

MARIE ANTOINETTE



from "Electric Engraving"

Marie Antoinette

from the portrait in the collection of the Duc d'Angouleme at Genoa

Painted by Kucharsky in the Prison of the Temple

MARIE ANTOINETTE



THE tragedy of the unfortunate Queen of France is too well known to need repetition in these pages. It is one of the saddest and at the same time one of the most instructive chapters in history. The features of Marie Antoinette of Austria, daughter of Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, and wife of Louis XVI., King of France, are as well known to the general public as the story of her life. But an uncritical public has preferred to accept the idealised versions of Madame Vigée Le Brun, rather than the sterner facts of less romantic artists. Madame Le Brun, a skilful artist and picture-maker, knew how to flatter as a courtier, and she was not by any means too scrupulous about adhering to the truth.

The unexampled series of calamities, which turned the careless and pleasure-loving Dauphine into the heroic, saintly and stoical queen and matron, had a large share in converting a somewhat heavy and inexpressive face, when unadorned by art, into one notable throughout the world for its grand and pathetic dignity.

The portrait, reproduced here, is remarkable for its veracity and for the circumstances under which it was painted. When Marie Antoinette was a prisoner in the Temple, it happened, perhaps by design on his part, that a Polish artist, Kucharsky by name, was told off as one of the guards on the royal prison-cells. Kucharsky had a few years before begun a portrait of the Queen at the Tuileries for her friend, Madame de Tourzel. He now depicted her as she appears here, in the very robes worn by her in prison, and later on the scaffold. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle* is a well-worn adage, but it was truly the case with Marie Antoinette. The daughter of Maria Theresa was more beautiful in her white *fichu* and black scarf with her own hair, alas! prematurely grey, peeping out under the plain white cap, than in all the *paniers* and furbelows, the powder and garlands, of Madame Le Brun. Marie Antoinette never showed the pride of race more than in her cruel imprisonment, she was never more of a Queen than when she stood on the scaffold and gazed on the mad and blood-besotted crowd below. Kucharsky, the painter, kept this portrait concealed until the Revolution was passed. In 1805 he sold it to Prince Auguste d'Arenberg, in whose fine picture-gallery at Brussels it still remains. Other versions exist, perhaps replicas by the painter himself. The painter left another sad relic in the shape of a portrait of the unfortunate Dauphin, Louis XVII. The original of this portrait, painted in oils, belongs to the Marquis de Cars, and a pastel version, probably by the same artist, is one of the chief attractions of the Petit Trianon at Versailles. Both portraits, of mother and of son, move one to tears.

LIONEL CUST.

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

A MODERN PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD¹

And where the red was, lo the bloodless white,
 And where truth was, the likeness of a liar,
 And where day was, the likeness of the night;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MILDRED	<i>Wife of Bernard Archerson.</i>
MARY	
AMY	<i>Mildred's cousin.</i>
MRS. CAREW	} <i>Friends.</i>
MISS WILSON	
MRS. SAUNDERSON	
LADY NEVILLE	
MISS HAMILTON	
ELIZA	<i>A servant.</i>
BERNARD ARCHERSON	<i>A successful barrister.</i>
RALPH BROOKE	<i>Mrs. Carew's cousin.</i>
MR. CAREW	
MR. SAUNDERSON	
SIR GEORGE NEVILLE	
WILLIAM KENNY	<i>An engineer.</i>

Servants, people on board ship, steward, lascars, &c. &c.

ACT I

MILDRED's drawing-room in Onslow Gardens.
Time: Friday Afternoon.

ACT II

MARY's sitting-room at Hampstead.
Time: Morning after last act.

ACT III

A fortnight later. Deck of P. and O. s.s. 'Deccan.'
Time: Noon.

ACT IV

Eighteen months later. A drawing-room in Hyde Park Gate.
Time: Evening.

ACT I

TIME: Friday afternoon.

SCENE: A drawing-room in Onslow Gardens, well furnished but prim. Fire in the grate on R. Sofa and door on L. Windows at back of stage. A tea-table on fireplace side. Some flowers and a photograph of BERNARD on mantelshelf, &c.

¹ All rights secured in England and United States of America by Mrs. W. K. Clifford (1900).

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

AMY GREY (*about 20, and pretty*) and RALPH BROOKE (*about 23, good-looking*) are discovered talking on sofa, L.

AMY. [*A pause.*] I simply can't believe that we are really engaged—it's too wonderful.

RALPH. Quite right, darling. I make a point of doubting most things myself. A little unbelief leavens facts so agreeably.

AMY. O Ralph! You must be serious.

RALPH. I never was more so. . . . Well?

AMY. Were you really in love with me all the summer?

RALPH. Yes: and all the spring before it, and all the autumn after it, and all the every moment since I saw you first. [*Gets up.*] But I only looked in for a moment on my way to the Savile. . . . I'm coming back presently to see Mrs. Archerson. Is she better?

AMY. Much better.

RALPH. She seemed very ill last night.

AMY. I know. So unlucky. Just the one evening when Bernard was dining at home.

RALPH. Why is he always out or going away alone? Of course, a successful barrister hasn't much time, but he has *some*.

AMY. He works late at his chambers, or goes to his Club. Millie says that he doesn't care for the companionship of women, and when he can get away it rests him more to go alone.

RALPH. They get on all right, don't they?

AMY. Why yes! She is devoted to him. What did you and he talk about so late last night?

RALPH. Prospects . . . And to-day I had a talk with Carew—I want to make an income, darling . . . Co-operative Stores and other hindrances to debt are starving out the deserving but impecunious.

AMY. But Mrs. Carew says you are a genius.

[*Goes to vase of flowers.*]

RALPH. Of course she does. She has a knack of saying nice things. . . . What are you doing to those flowers?

AMY. Making them look a little more careless; Mildred likes things so very prim.

RALPH. There is always an air of the gentle spinster lady about her.

AMY. [*Quickly.*] You mustn't make fun of her. She is my dear cousin—and I love her.

RALPH. Very well, darling, don't be agitated—here she is.

[*Going forward.*]

[*Enter MILDRED. She is about 32, prim, reserved, and not attractive in the usual sense.*]

Are you better Mrs. Archerson? I am so sorry you have been ill.

MILDRED. [*Shaking hands with RALPH.*] Yes, thank you, much

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

better, and—— [*Looking towards AMY and speaking in a sympathetic voice*—very glad. I wanted to tell you so last night.

RALPH. Not altogether shocked at our providence?

MILDRED. Oh no—money isn't everything.

RALPH. Besides, it'll be all right in time. I had a long talk with your husband last night.

MILDRED. Bernard is so clever.

RALPH. Of course he is, and the best fellow in the world as well. [*Looks at his watch.*] Twenty past four.

MILDRED. Don't go—[*with a little smile*—and you'll dine with us this evening?

RALPH. I wish I could, but I'm going to the Carews. By the way, they are coming here this afternoon. I must go to the Club for a minute, but I'll return in three-quarters of an hour, if I may? Au revoir.

MILDRED. Au revoir.

AMY. Make haste back. [*Exit RALPH.*] [*Going up to MILDRED and holding out her hands.*] I am so happy, Millie.

MILDRED. [*A little formally.*] I know—I am very glad. [*Goes to vase.*] Some one has touched these flowers, they look so dishevelled.

AMY. I did. But you never like the artistic dodges.

MILDRED. They are so untidy; I like neatness, and—[*smiling*—I don't like slang, dear.

AMY. I beg your pardon. . . . I put a rose by Bernard's portrait.

MILDRED. [*Goes towards it.*] I see. [*Turns away with a sigh, opens little work-bag, begins knitting. A pause.*] I wish you hadn't persuaded me to be at home on Fridays, Amy. It's nearly half-past four and no one yet except Mr. Brooke, who hardly counts under the circumstances.

AMY. They'll come! You put 4.30 to 7 on your cards. You can't expect a little crowd to stand outside waiting as if you were a place of amusement.

MILDRED. Oh no; besides I'm not amusing. . . . Bernard said he should come home early; he has an official dinner to-night.

AMY. Don't you sometimes wish he stayed at home a little more, or went out with you?

MILDRED. [*Distantly.*] He is too busy, and so few people amuse him.

AMY. Particular Bernard! . . . No wonder you fell in love with him. . . . Was he very devoted when you were engaged?

MILDRED. I suppose so. People don't always show how much they feel; it would be very tiresome if they did.

AMY. I know! Forgive me. I'm so incoherently happy to-day that I have no manners at all. I am slangy and put the flowers wrong, and do everything wrong, just because——

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[SERVANT announces MISS WILSON. *Clock strikes half-past four. AMY makes a little grimace. MISS WILSON is middle-aged, pushing, disagreeable.*

MILDRED. How do you do, Miss Wilson? [*Puts her work away.*

MISS WILSON. How do you do, dear Mrs. Archerson? And Miss Amy?

AMY. How do you do, Miss Wilson?

MISS WILSON. [*Looking round.*] Mr. Archerson of course is not at home?

MILDRED. [*Nervously.*] Not yet. Won't you sit down?

MISS WILSON. Thank you. [*Turning to MILDRED.*] The Meeting finished at four o'clock, Mrs. Archerson, and I knew you were longing to hear about it. It was most profitable and earnest. Miss Smythe made some excellent remarks about the recreations of work-house women.

MILDRED. I wish I had been there.

[A SERVANT brings in tea and arranges it at R. of stage.

MISS WILSON. [*To AMY.*] You never come to any of our meetings with Mrs. Archerson.

AMY. Oh, I am not old enough yet.

MISS WILSON. Not old enough?

AMY. [*Smiling.*] I mean serious enough. [*Goes to tea-table.*

MISS WILSON. [*To MILDRED, in a low tone.*] Mrs. Archerson, I saw Mr. Archerson the other day at Hampstead. He did not observe me—— [*Significantly.*]

MILDRED. At Hampstead? I don't think he knows any one there.

MISS WILSON. I am seldom mistaken.

[SERVANT announces MRS. CAREW, about 30, a merry rattle, charming, and fashionably dressed, and MISS HAMILTON, about 28. MILDRED goes forward.

MRS. CAREW. Dear Mrs. Archerson—[*shaking hands*—I knew I might bring May Hamilton with me.

MILDRED. How do you do? I am very glad to see you, and Miss Hamilton too. [*Shakes hands, &c.*

MRS. CAREW. [*To AMY, squeezing her hand.*] I know all about it, and will come and reproach you properly in a moment. What am I to do when Charlie is out?

AMY. It shan't make any difference.

[*Laughing and retreating towards MISS WILSON who waits by the fireplace.*

MRS. CAREW. Not make any difference! Oh! . . . [*To MILDRED.*] It's brilliant of you to start a day Mrs. Archerson. Now, one will know when to find you. I shall come every week.

MISS WILSON. [*Coughing and coming forward.*] I think we have met before, Mrs. Carew?

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

MRS. CAREW. [*Coldly.*] How do you do, Miss Wilson ?

[*Turns away and sits down on sofa with back to door. Enter*

RALPH.

MRS. CAREW. [*Nodding to him.*] I thought you would turn up.

RALPH. Of course you did.

[*Crosses to AMY, who is standing with Miss Wilson by the tea-table.*

AMY. You have not been long !

RALPH. Didn't go ; turned the horse's head and flew back.

[*Miss Wilson coughs.*

AMY. [*Introducing.*] Mr. Brooke, Miss Wilson and Miss Hamilton.

RALPH. [*Aside to AMY.*] Miss Wilson is rather a plain sight.

MRS. CAREW. [*To MILDRED.*] I *must* go and speak to them, I have not seen Ralph since. [*Goes up to tea-table.*] I was so glad to hear the news, you dear innocents. [*To AMY.*] We shall be related you know, and immensely fond of each other. Charlie was quite excited. He is coming in presently.

AMY. [*Gratefully.*] Thank you, dear Mrs. Carew. Will you have some tea ?

MRS. CAREW. I am longing for some—and you must call me dear Clara.

[*Business of tea.*

MISS WILSON. [*Elaborately to RALPH.*] I think I understand what Mrs. Carew means, Mr. Brooke. You must allow me to add my sincere congratulations to those——

RALPH. Thank you, thank you.

[*He turns to AMY. Miss Hamilton and Miss Wilson talk together. Mrs. Carew and Mildred come down stage together.*

MRS. CAREW. Amy is your cousin, you see, dear Mrs. Archer-son, and Ralph is mine. We'll call them our mutuals. They will make a delightful couple. I don't quite know how they are going to live, but that's a mere detail, unless she has money ; he, of course, has none—clever young men never have, it all goes to the fools—by way of compensation I suppose ; but he writes brilliantly. Did you see his article in *The Sayall Review* last month ?

MILDRED. No, I never read it.

MRS. CAREW. It's not a frivolous magazine you know. It's horribly serious, costs half a crown: that always has a sobering effect. [*Sits down.*] We have been shopping all day.

MILDRED. It is very tiring.

MISS WILSON. [*Looking round at her.*] And very unprofitable, Mrs. Carew.

MRS. CAREW. Perhaps that's why it is so delightful, Miss Wilson.

[*Turns away. Miss Wilson fastens herself on to Miss Hamilton.*

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[Enter MR. and MRS. SAUNDERSON. *They are both middle-aged, and rather pompous.* SERVANT announces them.]

MRS. SAUNDERSON. [*Shaking hands.*] How do you do, Mrs. Archerson? I insisted on bringing my husband, because this is your first day.

MRS. CAREW. [*To AMY.*] That sounds as if he will never do it again—one of the things one would rather have left unsaid.

MR. SAUNDERSON. [*To MILDRED.*] I don't often pay visits, but my wife told me that on this occasion—[*to AMY, who hands him some tea*—thank you—that on this occasion I must come with her.

MRS. CAREW. And you were delighted to do so.

MR. SAUNDERSON. Of course.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. How do you do, Mrs. Carew? I didn't see you.

MRS. CAREW. I flourish, but I am worn out with buying clothes. [*Turning to MILDRED.*] We are going to Gibraltar in a fortnight by the P. and O. I wish we could make up a larger party. If you and Mr. Archerson would come—

MILDRED. Bernard wants me to go to the Riviera. I have not been strong lately.

MRS. CAREW. Much better come with us to Gibraltar. It's warmer than the treacherous Riviera, and the Guards are there. Sunshine and a majority of the other sex do one so much good.

SERVANT. Lady Neville.

Enter LADY NEVILLE, a fashionable lady of any age.

LADY NEVILLE. Only just for a minute, Mrs. Archerson. [*Shaking hands.*] I was so sorry to hear that you had not been well.

MILDRED. But I am better—

SERVANT. Mr. Carew.

Enter MR. CAREW.

MRS. CAREW. [*To AMY.*] Charlie is delighted to come—[*aside to RALPH*—and I hope his manners are better than Mr. Saunderson's.

MILDRED. How do you do, Mr. Carew? It's so kind of you to come.

MR. CAREW. Delighted, I assure you. How do you do, Miss Amy? [*Nods to RALPH.*] On duty, eh? How do you do, Mrs. Saunderson? [*To MR. SAUNDERSON.*] Capital speech of Balfour's in the House last night? Cut the ground from under everybody's feet, though it obviously bored him to do it.

MR. SAUNDERSON. It's difficult not to be bored after forty—the illusions generally vanish. Luckily a sense of responsibility steps in, and if a thing ought to be done, we do it as a matter of duty.

MRS. CAREW. Your sex should follow the example of mine, and never be forty till you are fifty, and then only if you can't help it.

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

As for duty, it's 'a shocking thing to do'—that's a quotation from a classic.

MR. CAREW. Well, dear, you never do it—that's to your credit.

MRS. CAREW. Charlie is so sarcastic.

MR. CAREW. Not at all; I was paying you a compliment. [*To MILDRED.*] I saw you yesterday, Mrs. Archerson, but you wouldn't look at me. Were you taking Archerson to get a little fresh air at Hampstead?

MILDRED. Hampstead! You saw us, where?

MR. CAREW. At Finchley Road Station. I was going on, but you got out.

MILDRED. What time was it?

MR. CAREW. In the afternoon. I only saw your back, but I nodded to Archerson. I don't think he saw me.

MILDRED. I didn't go out all day, and Bernard is too busy to go anywhere.

MR. CAREW. Oh, but——

MRS. CAREW. [*Placidly looking up from her seat and speaking to MILDRED.*] Charlie is *always* making mistakes.

[*Signs to her husband.*]

MR. CAREW. I'm very short-sighted. A blind horse can see a mile farther than I do.

MILDRED. You said you nodded to us?

MR. CAREW. Nodded to the wrong person.

MRS. CAREW. People who get out of trains are so much alike.

MISS WILSON. [*Aside to MILDRED.*] Are you quite well, dear Mrs. Archerson? You look so pale.

MILDRED. [*Coldly.*] I am quite well, thank you.

MRS. CAREW. I have been telling Mrs. Archerson, Charlie, that she ought to come to Gibraltar with us.

MR. CAREW. [*To MILDRED.*] An excellent idea. Amy ought to come too.

AMY. Oh, I couldn't afford it.

MRS. CAREW. [*To AMY.*] The world is full of benevolent, but badly managed fathers.

AMY. My father is benevolent enough, but he is only a poor parson.

MRS. CAREW. A delightful thing to be, my dear—so picturesque. [*Aside to her husband.*] Then there'll be no money there.

SERVANT enters with lights, &c.

MR. CAREW. [*Aside to his wife.*] I shan't be able to stay long. What are you going to do?

MILDRED. [*Who sees that he is going.*] Don't go yet, Mr. Carew, you have only just come.

MRS. CAREW. I fear he must; but I should like to stay a little

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longer if I may . . . [MILDRED turns her face towards window, as if she were listening to something without. MRS. CAREW says to RALPH.] Yes, yes, Ralph, I know what you want ; I shall be delighted to ask Amy to dinner.

MILDRED. [*With an air of suppressed excitement.*] Mr. Carew, I heard Bernard's hansom stop. I know the sound with which he throws open the doors. Wait and see him.

MR. CAREW. Of course I will.

MRS. CAREW. [*To her husband.*] Charlie, that woman has more in her than we think.

Enter BERNARD ARCHERSON.

MILDRED. [*Her face lighting up a little.*] Bernard . . . Mr. Carew was just going.

BERNARD. [*To MR. CAREW, shaking hands.*] How are you, old man? There's Mrs. Carew. . . . So glad I am not too late.

MRS. CAREW. So am I. I have been telling your wife about a little scheme of ours.

BERNARD. You must tell me about it. I know it is a good one. Ah, how do you do, Miss Wilson ? [*She intrudes herself on his notice.*] Doing good as usual?

MISS WILSON. I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Archerson. It is a long time since we met.

BERNARD. Much too long. [*To his wife, in a low voice.*] Are you better, Millie?

MILDRED. Much better.

MISS WILSON. [*To MISS HAMILTON.*] He is a delightful man—but so dangerous to us women.

BERNARD. [*To MRS. SAUNDERSON.*] I saw your little daughter in the carriage, Mrs. Saunderson ; how pretty she is ! Why, Lady Neville, not going because I have come home ?

[*Shakes hands. She is preparing to go.*]

LADY NEVILLE. Oh no, Mr. Archerson, but it's getting late and I am afraid of this cold wind. Good-bye, Mrs. Archerson.

MILDRED. Good-bye.

[BERNARD escorts her to the door. Exit LADY NEVILLE.]

BERNARD. [*Crossing stage to MR. CAREW.*] Carew, you are a lucky man. I wish I could find time to go to tea with Mrs. Carew.

MR. CAREW. [*Laughing.*] No doubt. There's a fatal attraction about another man's wife.

MRS. CAREW. Charlie, you will shock Mrs. Archerson.

[BERNARD turns to speak to MISS HAMILTON.]

MR. CAREW. [*Aside to his wife.*] Not a bad idea ; she might come out on the other side.

MRS. CAREW. You are an atrocious person.

BERNARD. [*Hears the last words.*] What has he done?

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

MRS. CAREW. [*Laughing.*] Everything. He would be so dull if he hadn't.

BERNARD. I wish all women were like you.

MRS. CAREW. Then I should not be unique. [*Goes to MILDRED, who is by the fireplace and says to MISS HAMILTON in passing.*] I can't bear that horrid Miss Wilson. Go and worry her if you can, May.

MISS HAMILTON. [*To MISS WILSON.*] Miss Wilson, I know you help Mrs. Archerson in her good works. Do tell me a little about your meetings.

MISS WILSON. I shall be delighted to tell you *all* about them.

[*They go to back of stage. RALPH and AMY come forward.*

He evidently going.

MRS. CAREW. I wonder if Amy would come and dine to-night? Could you do without her, Mrs. Archerson?

MILDRED. Of course.

RALPH. [*To AMY.*] Get ready early and I'll call for you in a hansom. Good-bye, Mrs. Archerson, and thank you for all your kindness.

AMY. Millie is always an angel.

MRS. CAREW. Don't—[*MILDRED looks up*—be one *always*, dear Mrs. Archerson. It cuts you off from so much.

[*Exit RALPH. AMY slips out of the room after him.*

MRS. SAUNDERSON. Good-bye, Mrs. Archerson. I have been here a long time, and must have tired you out. Good-bye, Mr. Archerson. It is quite an event to have seen you.

BERNARD. I didn't deserve such good luck.

MR. SAUNDERSON. Good-bye, Archerson, we must talk it over another time. The seed of many great movements is planted in an accidental meeting of this sort.

BERNARD. Of course it— and the sowers have a good time while it's growing; and a good time is everything—[*half gravely*]—the main thing in life.

[*Exit MR. and MRS. SAUNDERSON.*

[*There are left on the stage MR. and MRS. CAREW, MILDRED and BERNARD, and at the back talking together MISS HAMILTON and MISS WILSON. BERNARD ARCHERSON and MR. CAREW stand and then sit together at L. of stage talking. MRS. CAREW and MILDRED sit down by fireplace on other side of tea-table on the R.*

MR. CAREW. I wanted to see you, Archerson, about this engagement in our family. I had a talk with Ralph this morning. As far as I can make out he and Amy haven't a penny between them.

BERNARD. Unlucky, isn't it; but he is clever. I read an article of his the other day that was downright literature.

MR. CAREW. A man can't live by literature.

BERNARD. No; I suppose not; rather a shame though. Literature lives by men, and one good turn deserves another. Now, a

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secretaryship would be the sort of thing—give him some money and not take all his time. Couldn't you manage it, Carew?

MR. CAREW. Well, it's possible. [*They sit down.*] That company of which I am a director is going to do great things. There's a fortune in that mine.

BERNARD. No doubt of it, old man. There's a fortune in lots of mines. The difficulty is to get it out of them.

MR. CAREW. Luck *has* been rather against us of late. For one thing, Miller, our Secretary, is such an ass. He has a brother who is City Editor of *The Morning Waker*. Miller said he'd write us up for a hundred shares. I felt bound to refuse them, so I'm blessed if he didn't go and write us down—probably opened a bear account the day before. We ought to get rid of Miller.

BERNARD. Put in Ralph?

MR. CAREW. Well, I have thought of that lately. The worst of it is, he is rather by the way of being your clever young Oxford man and knows nothing about the mining world.

BERNARD. He'll write all the more brilliantly about it. Nothing makes a man so dull as knowledge of his subject.

MR. CAREW. And then he hasn't any money. We expect our Secretary to take a few hundred shares.

BERNARD. I'll take the qualifying number of shares and they shall be considered Amy's. [*Half aside.*] She's Millie's cousin and a charming girl.

MR. CAREW. Well, I have one virtue——

BERNARD. It must be rather lonely, old man.

MR. CAREW. That's true. I must look about for another to keep it company. It's very good of you, Archerson, 'pon my word it is—I was going to say my one virtue consisted in not losing time. I should like to show you a plan of that mine. I brought it with me, but left it downstairs.

BERNARD. Let's go and look at it in the study. [*They get up.*] Probably I shan't be any wiser after seeing it, but that doesn't matter.

MR. CAREW. Of course not. [*To his wife.*] Clara, I won't wait for you. You'll see me at dinner-time. Good-bye, Mrs. Archerson.

[*Exit MR. CAREW and BERNARD. MISS HAMILTON and MISS WILSON come down stage and sit on sofa to R.*]

MRS. CAREW. [*To MILDRED.*] Let me sit down for five minutes more. [*They sit down by fire.*] I was worn out when I came in, and wishing I had been born a grandmother, when distances were short and fashions long-lived . . . Perhaps time will make amends, but it won't be the same thing . . . Our grandmothers must have looked so picturesque, that I wonder our grandpapas were not beguiled into constancy for the rest of the day, by merely seeing them at breakfast time.

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

MILDRED. [*Nervously.*] Do you think men *are* constant, or that anything a woman does or looks has an effect on her husband, say three years after marriage ; that he notices——

MRS. CAREW. Three years ! Why, it has an effect thirty years after, and he always notices. If a husband changes it is generally because his wife has grown ill-tempered or monotonous.

MILDRED. How is she to avoid being monotonous ?

MRS. CAREW. She can alter her dress, her moods, her manner——her everything in fact, just as often as she changes her mind. In that respect a woman's mind sets an excellent example to follow in her conduct towards the other sex.

MILDRED. [*After a pause.*] A woman wants her husband to be in love with her, not merely kind and affectionate, but——

MRS. CAREW. Of course, and so he is, unless she manages badly. Charlie is as much in love with me as the day we married, and I mean him to remain so till the day I die, and——and——for a considerable time afterwards.

MILDRED. But if——he——grew careless ?

MRS. CAREW. I should nip it in the bud, for fear of getting my heart broken.

MILDRED. But how ?

MRS. CAREW. I can't tell you ; but I should——or run away.

MILDRED. [*Looking shocked.*] Oh, but——

MRS. CAREW. Well, or die. There can't be anything to shock you in dying, dear Mrs. Archerson ?

MILDRED. Bernard is so much taken up with his work, he has no time for anything else.

MRS. CAREW. He is becoming famous ; his name is always in the papers. How proud you must be of him ! [*Looks up at mantelpiece.*] What lovely roses. Did some kind friend send them from Nice ?

MILDRED. No, they came from the florist's. Bernard ordered some to come in every week.

MRS. CAREW. [*Arranging her cloak and preparing to go.*] Well, I call that being an attentive husband.

MISS WILSON. Good-bye, Mrs. Archerson, I fear I must go. I wanted a talk with you, but I must come some other time——and soon. [*Turning to MRS. CAREW.*] It has been such a pleasure to meet you again, Mrs. Carew.

MRS. CAREW. So glad you found it one.

MISS WILSON. May I come and see you one day ? Your friend is deeply interested in the account I have been giving her of our Meetings.

MRS. CAREW. I am sure she is. So kind of you to wish to come. Good-bye. . . . [*Exit MISS WILSON looking puzzled. To MILDRED.*] I can't bear that woman, and I don't mean her to come to my house. Ralph said he'd call for Amy. I wish you would

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come and dine too? I know your husband is going to a function.

MILDRED. Not to-night, I am not very well. Bernard is often out, so that——

MRS. CAREW. Wise woman to let your husband have his fling. He is sure to return, like bread cast upon the waters, after many days, and settle down to domesticity—you'll find it dull but soothing. Good-bye.

MISS HAMILTON. Good-bye, Mrs. Archerson; so kind of you to let me come.

MILDRED. [*Shaking hands.*] Come again.

[MILDRED is left alone on the stage; she stands as if dazed and starts when BERNARD, evidently in high spirits, enters.]

BERNARD. Well, Millie, here we are. So glad you're better.

MILDRED. I am much better.

BERNARD. That's all right. Now tell me all about your visitors. Who came first?

MILDRED. [*Sitting down.*] Miss Wilson.

BERNARD. Confound her. Who next?

MILDRED. Mrs. Carew.

BERNARD. Nice little woman.

MILDRED. She said I ought to be very proud of you.

BERNARD. That's all right. So you are, aren't you?

MILDRED. [*Nods.*] She says your name is always in the papers.

BERNARD. Evidently looks for it, eh?

MILDRED. I didn't see it this morning. Were you in any case yesterday?

BERNARD. Yesterday—rather a slack day yesterday—consultations all the morning, Library in the afternoon, Bar Committee at five——

MILDRED. Library in the afternoon?

BERNARD. Let me see. No! That's a mistake; in the afternoon I had an engagement. [*Pause.*] I say, Millie, now that Amy is engaged she won't want to go to the Riviera? [*Sits down.*]

MILDRED. Couldn't you go, Bernard?

BERNARD. Impossible just now. Mrs. Carew would miss my name in the paper. Besides, I should be rather on my beam-ends—unless we went to Monte Carlo, of course.

MILDRED. To Monte Carlo? The gaming-tables are there?

BERNARD. [*Laughing.*] And I should be certain to try my luck, so you had better keep me away for the good of my soul.

MILDRED. [*After a pause.*] Bernard!

BERNARD. Madame?

MILDRED. When you married me, did you love me very much?

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

BERNARD. [*Startled.*] What on earth makes you suddenly ask that ?

MILDRED. Amy told me to-day that Mary Vivian gets a letter from Herbert every morning.

BERNARD. I hope it's a nice one.

MILDRED. You only wrote to me once a week.

BERNARD. Not a letter-writing man.

MILDRED. [*Almost eager.*] I know you liked me, of course ; but were you ever—in love with me ; and do you care for me now, Bernard ? Do you ?

BERNARD. [*Anxiously ; looking at her.*] What does all this mean ?

MILDRED. You are so seldom at home—as for going out together——

BERNARD. Too busy, my dear.

MILDRED. But you never seem to care. You are very kind ; you let me do as I like ; you never find fault ; but sometimes I wonder if I were very ill whether you——

BERNARD. My dear, you *will* be very, very ill, and at once, if you go on in this way. You silly little woman ! [*Laughing. She gets up ; he puts his arm round her waist and kisses her in a kindly but not lover-like manner.*] What is the matter with you ? I expect very few people spoon after seven or eight years of marriage.

MILDRED. [*Quickly.*] It's not that. I only want to know that you care.

BERNARD. [*Gravely.*] We were never very sentimental, and I can't be ; but I should be an idiot if I didn't know that you were a thousand times too good for me. I often think that.

MILDRED. No—no.

BERNARD. You ought to have married some one worthy of you : an East-end parson with a large parish, or a Bishop. Now a Bishop would have suited you down to the ground, Millie ?

MILDRED. Oh no, you are better than any one ; it is only——

BERNARD. That you are not well ; but you are the best woman on earth, that's why I am not fit company for you, being merely a scoundrel. Give me a little tea. I must pull myself together—may have to make a speech at this dinner to-night, and to-morrow means Willoughby and Cartwright.

MILDRED. [*Going to tea-table.*] Willoughby and Cartwright ? What is that ?

BERNARD. Why, the great case I am so anxious about ! Comes on at ten-thirty o'clock to-morrow morning. A stupid day, Saturday, for opening it, but it's the first in the paper, and you know old Bloxam's way—or I do.

MILDRED. Will it go on long ?

BERNARD. Can't tell that, but anyhow the Court rises at two

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to-morrow. I'll tell you what we'll do in the evening—no, to-morrow I must dine out—on Monday I'll get a box and take you and Amy to the play.

MILDRED. Yes ; if you think there is anything that——

BERNARD. Is not improper, eh? I'll try and find something that won't hurt us; and we'll have a spree. I believe you'd like one.

MILDRED. I like anything with you.

BERNARD. Oh, do you ! Remember that time I took you to the Français when we were on our honeymoon? Thought you'd think anything there all right. Never saw any one so shocked in my life.

MILDRED. I can't see the good of representing immorality.

BERNARD. Shows us what it is like.

MILDRED. But we should try to contemplate only what is good.

BERNARD. My dear child, three-quarters of the world is bad—for want of a better word—not bad because it is wicked, or wishes to be so, but because it is—merely human. . . . If we only contemplated what is good, we should have to go about in blinkers and often shut our eyes then. It is better to see it all—saves us the trouble of finding out for ourselves at first-hand.

MILDRED. I can't bear you to talk in that way. You don't mean it?

BERNARD. Of course not ; it is only nonsense, but nonsense is often—the froth of wisdom. [*Pulls out cigarette-case.*] You must let me smoke after this exciting conversation.

MILDRED. Bernard, were you at Finchley Road Station yesterday?

BERNARD. [*With a start.*] Yes, certainly. What then?

MILDRED. Mr. Carew said he saw you there. He thought I was with you, but I told him he was mistaken.

BERNARD. Quite right. He is an idiot. [*Takes up cup.*]

MILDRED. You have spilt your tea, Bernard.

BERNARD. Too many cigarettes ; they make one nervous. I shall get those seats for Monday.

MILDRED. Why did you go to Finchley Road ? Do you know any one there ?

BERNARD. Of course. I didn't go for a country stroll. No time for that sort of thing. I see many people you know nothing about, and I have to go to all sorts of places occasionally. . . . That reminds me, Bolton says there is nothing like a sea voyage for any one who is run down. I was telling him about your faint last night.

MILDRED. Do you want to get rid of me?

BERNARD. [*Looks at her.*] No, of course not. Why should I want to get rid of you ? Such an odd thing to say !

[*He pokes the fire.*]

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

MILDRED. The Carews are going to Gibraltar in a fortnight, by the P. & O. ; they wanted us to go with them.

BERNARD. Why shouldn't *you* go? You like Mrs. Carew.

MILDRED. I will if you like. You can send me to the end of the world if it pleases you. [Crosses stage.]

BERNARD. *[Following her.]* What is the matter now? I wish I hadn't to go to this confounded dinner to-night.

MILDRED. *[With almost grim tenderness.]* Don't send me away. I couldn't bear it—I want to stay here—I want you——

BERNARD. *[Evidently touched.]* All right, dear, you shall do just as you like. You only want cheering up. Women always run down every now and then. . . .

Enter AMY in evening dress.

BERNARD. Why, here's Amy! Going out, Amy? You are very smart.

AMY. To the Carews with Ralph.

BERNARD. *[To MILDRED.]* Doesn't she look nice?

MILDRED. Yes; but that cloak is too thin, dear.

AMY. It's quite warm enough. The other one is ugly. *[To BERNARD.]* Ralph said you were so kind to him.

BERNARD. Only gave him some good advice. Easiest thing in the world.

MILDRED. I shall be back directly. *[Touches AMY's arm.]* Wait for me.

BERNARD. *[To AMY.]* Millie isn't very well. I wonder what's the matter with her.

AMY. I think it is—because you are out so much.

BERNARD. Oh no. She has her philanthropy—workhouse old women and that sort of thing, you know—the things she likes best.

AMY. But she loves you . . .

BERNARD. All the same, I am only one of her duties, and natural objects of affection . . . She is happy and satisfied enough in her own way. A little excitement would do her good, perhaps . . . We are going to the play on Monday if I can drop on a highly edifying drama—a drama is the thing, you know—four acts, with the villain handcuffed and the lovers married, at the end. We'll invite Ralph, and have a little dinner somewhere first. If we win our case to-morrow, I'll give you and Millie a diamond crescent each.

AMY. O Bernard, you are a dear!

BERNARD. Or a bangle. Millie might think a crescent showed a sneaking sympathy with the pagan . . . I must go and dress; it is getting late. *[Looks at his watch.]* Here she is—with a shawl.

AMY. O Millie—why did you—— *[As MILDRED enters.]*

BERNARD. *[To MILLIE, half tenderly.]* Kind little woman. Good-bye, Amy. *[Exit BERNARD.]*

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MILDRED. That cloak was too thin. [*Putting shawl round* AMY.]

AMY. How good you are ! But I was really warm enough. There's Ralph's knock ; I'll run down to him. [*Kisses MILDRED.*] Good-bye, dear Millie, there's nothing in the world like being engaged. I don't mind if we are not married till we are ninety.

[*Exit* AMY.]

[MILDRED *stands by the fire ; pause ; rings the bell.* Enter SERVANT.]

MILDRED. Take away, Warren ; and put a lamp on the table near me.

SERVANT. Yes, ma'am.

[MILDRED *sits down in an easy chair ;* SERVANT *puts a lamp on little table near her, extinguishes all other lights except two candles on mantelshelf, takes away tea-things, makes the room quite straight and prim again.*]

MILDRED. Oh, Warren !

SERVANT. Yes, ma'am.

MILDRED. Miss Amy dines out to-night as well as Mr. Archerson. Tell cook to send me up a little soup at eight o'clock. I shall not want anything else. I won't go down to the dining-room.

SERVANT. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

MILDRED. [*Getting up and standing by the fire.*] I am glad Amy has no money . . . I wish I had been poor . . . I wish I had never . . . never had a farthing . . . And yet it helped Bernard through all those difficult days . . . [*Takes up his photograph, which is in a frame on mantelpiece.*] I wonder what he was thinking of when this was taken ; he looks so happy.

Enter BERNARD *in evening dress.*

BERNARD. Why, what are you doing ?

MILDRED. [*Primly.*] I was looking at your portrait.

BERNARD. [*Laughing.*] Much better look at me. I hope you are going to have a sensible dinner and a nice quiet evening.

MILDRED. Oh yes.

BERNARD. [*Still lingering.*] Can't think why you don't get an exciting novel.

MILDRED. It's such useless reading.

BERNARD. Not the old chaps—Scott, you know, and Fielding. Perhaps 'Tom Jones' wouldn't exactly suit you, but you might try 'Ivanhoe' again, that's proper enough.

MILDRED. I don't think the scenes between Rebecca and the Templar are very proper.

BERNARD. Well—'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

MILDRED. [*With a little smile.*] The story of a woman's fall.

BERNARD. Oh, good Lord ! So's the book of Genesis, and a man's too. It isn't the facts that shock you, it's the labels you put

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on 'em. I believe, if you came across a woman who had done all the things you think worst for the sake of some one else—a woman always does it for some one else's sake, and a man for his own—you'd be an angel to her.

MILDRED. I don't know.

BERNARD. And you'd find an excuse for the man too.

MILDRED. [*Looking up at him.*] I don't know. . . . [*Shuddering.*]

BERNARD. [*Uneasily.*] Well, don't be low-spirited. Good-bye, dear. [*Goes towards the door, looks back and says :*] I wish you would think over that plan of going to Gibraltar with the Carews—do you a world of good. [*She nods in a dazed manner. Exit BERNARD.*]

MILDRED. He wants me out of sight. There is something going on—it seems to be behind a drawn curtain . . . but I am beginning to understand his excuses, his absences, and Mr. Carew's mistake . . . [*Sits down.*] Perhaps, after all, it is only his work . . . Men often take their wives as a matter of course, part of their lives . . . If I could be sure that—that there is no one else . . . I wish I could laugh and talk as other women can—as Mrs. Carew did this afternoon—but I can't . . . Something tightens round my heart and makes me dumb . . . Perhaps he thinks me cold . . . I have always been ashamed to let him see . . . Oh! to be loved as other women are, and to hear his voice just once full of love, of lover's love, not mere kindness and affection. [*Pause.*] If—if I only had a child it would be different—so different. [*Pause.*] Could . . . some one have been with him yesterday? I was afraid to ask him that . . . He would have put me off with a joke. [*Shudders.*] Oh, how I hate jokes! Perhaps it was only Mr. Carew's mistake.

Enter SERVANT with letters on a tray.

SERVANT. Post, ma'am.

MILDRED. Thank you.

[*Takes letters.*]

[*Exit SERVANT, MILDRED sits down by the table with the lamp on it and looks at the addresses. There are two or three circulars and one letter. She opens the letter and reads aloud.*]

MILDRED. [*Reads.*] 'Mr. and Mrs. Paton Green request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Archerson's company to dinner at 8 o'clock on Tuesday, the 17th.' I wish Bernard would accept, they are nice people. [*Puts the card on mantelpiece. Opens one of the circulars and reads.*] 'A bazaar will be held at Kensington Town Hall.' I must try and get some things for it. [*Opens another circular and reads.*] 'Cottage Homes for destitute children. A pound a month will keep a child in board, lodging and clothes.' The children must be helped. [*A pause, sighs, and takes up circular again, turns over the leaves, goes on reading.*] 'List of patrons and donors: Mrs. Marshall, Talbot Road, £1; the Rev. Samuel Coxe,

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The Vicarage, Elmtree, £5—perhaps he had to stint his family to give it; Miss Wilkinson, Grosvenor Square, 10s.—probably she is rich, she might have given more; Mrs. Pearson, Albert Villas, Chiswick, £1 1s.; Mrs. Bernard Archerson, 5 Finchley Road Terrace, Hampstead, £3 3s. Finchley Road! Hampstead! [*Rises to her feet, stands as if petrified.*] There are no other Archersons in London. [*Takes up the book again and looks at it.*] Yes, yes, Bernard Archerson . . . [*Stands still for a moment.*] I knew! I—knew.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II

SCENE: MARY's sitting-room at Hampstead, small, very pretty and artistic; an unfinished portrait of Bernard Archerson on an easel. On mantelshelf small photograph of him, same as one that MILDRED has. At a writing-table MARY sits with some account-books, looking through them. She is about 28, pretty, charming, simple, a lady, and especially pure looking. She is very simply dressed and wears wedding-ring, but no trinkets.

TIME: Next morning.

MARY. Six and two and seven, that is—let me see, fifteen. I never can make my books right. I wonder why we used so much coffee last week. Berry said once that civilised men were divided into two classes—those who took their coffee black and those who didn't. I am glad I can take mine black. But two pounds in a week is absurd, even strong as he likes it . . . Two and four . . . that fire is going out . . . [*Looks at clock.*] Eleven o'clock. He is in Court. I wish I could see him in his wig and gown. [*Goes to mantelshelf, takes up BERNARD's photograph.*] It is just like you, it has your dearest look of all, the look that means 'I love you.' [*Goes to window.*] It's clearing up, I ought to go out—I must tell Eliza—and finish these books. [*Rings the bell.*]

Enter ELIZA.

ELIZA. Yes, ma'am.

MARY. Eliza, I forgot to tell cook just now that we'll have some Russian toast after the sweet to-night; but she must make the toast at the last moment or it won't be crisp, then the little strips of olives and the fish laid lightly on the top. Mr. Archerson is very particular about the savoury. [*Goes back to her books.*]

ELIZA. Yes, ma'am.

[*Arranges fire and lingers.*]

MARY. [*Looking up.*] What is it, Eliza; do you want anything?

ELIZA. If you please, ma'am, Jim is downstairs.

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MARY. Yes ? Oh yes, Jim is your sweetheart. He should come when your work is done.

ELIZA. Yes, ma'am ; he knows that ; he's only come to ask if you would let me go to see his mother. She is ill, and it doesn't seem as if she would ever get better.

MARY. Poor soul ! You shall go this afternoon. I'll make you up a little basket from the store-cupboard.

ELIZA. Thank you, ma'am. There's no one like you for feeling . . . I don't like to say it, ma'am, but Jim says I'm to give notice.

MARY. [*Startled.*] To give notice ! Why ? What does he mean ?

ELIZA. He wants to get married. I said you'd be angry, but——

MARY. [*Smiling and relieved.*] To get married ! I thought it would come to this, Eliza.

ELIZA. It generally does, ma'am, if they're steady, and you are careful who you take up with.

MARY. I hope he's earning good wages ?

ELIZA. He's out just now, ma'am ; that's why he thought it would be a good chance to get married. He'd have more time than if he was in work.

MARY. But don't you think it would be prudent to wait till he has a place ?

ELIZA. Yes, ma'am, I daresay it would, but I'd like to marry him now while he's nothing ; it'll show him that I like him for himself. Besides, I might help to keep things going a bit, and he'll not be losing courage, and perhaps go off and marry some one else for her bit of wages saved.

MARY. You are quite right, Eliza. Fight your battle together, and even if you lose it, you will still be together.

ELIZA. Yes, ma'am, that's what I say.

MARY. [*Evidently amused.*] Then it's agreed that you leave me this day month to marry Jim. [*Turns to her books again.*] And don't forget to tell cook about the toast.

ELIZA. No, ma'am, and thank you. I wouldn't leave you for the world but for marryin' Jim. [*Exit ELIZA.*]

MARY. [*Shutting up her books.*] If only we had ventured more ! [*Looking towards portrait.*] It was my fault, Berry ; I should have trusted you and waited. But now, at any rate, you are happy. You shall always be happy, my darling, if love can make you so.

[*Goes to the piano, begins to play and sing a line or two of some simple home-like song.*]

Enter ELIZA with flowers and note.

ELIZA. If you please, ma'am, these have just come. Shall I bring some water ?

MARY. Oh yes ; yes, please, do. How lovely ! [*Exit ELIZA.*]

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Dear old man! [*Kisses the note and reads aloud.*] ‘My darling, I picked out each one of these flowers for you myself, and send them to tell you that I love you, as I will tell you again to-night when I am with you. Dinner at 8. Just going into court.—Your BERRY.’ . . . He is always thinking of me, and yet it is always when he is most good and dear that—[*Pause*] . . . I’m doing what is right, the biggest right, and that which will help him most . . . [*Stops, looks over her shoulder and hesitates.*] If only something would not follow me so, something that seems to be entreating me to stop . . . to turn back. I don’t know what it means, only that it is there, though I make myself deaf and dumb to it. 11.15; he has been in court this quarter of an hour. Perhaps he is speaking—

Enter ELIZA with water for flowers.

ELIZA. Is there anything else you want, ma’am?

MARY. No, thank you.

[*Exit ELIZA.*]

MARY. [*Lingering over the flowers.*] These shall go here . . . and these here, and these by his dear portrait. . . . They are lovely, and how cosy the room looks! [*Stops by the door, looks round.*] I must go—

[*Exit.*]

ELIZA enters with logs, puts them on the fire, looks at the portrait.

ELIZA. It’s wonderful. . . . But ’tish’t only with paint, she can do it with just a pencil and a bit of paper. . . . I saw some on her writing-table, this morning . . . [*Goes to the table, takes up some odd bits of drawing paper and looks at them.*] She’d draw anything from the cat to the postman, and as like as if it was themselves. I wish she would do Jim. . . . My! But I wouldn’t like to ask it . . . if she did, I’d like it coloured. [*Goes back to portrait on easel and looks at it.*] It’s very like master. Might be just himself sitting painted there. He’s ’ansome, there’s no denying of it. I only wonder why it is he goes away so much. It isn’t like being married, and her so sweet! What I think is that they are married on the sly and there’s property. . . . There’s a lot of harm done by property; more than people guesses. [*Goes up to the portrait and looks at it again.*] He’s got a fine colour in his eye. . . . Depend upon it . . . It’s property, and he doesn’t dare to come home to live reg’lar till it’s settled. Then it is most likely he’ll take her away and they’ll be that grand they’ll hardly know each other. [*A ring at the bell is heard. ELIZA astonished.*] Why, that’s the front door! Who can it be at this time of day? Somebody to ask if somebody lives here as doesn’t, I suppose.

[*Exit. Re-enters, followed by MILDRED in bonnet and long cloak.*]

ELIZA. [*To MILDRED.*] Only, ma’am, I assure you, Mrs. Archerson never sees any visitors at all.

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MILDRED. [*Looking dazed and strange.*] I am not a visitor—I have come on business, and——

[*Sees BERNARD's portrait on easel, stops with a look of blank dismay.*]

ELIZA. Well, ma'am, I'll see. [*Follows MILDRED's eyes and says grandly:*] That's master's portrait you're looking at. . . . It's beautiful.

MILDRED. Who did it?

ELIZA. Missis did it. . . . [*Stands proudly silent for a moment.*] Couldn't you tell *me* your business, ma'am?

MILDRED. No, that is impossible.

ELIZA. What name shall I say?

MILDRED. [*Hesitating.*] There is no name—I will not keep her long—but I must see her.

ELIZA. [*Doubtfully.*] Well, I'll tell her. Perhaps you'll sit down, ma'am. [*Exit ELIZA.*]

MILDRED. She cannot dream that I should come, it is such a desperate thing to do. . . . [*Looks round the room, sees BERNARD's photograph on mantelshelf, stands before it and says bitterly:*] The same one that I have. . . . *This* is what the happy look on his face means. . . . I cannot stay here. . . . and yet. . . . I *must* see her.

[*Enter MARY, looking young and sweet and innocent. MILDRED stares at her in blank surprise.*]

MILDRED. I want to see. . . . Mrs. Archerson?

MARY. I am Mrs. Archerson. [*Uneasily.*]

MILDRED. You—I thought—[*Trying to recover*—] I didn't know——

MARY. You wish to see me?

MILDRED. Yes—I want to see you on business. . . .

MARY. Will you kindly explain?

MILDRED. [*Nervously pulling out circular.*] I ought to apologise. . . . I believe you take an interest in things that help women and children. There is to be a bazaar——

MARY. [*A sigh of relief.*] Oh yes, indeed I do; a great deal of interest.

MILDRED. [*Bringing out every word with difficulty.*] There is to be a bazaar. [*Handing her a paper.*] I thought you would read the circular——

MARY. Of course I will. [*Holds it in her two hands and glances at it.*] But I never go to bazaars or sell at stalls or do anything of that sort.

MILDRED. No, I did not want that. [*Stops with a gasp, seeing MARY's hands, and says aside:*] She has a wedding-ring.

MARY. [*In a happy businesslike tone.*] But this bazaar is to be at Kensington; why should you come to us at Hampstead? We have our own poor women and children here.

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MILDRED. It doesn't matter where they live if they want help.
[*Seems half dazed.*]

MARY. No, it doesn't matter where they live if they want help.
. . . How did you get my address, or know that I was interested in charities?

MILDRED. I found it in a list of Cottage Homes for children.

[*Looks at BERNARD'S portrait on easel, as if in a dream advances a step towards it.*]

MARY. [*Still reading circular.*] Oh yes, I gave the money, but I did not mean my name to appear. I was so vexed when—
[*Stops and watches MILDRED, an expression of alarm comes over her face; she asks in a doubtful voice:*] Is anything the matter?
[*Goes forward.*]

MILDRED. Who is that? Is it your husband?

[*With bated breath.*]

MARY. [*After a pause.*] Yes . . . [*Alarm coming into her voice.*]

MILDRED. Mr. Bernard Archerson?

MARY. Yes.

MILDRED. [*Speaking with difficulty.*] It is very like.

MARY. Do you know him?

MILDRED. I . . . I have known him for years . . . he does not dream that I am here.

MARY. You have known him for years. Do you know him—in—in his home? Do you know—?

MILDRED. Yes, I know him in his home. I know them both.
[*A little cry comes from MARY'S lips.*] You are no dupe then? You knew that he married nearly eight years ago?

[*Her voice has grown bitter.*]

MARY. Yes, I knew. But who are you and why have you come here? You are not his wife?

MILDRED. I came—because—because this is a matter of life and death to her.

MARY. Did she send you?

MILDRED. I came of my own accord.

MARY. But what are you—her sister, her friend, or what? Tell me your name.

MILDRED. My name does not matter . . . I am her friend.

MARY. When did you find this out? Have you known it long?

MILDRED. No.

MARY. Have you come straight from your own house, or have you seen her since you knew?

MILDRED. I have come straight from my own house.

MARY. [*With a cry of relief.*] Then she does not know yet. You must never tell her. It would break her heart. I would rather die, I think, than that she should know!

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MILDRED. [*Surprised and bitter.*] You are very considerate; it is most kind.

MARY. [*Almost fiercely, brushing away her tears.*] You don't understand. Wait—you must let me get calm. You are a stranger, it is so difficult. You say you know him and her, and know them well?

MILDRED. Yes, I know them well—well——

MARY. Then you know that he married her for her money?

MILDRED. For her money?

MARY. [*Firmly but gently.*] Yes—chiefly for her money. He did not love her. She is gentle and good and all that, but he does not love her, he never did. He loved me always——

MILDRED. Always?

MARY. Yes, before he had even seen her.

MILDRED. [*Staggering.*] Before he had even *seen* her?

MARY. Yes. I tell you because you say you are her friend. Do you know her better than any one else?

MILDRED. Yes, better than any one else. [*MARY clasps her hands in despair.*] Why did he not marry you, if he loved you even before he had seen her?

MARY. I was poor—it was impossible.

MILDRED. Why was it impossible?

MARY. Because—[*Stops and puts her hand to her forehead, bewildered.*] . . . Oh, what shall I do? . . . How *can* I explain my whole life to a stranger?

MILDRED. I am not a stranger to them.

MARY. And perhaps, if I don't make you understand, you will go back and break her heart . . .

MILDRED. [*As if she had not heard.*] If you had had money would he have married you instead of her?

MARY. Yes, yes . . . We had neither of us a penny. He had left Oxford in debt, I was only a drawing mistress in a school . . . We waited and waited, there were debts—he was worried and distracted—but he did not tell me everything . . . I thought he had left off loving me, and wanted it broken off . . . there were all sorts of misunderstandings . . . I thought he had changed altogether. I gave up my pupils and went away secretly . . . I wanted never to see him again. I made him miserable, he told me so afterwards; he was desperate and did not care what he did. He imagined that with marriage he might still make a career——

MILDRED. It was kind to the woman.

MARY. But he thought I did not care for him any longer and had vanished from his life for ever. She loved him and—and—I *can't* go over it all. Only I want you to understand——

MILDRED. That is what *I* wish—to understand——

MARY. Tell me again, are you so very intimate with her?

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MILDRED. I have told you that. I can't go on repeating it. So he married the other woman. Did you see each other all the time?

MARY. [*Indignantly.*] Why, no—no. What do you take me for, what do you think? We had parted nearly a year before he married and—and——

MILDRED. Yes, yes.

MARY. One day by accident, more than two years after his marriage, we met. I had nearly died in the three years and more between. It was like heaven to see him again, and though he tried to hide it, I saw that he loved me just as he always did. Oh, you cannot think what it was to meet—the misery, the joy—and both seemed stronger than we ourselves were! We struggled against it—heaven knows we did, but we only loved each other more because of the time we had been apart.

[*She grows gradually happier as she says this, and MILDRED stands staring at her.*]

MILDRED. His wife loved him too—perhaps as much as you.

MARY. Oh no! She loves him in an even, passionless manner—as so many women love their husbands, not as I do. He is just my light and life and all the world, as I am his . . . We went on meeting and parting—it was maddening. At last—[*in a low voice*]—he said we must be together; that his wife should never know, never suffer . . . You must not think that he does not see every bit of goodness and gentleness in her, he does; but it is not love, it is only affection, which is so different, and respect——

MILDRED. Respect for her money?

MARY. No, no. That was something to him once. Now he is well off, it is nothing to him, but he would not pain her for all the world.

MILDRED. [*Hardly able to drag out her words.*] He is only unfaithful to her every moment of his life.

MARY. [*Impatiently and proudly.*] He was unfaithful to *me* when he married her. He was mine first! The tragedy of it is that she loves him—Tragedy often walks abreast with Happiness so well disguised we do not even dream that it is there—she does not dream it. She is his wife before the world; she bears his name——

MILDRED. And the rest does not trouble you.

MARY. Not trouble me! If you could only know how I have thought of her, dreamt of her, ached for her! You must not think that I regret, for I do not. What is her wrong, or what the world would call my 'honour,' compared with the work my love may help him to do, and the happiness it puts into his life? I think that some day he will be a great man—[*looks up with the smile of a visionary at MILDRED*]—that love will help him to become one.

MILDRED. [*Quickly.*] Is greatness nourished on falsehood and vice?

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MARY. [*Indignantly.*] It is *not* vice.

MILDRED. [*As if she had not heard her.*] Is happiness born of dishonour and deception? And why should not his wife's love help him to greatness?

MARY. She is different altogether. She does not even care about his work—she is interested in other things.

MILDRED. And you?

MARY. I love him so, and long for all the best things in the world to be his. They shall be if love can gain them. [*Pause.*]

MILDRED. Does he suppose that she will never find this out?

MARY. She never will if we can help it. How can she? I use his name, but that is all. It may be dangerous, but I could not bear not to do that, for—[*in a low frightened voice*]*—there are—the children.*

MILDRED. [*Gazes at her in bewilderment. Then in an agonised whisper.*] That too!

MARY. [*Quickly.*] And I go nowhere, know no one; we are seldom seen together. The name is not in the Directory; it is by some mistake that it was in that list, and it will be immediately withdrawn. It is in no other place at all. Even this house is taken in another name. How is she to know unless you tell her? [*Puts out her hand towards MILDRED'S arm, but MILDRED shrinks back.*] And I entreat you, be silent; you cannot make his heart go from me to her, and I dread to think what she would suffer if she knew.

MILDRED. [*With a desperate look at the door.*] And does it never strike you that you are dragging down the man you think you love so much—and that she is his wife.

MARY. [*Sweetly but firmly.*] No. And *I* am his wife, and the woman of his heart. That is my justification. Marriage is the joining together of two lives that for ever become one. I am a part of his life, she is a woman outside it.

MILDRED. [*Cowering and desperate.*] Outside it—outside it. [*Suddenly.*] Are you ever jealous of her?

MARY. Jealous! I have his heart's best love—why should I be jealous? [*Goes to fireplace, takes his portrait from the shelf, and, as if speaking to it, says tenderly:*] My dear life, who loved me always.

MILDRED. Did he send you those flowers?

MARY. Yes, he sent them an hour ago. [*Kisses them.*] He chose every one of them himself . . .

MILDRED. Had you no friends, no relations, no one to prevent—

MARY. No one. We came from Australia when I was little, my father and I. After his death I lived alone, giving drawing lessons. That is my history; there is none to whom I need give account of myself if that is what you mean. I only live for him. And think—think how close is the tie between us! Why, if he and

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she went their separate ways to-morrow, none save themselves would suffer; nothing outside them would be changed; it is different with us——

MILDRED. Yes—yes, she is worse than a woman who is dead.

MARY. [*With a cry.*] Oh, don't say it; I would rather creep away and die than that she should know, and yet nothing—nothing in this wide world can take his love from me and make it hers——

MILDRED. It is *she* who should creep away and die.

MARY. But she will never know—never—unless you tell her. [*As MILDRED moves towards the door.*] Promise—promise that you never will.

MILDRED. [*Indignantly.*] I cannot.

MARY. It would kill her to know, and it would ruin him. You wrung it from me, you forced me to speak. Oh, promise me you will be silent. Think what she would suffer—and he too. [*Pause.*] Oh, promise——

MILDRED. [*Hesitating.*] I will be silent on one condition—that you are too; that you do not tell him of my visit.

MARY. But I have never had a secret from him in my life. I could not bear to have one.

MILDRED. [*Bitterly.*] It is not so much to bear.

MARY. [*Still entreatingly.*] But nothing can part us. Nothing in the world. You will do no good by telling her.

MILDRED. Nor you—[*opening the door, motioning MARY back into the room*]—by telling him. You can choose. [*Pause.*]

MARY. I *must* promise, if that is the only price of your silence.

MILDRED. It is the only price.

MARY. Then I promise.

[*MILDRED leans against the door as if about to fall. MARY goes forward. MILDRED shrinks from her.*]

MILDRED. Go back! go back! You think that what you are doing is right. It may be so. To me it seems the deepest sin. Which it is, God knows, and He will prove. For all people, and of all deeds, there comes a Day of Judgment. It will come of what you are doing now—a day when all will be made plain. No one escapes, nothing is overlooked.

[*While she speaks, MARY cowers and hides her face, MILDRED's head drops in a woe-stricken manner on her chest, and she goes noiselessly from the room. When MARY looks up she is horror struck for a moment, then flies to the door.*]

MARY. Come back! come back! . . . She is gone—gone [*Returns to the room. A pause.*] Who could she have been? She could not have been. . . . No, she could not have borne it. . . . Oh, if I could make some terrible atonement, could bear some awful agony that would rack my soul and buy happiness for her . . .

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[*Pause.*] Whatever happens, the world will forgive him ; it is only hard on the woman. . . . It is so cruel for *her*. All that she said is true. Oh, Great God !—it is true ! I see it—it is true. I have had everything—his first love, and his best. . . . It is worse than if I had killed her.

[*Throws herself on the sofa and hides her face.*]

Enter ELIZA with a log of wood for the fire.

ELIZA. Are you ill, ma'am ; is anything the matter ?

MARY. [*Starting.*] No, no. It is nothing. My head is bad. I want to be alone.

ELIZA. Jim told me to give his duty to you, ma'am, and thank you for your kindness, and we'd like to be married on Valentine's Day, if it's all the same to you.

MARY. Yes, yes, it's all the same to me. Go, Eliza, go ; I want to be alone.

ELIZA. Yes, ma'am, and I hope you'll soon be better, I do. [*Exit.*]

MARY. [*A pause, then MARY gets up stealthily, looks round, crosses to the piano and closes it, returning across the room, stops, looking at the door, and says in a whisper:*] She has changed everything. She has made me ashamed. [*A pause. Suddenly she gives a cry and listens.*] There is a knock ; Bernard's knock ! Oh, why has he come ? [*Enter BERNARD, excited and pleased. Goes forward as if to embrace her. With a gesture of fear she draws back. He must be quite like a devoted lover through this scene, in contrast to his manner with MILDRED.*] Bernard ! Bernard ! Why—why have you come ?

BERNARD. My darling, I came to tell you—

MARY. To tell me ? Merciful Heaven ! To tell me what ?

BERNARD. That it's all over. [*In surprise.*] Don't look so frightened, dear. Willoughby and Cartwright is all over ; never saw such a fizzle-out. Wish you had been there, it was first-rate. Caxtor Rorke opened admirably, got in a rather risky point about the salmon-nets on old Cartwright's lawn. Precious sharp practice, but the chief took it like a bird. They couldn't make anything of our witnesses, broke down, and compromised in the Judge's private room. I knew how glad you'd be . . . Why, Mary, what is the matter ? Are you ill, my darling ?

MARY. Oh, no, no. Tell me more about it. Why have you come now ?

BERNARD. We have won—won our case, sweetheart. I thought you would be glad. You were so excited about it.

MARY. I am excited now, only I am ill.

BERNARD. Ill ? What is the matter ?

MARY. Nothing, nothing. Tell me what the case was about.

BERNARD. What it was about ! Why we have gone over it so often—

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MARY. Oh yes, I remember. Willoughby and Cartwright. What has happened?

BERNARD. Why I have been telling you—we opened fire very effectually I thought——

[She staggers; he goes forward as if to take her in his arms, but she pushes him away and sits down cowering on the sofa.]

MARY. I cannot bear it. I have been thinking about—about everything.

BERNARD. About everything? About what?

MARY. About our life together.

BERNARD. How strange you women are! Why now? Has anything happened? You were so well and happy a day or two ago.

MARY. *[Desperately, after a pause.]* Berry, I can never bear to ask questions or to talk about *her*; but to-day I want to know where *is* she? Is she at home? Is she well?

BERNARD. *[Still bewildered by her manner.]* She is at home—but she has been ill lately.

MARY. Is she able to go out?

BERNARD. No, I think not; that is, I did not see her this morning, she was not well enough to come down. Don't talk about her now, dear. *[MARY gives a sigh of relief.]*

MARY. Do you think it possible that she can know?

BERNARD. I am certain that she does *not* know.

MARY. Nor even guess?

BERNARD. Why should she even guess?

MARY. *[With a shudder.]* I feel as if my eyes had been opened, as if a great light had been thrown on what we are doing. Everything I have should be hers.

BERNARD. Nonsense, sweetheart. *[Takes her hands and looks at her.]* You have nothing that *could* be hers. We cannot go over it again.

MARY. One day we shall shudder to remember and pay the penalty.

BERNARD. No, no, that's impossible; and if there is a penalty to pay we will face it unflinchingly . . . All things have their price in one form or another; we should not have dared to face the possible price of this if the happiness had not been worth it. Life and death and happiness are all born with pain. Be a philosopher, my dear, and see it.

MARY. *[Looks up at him.]* You have courage. You are so strong, but I am a woman, dear—*[putting her hand down on his shoulder]*—and a very wicked one, I fear. *[With a weary laugh. A pause, she goes on with a long sigh.]* There are some words—I don't know where I heard them—they came back to me just now as if it were God's voice speaking: 'All sin is dogged, and though that

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which follows it may lag, it never loses the track.' Some day it will overtake us—[*standing up and speaking almost solemnly*—Berry! Quite surely it will overtake us.

BERNARD. [*Shudders.*] All nonsense and excitement, my darling; but you are making me feel very creepy. Be reasonable and put your foolish head down here again. [*Holds her.*] You are not a wicked woman, and you know that perfectly; and the fault has all been mine.

MARY. No—no—mine, not yours.

BERNARD. It is mine. I ought never to have married her—that was the sin, if you want to call it sin, dear. But you had gone out of my life, and I knew I should never love any other woman. I didn't care what became of me and thought I was incapable of feeling anything again. And a man must have a home, some one—something—to go back to, to hold his life together, to give him responsibilities——

MARY. I know; I know.

BERNARD. It was time that I had them. She cared for me, she was gentle and good, and I knew that her fortune would help me. When a man is not in love all these things weigh with him, so I did what hundreds of men have done before and will do again, though that is no excuse for me. And in the two years or more of marriage, in which she and I faced each other every morning at breakfast, and every night at dinner, and sat by the fireside afterwards, with nothing to say to each other—blankly looking across the space between us—those years before *we* met again, Mollie—I had time to find out that if one is not in love it is possible to be deadly lonely in the company of the best woman on earth, no matter what obligations bind you to her. I would have given her anything, done anything for her. But there we were, face to face with each other—for this world and the next—worse for me than for her, for I knew the hopelessness and felt the boredom of it in a way that she did not. It paralysed me, deadened me, maddened me by turns, but it went on just the same, day after day, month after month. Then I saw you once more——

MARY. If we had only had strength to part again—but we couldn't——

BERNARD. No, darling, we could not, and it didn't make our happiness only, it made me a better man—better to her, better for my work, and to any poor beggars who came my way. As for you, my darling, you have given me the truest and most unselfish love, and you are the woman of my heart, whom I once thought I had lost for ever. I couldn't live without you now, Mollie. Besides, think what a help you are to my work! Mildred has other interests: her poor people, her church-going, and meetings, all manner of things

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. . . Think how I coached you up in Cartwright and Willoughby, point by point, till you knew the brief by heart, didn't you?

MARY. [*Consoled.*] Yes, I did, every bit of it.

BERNARD. Of course you did; in reality it was you who won the case, for if you hadn't been so keen I shouldn't have got it up till I went into court.

MARY. [*Recovering.*] Yes, yes, tell me that I help you—that I am good for your work, that I make your life better and not worse—that I have made you care for the highest things, not the lowest——

BERNARD. That you have, darling; I'll say it a dozen times if you like.

MARY. [*She gives a long sigh of relief, then with sudden desperation looks up and speaks in a calm but almost beseeching voice.*] Bernard, promise me that, if ever she does find you out, you will go away from me, that you will never see me more—that you will make *me*, and not *her*, suffer.

BERNARD. Why should you want to suffer because you love me?

MARY. There is something that makes me say this almost against my will. If she ever knows there will be—must be—bitter suffering somewhere. I shall hunger for it. Promise that it shall be mine—that if ever she finds out you will never see me more!

BERNARD. [*Surprised and firm.*] My dear sweet little woman, this is nonsense. I shall do nothing of the sort.

MARY. Promise me; you *must* promise!

BERNARD. But I won't. Parting would do no good.

MARY. [*With a gasp.*] It must and shall be. If a Day of Judgment comes, and we are found guilty, then, as we have taken our happiness, so will we take its penalty. Swear by everything you love and hold sacred that if she ever knows you will never see me more.

BERNARD. Nonsense. People don't swear by things nowadays—only at them.

MARY. You made her a solemn vow the day you married her. Make me one now and here, in this our home.

BERNARD. [*Almost angry.*] I cannot, and will not. You are mad.

MARY. [*Clasping her hands and speaking solemnly.*] Then I will. I swear by all things that are most sacred to me—by you, Bernard—and by those lives most dear to us both—that her knowledge shall part us for ever and ever, and if I fail to keep this vow, then may God send His most righteous punishment on them and me.

BERNARD. [*Aghast.*] Mary, you are mad!

MARY. No—no—I am *not* mad.

END OF SECOND ACT.

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ACT III

SCENE : *Deck of a P. and O. steamer. London Docks. Gangway from ship to shore showing people coming and going. To the L. luggage being put on board (if possible a crane). Lascars in red turbans, sailors and people belonging to the ship moving about. To the R. a sheltered covering of some sort with a seat. General bustle. Ropes, &c. RALPH and AMY come across the gangway on board.*

TIME : *A fortnight later. Noon.*

AMY. [*Looking round.*] How picturesque it is. I was never on board a big ship before.

RALPH. Highly meritorious. Those fellows in the red turbans look so well. I wish we were starting on a voyage round the world together, passage paid, and plenty of loose cash in our pockets.

AMY. [*Still looking about.*] So do I. It would be heavenly. They are evidently not here yet.

RALPH. Well, it would be a miracle if they were, seeing that we set off first in a hansom. Not at all a bad drive from Kensington to the London Docks, eh?

[They sit down and watch the people on shore.]

AMY. I should like to live in a hansom.

RALPH. That's a good idea ; there would be no taxes.

AMY. It would cost so little to furnish.

RALPH. We might be married in one, the parson standing up in front, the cabman looking through the little door on top as witness.

AMY. How absurd you are ! Besides, we don't want to talk of marriage yet. We are only just in lo— only just engaged.

RALPH. You were going to say only just in love, as if you thought we ought to fall out of love before we were married.

AMY. Be quiet, you shameful person ; you are not young enough to be cynical.

RALPH. Now who told you that ? It isn't your own ?

AMY. I wish you wouldn't find me out.

RALPH. Every one is found out nowadays ; but it doesn't matter a bit, and plagiarism has become a profession . . . I say, the Carews ought to be turning up. I suppose Clara travels with a waggon-load of Saratoga trunks.

AMY. She has the most lovely things to wear, but she is quite as much excited about Mildred.

RALPH. That is a very odd business, you know. Clara Carew says that the day after that tea-party Mrs. Archerson suddenly appeared, looking as white as a ghost, and declared her fixed intention of going to Gibraltar with them.

AMY. I know ; and she used to say that she couldn't bear to

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leave Bernard. Another strange thing is that on one excuse or another she has contrived hardly to see him at all lately.

RALPH. They must have had a quarrel.

AMY. No, indeed. But she has some secret worry ; I can't think what it is——

STEWARD *appears*.

STEWARD. What is the number of your cabin, madam ?

RALPH. We are waiting to see friends off.

STEWARD. All right, sir. [*Exit STEWARD.*]

RALPH. [*To AMY.*] There must be some reason for it.

[*Two lady passengers come on board, evidently mother and daughter. RALPH and AMY draw back.*]

MOTHER. [*Fussy.*] So much worry and confusion ! There should be more method.

DAUGHTER. Everybody comes on board at once ; it is a great bore. Just look at that luggage, mother ; it will be smashed to bits.

MOTHER. I only hope it isn't ours, then I don't care. Let us go below at once and see the Steward, or all the best places will be snatched up. You know how selfish people are. [*They pass on.*]

RALPH. Nice woman that ! Kind towards other people ; quite like the human nature one hears of.

AMY. One hears of ?

RALPH. Yes, the human nature one meets is so much better than the human nature one hears of. Don't you think so ?

AMY. I think people are very nice as a rule, except——

RALPH. Me ?

AMY. Yes, you ; and Miss Wilson, for instance. By the way, she is coming down to see Millie off.

RALPH. What for ? To worry her ?

AMY. I don't know. She came yesterday but Millie was too busy to see her. Then she positively asked if Bernard meant to see her off to-day, and where the ship started from. I told her in the most unsuspecting manner, and just as she was going out of the door she said, ' Tell poor Mrs. Archerson I shall be on board the ship to-morrow to speak to her before she goes.'

RALPH. Probably wants to give her a tract, or to ask for a last subscription.

AMY. I shouldn't wonder. Millie is so good, I believe she subscribes to everything on earth.

RALPH. It's a pity we are not a society, then she could subscribe to us.

[*Suddenly a street musician on shore begins to play 'Home Sweet Home' ; they start and listen.*]

AMY. Oh, I wish he would go away ; if Millie hears him she will break down.

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RALPH. It's only cheap pathos.

AMY. Ah, but cheap things affect us.

RALPH. That's true; lots of the keenest memories one has are mixed up with cheap pathos. [*Some one stops the music.*] That's a good thing. Here comes your friend, Miss Wilson.

[*MISS WILSON comes over the gangway and on board.*

AMY. Let us hide.

[*They draw back.*

MISS WILSON. [*Looking round.*] I don't see them. Probably they have not arrived. I must inquire.

[*A passenger jostles her by accident in passing.*

MISS WILSON. Sir, will you have the goodness to be more careful.

PASSENGER. Oh, certainly. [*Aside.*] That's a pleasant specimen.

MISS WILSON. [*Seeing RALPH.*] How do you do, Mr. Brooke?

RALPH. How do you do, Miss Wilson? Charming weather?

AMY. [*Coldly.*] How do you do, Miss Wilson?

MISS WILSON. Has dear Mrs. Archerson come on board yet?

RALPH. I have not seen her.

MISS WILSON. [*Looking at them suspiciously.*] Perhaps she is downstairs. [*Walking away from them.*] I shall go and look; they may want to prevent me from meeting her. [*Exit MISS WILSON.*

AMY. Here come the Carews. [*Goes to gangway as they come on board.*] We have been watching for you.

MR. CAREW. I thought Clara would never be ready. Ralph, thank your stars you are only an engaged man.

MRS. CAREW. [*To AMY.*] It *was* a business getting off. [*To somebody with packages.*] Please carry those things carefully. [*To AMY.*] Where is Mrs. Archerson?

AMY. She hasn't come yet. We came down first in a hansom.

MRS. CAREW. Of course, poor dear innocents, you wanted to come together. Shall we go and look at the cabins before the Archersons arrive? It might amuse us.

AMY. Not now, for that horrid Miss Wilson, of all people, has come to see Mildred off.

MRS. CAREW. Miss Wilson! Charlie, did you hear that? You must say something disagreeable to her. Where is she?

AMY. Downstairs.

MR. CAREW. I believe seafaring folk say 'below.'

MRS. CAREW. Charles has never been at sea for more than three days in his life. Men are so arrogant! Ah! [*Looking towards the shore and at luggage being carried on board.*] There are my precious trunks being put on board. [*To AMY.*] I have had a new habit made for Gibraltar—tan colour. I shall look like a circus rider, but I thought it would tone with the cork woods.

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RALPH. Here comes Miss Wilson. I'll keep her quiet for a few minutes.

[*Goes towards Miss Wilson and stands talking to her. The CAREWS and AMY watch him scoffingly.*]

MRS. CAREW. [*To AMY.*] He'll only do that sort of thing while he is engaged, my dear. Charlie adores me, but he wouldn't do it. Men always take advantage of being married.

MR. CAREW. Of course they do; they must have some compensation. I shall go and inspect my cabin. [*Exit Mr. CAREW.*]

[*Miss Wilson and Ralph come towards Mrs. CAREW.*]

MISS WILSON. How do you do, Mrs. Carew?

MRS. CAREW. [*Coldly.*] Oh, how do you do, Miss Wilson? Don't let me interrupt your—[*to RALPH*—tête-à-tête with Miss Wilson. [*Turns away and watches the shipboard business.*]

RALPH. [*Sauntering off with Miss Wilson.*] I am most interested. What became of her in the end?

MISS WILSON. It is a sad story, Mr. Brooke. Satan overcame her, and after a time quite unexpectedly she went back to her old life.

RALPH. [*Solemnly.*] She probably found it more amusing.

MISS WILSON. [*Looks horrified.*] Mr. Brooke!

RALPH. [*Solemnly.*] People *will* be amused, Miss Wilson. It is very, very sad.

[*They wander out of sight. Mrs. CAREW, perceiving that RALPH and Miss Wilson are gone, turns to AMY.*]

MRS. CAREW. Is Mrs. Archerson miserable at leaving her husband?

AMY. I don't know. She has hardly spoken about it since she told me she was going.

MRS. CAREW. There's something behind it, my dear. You say they have had no quarrel. So it isn't that. Now tell me precisely what happened between the tea-party and her coming to see me the next afternoon.

AMY. Nothing happened. She didn't come down the next morning till after Bernard had started for his case—Willoughby and Cartwright.

MRS. CAREW. Did she have any letters?

AMY. None. I remember that perfectly.

MRS. CAREW. Did she see any visitors?

AMY. Oh no. She came down with her bonnet on.

MRS. CAREW. Where did she go?

AMY. Only for a walk; she always goes for one in the morning when she is well enough. Ralph came for me and I didn't get back till nearly luncheon time. She was sitting by the fire shivering. After lunch she went to you, and when she returned she told me to tell Bernard that she was going to Gibraltar. I don't think she saw him again that day, and he dined out.

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MRS. CAREW. She has found out something.

AMY. Found out what?

MRS. CAREW. I don't know, but she's going away to gain time, and to think it over. I'm certain that's what it means.

AMY. But why shouldn't she speak of it?

MRS. CAREW. [*Gravely.*] Ah, you don't understand yet, dear. Women—and men too—have often strange tragedies at the back of their lives, or hidden away in their hearts, and no one guesses. I never try to gain their confidence, it seems to me rather an impertinence. . . . Well, I've seen all my precious things put on board and the Archersons have not arrived. Let us go and inspect the cabin.

[*Exit MRS. CAREW with AMY. MILDRED and BERNARD come over the gangway and stand looking round.*]

BERNARD. Looks a good size, doesn't it? Quite like a young town. [*Looks back.*] They are putting your luggage on, Millie. You are a wonderful woman to travel with so little. Come and sit down, you are tired. [*They go to seat on L. and sit down.*] There, you'll be all right directly. It is an awful bother getting off, you know.

MILDRED. Oh yes—I know.

BERNARD. Don't look so unhappy.

MILDRED. I am going away.

BERNARD. For a month—a four days' voyage.

MILDRED. I told you to send me to the end of the world.

BERNARD. But I haven't sent you anywhere. You have done this yourself—made up your mind about it quite firmly all in a moment.

MILDRED. You wanted me to go.

BERNARD. Only to set you up. I am a careless brute, but you mustn't think that I don't notice when you look ill.

MILDRED. I know you do.

[*Pause.*]

BERNARD. I have taken it into my head that you think I have neglected you lately, but you know we never had many things to talk about, did we?

MILDRED. No——

BERNARD. Why, here's Miss Wilson with Ralph! I wonder what she has turned up for. [*To RALPH, who comes forward quickly on seeing them.*] There you are! I was beginning to think you had all mistaken the ship. Where are the Carews?

MISS WILSON. Mrs. Archerson, I have been waiting for you.

RALPH. [*To BERNARD.*] The Carews are below with Amy.

MISS WILSON. How do you do, Mr. Archerson?

BERNARD. How do you do, Miss Wilson? Perhaps you'll stay with my wife a moment while I look up the Carews and speak to the Captain.

MISS WILSON. I shall be truly glad to be of use in any way.

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RALPH. Carew is at the other end of the ship.

BERNARD. Good, I'll go to him. He'll be gone a month or six weeks, and I want a word or two with him before he starts.

[MISS WILSON and MILDRED are left together.]

MILDRED. [*Coldly.*] I did not expect to see you, Miss Wilson.

MISS WILSON. [*Impressively.*] I made a point of coming.

MILDRED. It was very kind.

MISS WILSON. I have something to say to you, Mrs. Archerson.

MILDRED. [*Wearily.*] I don't think I can talk about the Society or the Meetings just now.

MISS WILSON. It is not about them that I have come. I want to speak to you seriously, my dear friend, about your husband, who is unfortunately handsome and fascinating. You are leaving him exposed to the wiles that any woman, with the passing attractions of youth and prettiness, can set for him. Remember, Mrs. Archerson, that constancy was never a man's virtue.

MILDRED. This is not a subject I wish to discuss.

MISS WILSON. I cannot bear to expose the follies or weakness of another—but a few days ago I discovered—that—that—Mr. Archerson——

MILDRED. [*With calm distinctness.*] You are taking a great liberty, Miss Wilson. Please leave me alone.

MISS WILSON. Mrs. Archerson, I took the trouble to come down to the docks—[MILDRED turns away]—on purpose to see you—to save you——

MILDRED. I don't wish to hear anything about it: you are making me very angry.

AMY. [*Comes towards her.*] Why—is anything the matter?

MILDRED. [*To AMY.*] Where is Bernard?

[MRS. CAREW and BERNARD return, MISS WILSON gets up indignantly.]

MRS. CAREW. Is anything the matter, Miss Wilson?

MISS WILSON. I have been treated with ingratitude. I came down to fulfil an unpleasant duty——

MRS. CAREW. Unpleasant to others, of course; duties usually are. You enjoyed it very much, I'm sure?

MISS WILSON. [*Putting her handkerchief to her eyes.*] I shall go home. Women behave so cruelly to each other.

MRS. CAREW. Sometimes. It amuses them perhaps.

MILDRED. [*Grimly to BERNARD.*] She says you are handsome and fascinating, Bernard.

MISS WILSON. [*Indignant.*] Mrs. Archerson——

BERNARD. Very good of her—[*laughing*]—strictly untrue I'm afraid, but that's a detail——

MILDRED. Miss Wilson, are you crying? I am sorry.

[*Holds out her hand.*]

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MISS WILSON. I accept your apology, Mrs. Archerson, but I am truly hurt.

MILDRED. My husband will take you on shore—won't you, Bernard?

BERNARD. Delighted. Come along, Miss Wilson. Something appears to be wrong. You women will bully each other now and then, you know. [*To MILDRED.*] I'll be back in a moment, Millie.

MISS WILSON. [*Weeping as she goes off on BERNARD's arm.*] I only tried to do good.

BERNARD. [*Laughingly, as they go up the gangway.*] People who try to do good generally make mistakes; might try doing the other thing next time.

[*They disappear. Exit MRS. CAREW; MILDRED and AMY talk.*]

AMY. [*To MILDRED.*] Let us sit down for a minute, Millie dear. We shan't see each other again for a long time.

[*They go to a seat.*]

MILDRED. No, not for a long time. [*Her dazed manner coming back.*] Amy, if you and Ralph really care for each other, don't let money come between, or anything separate you. It is dealing out sorrow, and perhaps sin too——

AMY. But why do you suddenly say this? You will be back long before we——

MILDRED. I don't know. I may stay abroad longer. It will be warmer than in England. The cold is never good for me. Perhaps I shall write and tell Bernard so [*putting out her hand in a sudden startled manner*]. If I do, you will understand why it is.

[*A woman in black comes on board and passes them. MILDRED shudders.*]

AMY. Why did you shudder as that woman passed?

MILDRED. Her dress was black, and the thought of pain frightens me.

Enter BERNARD.

BERNARD. That's over, Millie, and Miss Wilson is off our hands.

AMY. I shall go and look for Ralph. [*Exit AMY.*]

BERNARD. You'll be off soon, they are putting the ropes ready.

MILDRED. Won't you sit down for a little while? I have hardly seen you at all lately.

BERNARD. I know; and all this business of going away has been too much for you. Never mind, the voyage will set you up. Oh, I say, there's Carew at last, I couldn't find him just now. I must speak to him for a moment. [*Goes forward.*]

MILDRED. [*To herself.*] Am I not to have a word with him?

MRS. CAREW. [*Passing.*] I won't stay with you now, dear Mrs. Archerson; we shall get plenty of each other by-and-by. Our husbands are having a farewell word, that is why I stop.

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MILDRED. I know. [*Turns suddenly to her.*] It's very good of you to take me, Mrs. Carew; I am so glad to go.

MRS. CAREW. [*Watching a husband and wife coming on board, the wife looking miserable.*] Evidently that poor soul isn't glad to go, she looks as if she were breaking her heart. Probably returning with her husband to India—this ship goes on to Bombay—and leaving her children behind. The husband doesn't seem to care much, does he?

MILDRED. He may be trying to keep up her courage.

MRS. CAREW. As your husband is trying to keep up yours.

[*Puts her hand on MILDRED's arm.*]

MILDRED. But I *want* to go. You mustn't think that I am going against my will. I am going because I want to be quiet—

MRS. CAREW. I know, and to be alone. [*As MILDRED turns away.*] No, I'm not going to ask you what it is. We women often want to think things out—the things in which men cannot help us, or that they do not understand.

MILDRED. [*Watching the husband and wife who came on board. The woman is sitting almost cowering with pain, while the husband stands with his back to her, talking gaily with some acquaintance he has met on board.*] Men! The pain and sorrow that women suffer men do not even dream. [*Makes a step towards the woman as if longing to console her, then stops. Looks up at MRS. CAREW.*] He is going with her; Bernard stays behind—[*hurriedly*—he is obliged to stay because of his work.

MRS. CAREW. [*As BERNARD comes up to them.*] Yes, I know. Here he is. I'll get out of your way. [*Exit MRS. CAREW.*]

BERNARD. I have been speaking to Carew about Ralph. I think there'll be that secretaryship for him, though it mayn't come off for a few months. You'd like to see them married and happy ever after, wouldn't you, Millie?

MILDRED. Yes.

BERNARD. [*Taking her hand; she lets him half shrinkingly, half gladly.*] Why, you are chilly. Never mind, I have seen the Captain—seems a good sort of chap—he says you will be warm before you get to Gibraltar.

MILDRED. [*Looking at him with hungry eyes.*] Yes?

BERNARD. And once you are there you will bask beneath the orange-trees and be suffocated with flowers. Gibraltar is all big guns and orange-trees, and hazy view of Africa over the way. Why, Millie, I don't believe you even hear me?

MILDRED. Yes I do, every word.

BERNARD. You have been so odd lately—[*uneasily*—I can't make you out.

MILDRED. I want to go away.

BERNARD. Yes, but why did you want to go away so suddenly?

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

MILDRED. I want to think and think——

BERNARD. To think of what? And why do you look so unhappy? I would give a great deal to know——

MILDRED. Oh, it's nothing; I am ill, but the change will do me good, as you say. Perhaps I shall write and ask you to let me stay away longer. I don't know—I don't know anything yet.

BERNARD. It might do you good to stay away a bit longer—you'll see. You are a lucky little woman to get into a decent climate while your husband stays behind and slaves. [MILDRED looks up quickly as if about to speak. He, misunderstanding, goes on consolingly.] I shan't slave really. I daresay I shall take things pretty easily.

MILDRED. I dare say—quite easily——

BERNARD. You are trembling. [*Tenderly.*] Stay, I'll put your cloak round you. Shall we walk up and down a bit? [*Pulls her hand through his arm, as they get up.*] You'll soon be in the sunshine; perhaps you'll get too much of it. Don't pull your hand away. How strange you are! [*They begin to walk up and down the ship.*] Tell me what you are thinking about. Is anything worrying you?

[*Looks at her keenly.*]

MILDRED. [*Passionately.*] I can think of nothing in the world now, except that I have never been away from home before without you. Even if you have not cared to go you *have* gone; but to-morrow will find us miles and miles apart.

BERNARD. But this trip is nothing. You'll be back in no time. By the way, Millie, when you are at Gibraltar, I wish you'd go and ask after a waiter at the little Hotel on the New Mole Parade. He was a messenger boy in our chambers; looked as if he were going to die, so I sent him out eight or nine months ago. He got so much better, he thought he'd take a situation and stay there for a bit.

MILDRED. It was like you to do that.

BERNARD. [*With a laugh.*] Oh, he was an awfully, good little chap, and he has a poor old mother, she scrubs out my den, wears a black shawl, and drinks a little whisky now and then. Don't forget, his name is Ben Stammer. I believe Gib will do you a world of good, too, Millie.

MILDRED. [*Looking at him with a little grateful smile.*] I'll go and see the boy. You are always kind, Bernard; no one ought to think you anything else.

BERNARD. Well, no one does, so mind you come back strong and well; do you hear?

MILDRED. If I die—[*suddenly*]—you must marry again soon and be very happy.

BERNARD. Nonsense, you are not going to die. You mustn't be morbid.

MILDRED. [*After a pause.*] Bernard, I wish I had been different

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to you ; better, and more companionable. I would give anything to have been different !

BERNARD. No one in the world could have been better. You are the gentlest woman alive, and I have not been fit to tie your shoe-strings.

MILDRED. You have—you nave. I understand you better than you think. [*Pause.*] Do you remember once, a few months after we were married, you brought me home a little bunch of snowdrops ? I ran to meet you in the hall. Did you love me then ?

BERNARD. Yes, dear, of course I did. What next ?

MILDRED. I was very shy and didn't thank you for them, but I have reproached myself all these years since.

BERNARD. You foolish child, I had forgotten all about them, thanks or no thanks, long ago.

MILDRED. [*Almost excited.*] And I can't talk and say things as other women do. I never could ; but I love you, Bernard, and if I never come back I want you to remember that your happiness is the thing I have longed for most.

BERNARD. Why do you talk of never coming back ?

MILDRED. No one knows what may happen on board ship. [*Trying to be cheerful.*] We may be wrecked.

BERNARD. Cast on a desert island and rescued after long years—that sort of thing.

MILDRED. And—if I should die of starvation on the island, you know——

BERNARD. Nonsense, you won't die——

MILDRED. But if I do, and you find you don't want the money that was mine before we married—would you let Ralph and Amy have it ? Then they could marry, and not wait, and perhaps become estranged.

BERNARD. [*Looks at her keenly ; then, as if satisfied, speaks cheerfully.*] You had better make a will and leave it to them. Come, let's go and see what it's like by the wheel-house.

MILDRED. [*Gets up.*] I should not think of leaving it to any body but *you* ; but I should like you to give it to them, if it is possible. [*They pass out of sight and come back again.*] I shall go there when it is warm enough. I shall have my face towards home——

BERNARD. I'll look towards you in my thoughts.

MILDRED. There will be a long white line of foam stretching between us.

BERNARD. [*As if with sudden foreboding of ill.*] Millie, don't go ! Don't go !

MILDRED. [*Startled.*] I must. I must.

BERNARD. No ; it's not too late. Come back. There is something that tells me you mustn't go. I won't let you !

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

MILDRED. I want to go. I cannot go back.

BERNARD. What do you mean?

MILDRED. I am ill; I have been stunned.

[*The husband and wife MILDRED had watched before pass them. MILDRED and BERNARD draw back.*]

WOMAN. [*Sadly.*] It is of the children I am thinking: for their sake——

MAN. I know, it would be cruel that they should suffer.

[*They pass on.*]

BERNARD. Now tell me what you mean?

MILDRED. [*Who has heard them with an upturned face.*] I have only been ill—that is all.

BERNARD. You said you were stunned.

MILDRED. Only with pain. I want to go away—to be quiet and get well.

BERNARD. [*Recovering.*] Yes, perhaps it is better. [*They walk a few steps in silence.*] Millie, I think we made some mistakes in our life together. We were too silent, and in the beginning we never tried to understand each other.

MILDRED. No, we never tried.

BERNARD. [*Looking round, not seeming to have heard her last words.*] They are getting ready for moving. I say, dear, you must be careful how you sit on that seat we looked at just now, unless it's very calm. If the ship gave a lurch you would go over before you knew where you were, or a soul had an inkling of it in time to pick you up.

MILDRED. Yes, if the ship gave a lurch I might go over——

SHIP'S OFFICER. All on shore, please. All on shore.

MILDRED. It has come.

[*Clinging to BERNARD's arm; general bustle. Everybody appears.*]

AMY. [*Coming up with the others.*] We must go, Millie dear; good-bye. [*Kisses her.*]

RALPH. [*Holding her hand.*] Good-bye, cousin Millie.

MILDRED. [*To RALPH and AMY.*] Good-bye, a happy time, a happy life to you, dears.

BERNARD. [*Uneasily.*] Millie thinks she's going to be wrecked.

MILDRED. No, I don't.

MRS. CAREW. She shall have a perfect time, I promise her.

SHIP'S OFFICER. All on shore, please, all on shore.

AMY. [*Looking toward the shore.*] That horrid man is going to play again! [*General leave-taking.*]

RALPH. Yes, more cheap pathos. [*To MRS. CAREW.*] He was playing 'Home, Sweet Home' when we came on board.

BERNARD. God bless you, Millie, and good-bye! I'll post you a

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line to Gibraltar the moment I get home. It'll go overland and get there before you.

[*He takes her in his arms and kisses her. Man plays 'Auld Lang Syne' ; BERNARD, AMY, RALPH, &c., go over the gangway.*

MILDRED. Bernard.

[*As if to herself.*

BERNARD. [*Looking back.*] I'll give him half a crown to stop that.

[*General crowding to side of ship, gangway goes up, people wave handkerchiefs, &c.*

MILDRED. [*Stretching out her arms.*] Good-bye ! Good-bye !

MRS. CAREW. [*Standing behind MILDRED.*] Don't grieve, dear Mrs. Archerson ; it's only for such a little while, and we'll take care of you.

MILDRED. [*Does not seem to hear, she supports herself against the bulwark and watches the shore.*] He kissed me—as if he loved me. Good-bye—Good-bye. [BERNARD turns and waves his hand.

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT IV

SCENE : *A drawing-room in Hyde Park Gate, charmingly furnished. At the back, facing stage, a conservatory or curtained doorway, leading apparently to another room. To R. of stage a fireplace, beside it a writing-table. It should be rather a studious-looking room, with bookshelves, &c. The painted portrait of BERNARD seen on easel in second act hangs in one corner. Lamps and lighted candles, &c. When the curtain draws up the stage is empty.*

TIME : *Sixteen months later. After dinner.*

Sound of voices outside and then from door on R. Enter MRS. CAREW, MRS. SANDERSON, LADY NEVILLE, AMY and MARY—now MRS. ARCHERSON—in evening dress.

MRS. CAREW. [*To MARY.*] Your husband looks so well, Mrs. Archerson !

MARY. I am glad. Do sit here, Lady Neville ; you will be out of the draught.

MRS. CAREW. [*Sitting down by LADY NEVILLE.*] I always like the half-hour before the men come up. We can talk of our clothes and our children, and abuse our dearest friends to our hearts' content.

AMY. Dear Clara, you don't mean that !

MRS. CAREW. Oh no ; but things one does mean are so tiresome—put into words. Never be in earnest——

LADY NEVILLE. Never in earnest, Mrs. Carew ?

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

MRS. CAREW. Never ; think how tiresome a man in earnest is !
A woman is even worse, she never knows when to leave off.

[Goes to look at something back of stage.]

MARY. [Crossing stage.] Lady Neville, do let me put this cushion behind you.

[Follows MRS. CAREW to back of stage.]

LADY NEVILLE. Thank you so much. [To MRS. SAUNDERSON.] This is a charming house. Mr. Archerson took it just before his marriage, I believe. I daresay—[lowering her voice]—he didn't care to take his new wife to the old one.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. Probably they both have painful memories. She was a widow with two children——

LADY NEVILLE. I know. She is very young, and must have married again very quickly, too ; men never have much feeling, but I should have thought——

MRS. SAUNDERSON. I wonder who she was ; did you hear ?

LADY NEVILLE. No ; and I didn't see the marriage in the paper. [MARY comes down stage with MRS. CAREW and AMY.]

MRS. CAREW. [Talking.] And what a delightful room this is, Mrs. Archerson ! It looks like a home, and as if the people it belonged to lived a great deal in it.

MARY. Bernard had a writing-table put there for himself, and the other day we moved up some of his books. He works here in the evening.

MRS. CAREW. I feel sure you are great companions. [Sighs. To AMY, who is standing by her.] Tell me about your wedding, dear. [Looking round.] A wedding is a subject about which all women agree to be amiable, unless it is the wedding of a man they want themselves. This child has been engaged to my cousin, Ralph Brooke, for more than a year. He was penniless, but now he is well off, and so is she ; that explains the situation.

AMY. There is so little to tell. It is to take place quite quietly.

MRS. CAREW. Quietly ! Then Charlie won't give me a new frock——

AMY. On Thursday three weeks, at my father's church in the country.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. There is nothing so delightful as a country wedding.

MRS. CAREW. [To MARY, half hesitating.] Your marriage was a quiet one, was it not, Mrs. Archerson ?

MARY. [Looking straight back and speaking gravely.] Yes, it was very quiet.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. Was that your wish ?

MARY. We both wished it. [After a moment's pause.] It was only a year after his wife's death, and there must always be a little sadness in a second marriage.

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AMY. No one knew about it, not even I, till a month ago ; then Bernard fetched me and made me stay a day or two.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. [*Going up to the portrait in the corner.*] Did you paint this portrait of him, Mrs. Archerson ?

MARY. Yes.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. Was it done lately ?

MARY. No. [*After a moment's hesitation.*] It was done before our marriage. [*They all go up and look at it.*]

LADY NEVILLE. It's exceedingly good.

AMY. And so like him—dear Bernard !

MRS. SAUNDERSON. Excellent—really excellent !

MRS. CAREW. It's very handsome—and so is he.

LADY NEVILLE. [*To MARY.*] Have you painted many other portraits ?

MARY. I have done one of Amy lately.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. You were doing it when I called.

MRS. CAREW. Amy showed it to me the other day.

LADY NEVILLE. But where is it ?

MARY. [*Looking towards doorway at back of stage.*] It is still in the studio.

LADY NEVILLE. Couldn't we go and look at it ? I don't suppose our husbands will be up for another five minutes.

MARY. If you really care to see it——

[*They vanish through the doorway. MRS. CAREW turns quickly to MRS. SAUNDERSON.*]

MRS. CAREW. Do you remember where we met last ?

MRS. SAUNDERSON. At poor Mildred Archerson's ; but you were with her on board ship.

MRS. CAREW. [*With a shudder.*] Yes, yes—it will haunt me as long as I live.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. How did it happen ? It was really an accident, I suppose ?

MRS. CAREW. I can only guess how it happened ; but it was an accident, I am certain of that. Her husband was distracted when I first saw him, fearing she had been in low spirits and——

MRS. SAUNDERSON. [*Confidentially.*] You don't think that she felt herself neglected ? He used to be out a great deal——

MRS. CAREW. So are heaps of men. And Mildred Archerson, with all her virtues, wasn't quite the woman for him. A clever man wants sympathy and companionship ; and if he doesn't get them at home, why he gets them somewhere else.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. True : men are learning to value intellect in women at last.

MRS. CAREW. They don't want too *much* intellect, they want love—and to be in love. Nothing is any good without that, nothing in the world, especially marriage.

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

MRS. SAUNDERSON. You were always romantic, Mrs. Carew. But tell us more about her. Did she talk much?

MRS. CAREW. Oh no! She was always on deck, and she spoke so little that somehow I grew half afraid of her; I felt as if she stood on another level—a higher one than I should ever reach.

AMY. I know. I think Bernard felt that too—she was a sort of saint to him.

MRS. CAREW. Yes, a saint, and he is a mortal man. She—[*nodding towards the door through which MARY had vanished*—is a mortal woman—to love; men only reverence saints.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. And how did the end come?

MRS. CAREW. The evening before we reached Gibraltar she sat most of the day on a little seat behind the wheel-house. She told me that her husband had warned her to be careful, for if the ship gave a lurch—

MRS. SAUNDERSON. [*Nodding her head.*] Of course.

MRS. CAREW. In the afternoon I made her come down for a little while and . . . and—she kissed me. Amy, the touch of her face went through me! You are right; she was a saint—[*aside*—just that! [*Goes on.*] She went back to the seat and sat staring at the distance behind us. Charlie wrapped my shawl round her. The twilight came and the dinner-bell rang, but she refused to come down. . . . [*Shuddering.*] We were so merry that night! She must have heard the sound of laughter and the chinking of glasses through the open hatchways. [*Pause.*] When I went to look for her she had gone, but no suspicion crossed my mind, till later . . . Then in the darkness the search began—at first in a leisurely manner; but it grew eager, and more eager—a scared and breathless search. I shall never forget it to my dying hour . . . When at last we saw that it was hopeless, we gathered in the saloon and prayed for her soul. [*Shudders.*] The lights were put out and the cabins closed . . . and it seemed as if we had shut her out to the wind and the cruel sea . . .

MRS. SAUNDERSON. What is your theory about it?

MRS. CAREW. [*With a sigh.*] Oh! She was the sort of woman of whom an unlucky chance is apt to take advantage, and I think that, as she sat there dreaming on through the twilight, the ship *did* give a lurch, and she went over; and perhaps was not so very sorry in that last moment, for she had a way of taking life too seriously, and the people who do that get very tired.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. [*Rather pompously.*] But life is a most serious matter.

MRS. CAREW. [*As if she had not heard.*] It was an unlucky voyage altogether. The second stewardess—a delicate-looking woman—Mildred liked her, and talked to her a good deal, because she had come from some place she knew—was taken ill early the next morning. They managed to carry her on shore in the afternoon, and

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luckily she had a husband at Gibraltar. She had been looking forward to seeing him, poor soul! I went to inquire for her two days later, and she was dead. Altogether we were so unhappy, Charlie and I, that we came home by the next boat.

[MARY comes through the studio door with LADY NEVILLE.

MRS. CAREW. [Seeing her.] Let us talk of cheerful things.

MARY. Were you talking of gloomy ones?

MRS. SAUNDERSON. The world is a gloomy place. Happiness is generally a thing we remember or hope for, but seldom realise that we possess.

MARY. But what is the matter? This is our first party—the first that Bernard and I have given. Don't only talk of happiness, but look happy and *be* happy, as a good omen.

MRS. CAREW. We will. I am delighted to have come. Mr. Archerson is such an old friend of mine——

[Enter MR. CAREW, MR. SAUNDERSON, SIR GEORGE NEVILLE, RALPH, and BERNARD ARCHERSON. *A general movement.*

MRS. CAREW. [To her husband.] Have you been discussing the affairs of the universe?

MR. CAREW. Of several universes.

MR. SAUNDERSON. We had a tremendous argument.

MARY. What was it about?

MR. SAUNDERSON. The difference between right and wrong, and how it came about.

MR. CAREW. [To MARY.] I should like to have heard your view, Mrs. Archerson.

MARY. [To MR. SAUNDERSON.] What did Bernard say?

MR. SAUNDERSON. That if an action did no one any harm, it was not wrong. And that some things, wrong on the face of them, were in reality quite right.

BERNARD. So they are. The law sometimes thinks otherwise, but that doesn't alter my position. I didn't make the laws; if I had, I should have made them differently.

MR. SAUNDERSON. And I maintain that those things are right that experience has found to be best for mankind, and that the law has set its seal of approval upon.

MARY. [Eagerly.] But it can't reach all questions, nor all feelings.

MR. SAUNDERSON. There are written and unwritten laws, Mrs. Archerson, about everything on earth—we all know them—and if they are broken, sooner or later they avenge themselves.

MARY. [Gravely.] My father used to say it, too.

BERNARD. Why, Saunderson, we shall have you writing an article on morals.

MR. SAUNDERSON. Ah! the public loves morality—when it is in print.

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

BERNARD. And the reverse—when it is in French.

MR. CAREW. Archerson, I didn't think you were so cynical.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. And so witty.

BERNARD. Cynical and witty? Not I! Cynicism always seems to me to bear the same relation to wit that lemon-juice does to wine. Pleasant occasionally; but I can't live down to it myself, I merely say what I think. Sometimes it isn't what other people think; but that's not my fault.

MR. CAREW. [*To his wife as MARY passes them.*] It's an odd thing, Clara, but I've seen Archerson's new wife somewhere before; I can't think where.

MRS. CAREW. But one says that of so many faces in London. [*Turning to MARY.*] My husband thinks he has met you somewhere before, Mrs. Archerson.

MARY. Perhaps, I don't remember.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. Did you live in London before your marriage?

MARY. No, not in London, but quite near.

[*Goes to MR. SAUNDERSON and talks.*]

MR. CAREW. [*To his wife aside.*] I know! She is the woman I saw with him once at Finchley Road. I didn't see her face; it is the figure and general carriage that I recognise.

MRS. CAREW. Really? [*In a low and kindly voice.*] We won't say so, Charlie. Perhaps they've been fond of each other for years, or long ago, and couldn't help it—one never knows.

MR. CAREW. Of course I shan't say a word; a man never does. Archerson's a good fellow and she's an awfully pretty woman, there's no doubt about that. [*To AMY.*] Well, Amy, this is your last appearance, I hear?

MRS. CAREW. [*To RALPH, who comes down stage with AMY.*] I am so glad you two innocents are going to be married at last. I can't think why you didn't do it a year ago.

RALPH. Pecuniary circumstances over which we had no control kept us apart.

AMY. And then Ralph wouldn't have me because I had money.

MRS. CAREW. You are the most bewildering children. [*To RALPH.*] Charlie would have given you that secretaryship long ago, but he couldn't get the salary; still you knew it was coming, so that when Fortune was kind to one of you, you might have made it do for both; only you were so high-toned. [*Laughing.*] I never like high-toned people myself.

RALPH. Dear Clara, I am horribly low——

[*Enter SERVANT. Goes to MRS. SAUNDERSON as if to announce carriage.*]

MRS. CAREW. [*Continuing to AMY.*] And I suppose we shan't meet again after to-night?

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AMY. I go home by an early train in the morning.

MRS. CAREW. You'll see me on Thursday three weeks.

MRS. SAUNDERSON. Good-night, Mrs. Archerson; such a charming evening!

MR. SAUNDERSON. Good-night, Mrs. Archerson. Good-night, Archerson. *[Exeunt the SAUNDERSONS.]*

MRS. CAREW. We must be going too, or the precious horses will catch cold, and Charlie will scold me all the way home.

MR. CAREW. This is libellous. Archerson shall have a brief.

MRS. CAREW. Don't listen to him, Mr. Archerson. Good-night. Good-bye again, dear Amy! *[Exeunt the CAREWS.]*

LADY NEVILLE. I fear it is very late. May we have a hansom?

BERNARD. Of course.

Enter SERVANT.

BERNARD. A hansom for Lady Neville.

SIR GEORGE. Good-night, Mrs. Archerson. I congratulate you on your husband's portrait. I wish my wife could do that sort of thing. *[Shakes hands with BERNARD.]*

LADY NEVILLE. Men are never satisfied with their own wives, but you mustn't believe all he says, Mrs. Archerson. Good-night, Mr. Archerson.

BERNARD. Good-night. *[Exeunt the NEVILLES.]*

RALPH. I must be going too; it is getting late.

AMY. I'll go down with you, Ralph. There is a book in the study I want to give you.

BERNARD. I am quite sure there is; pray go down with him.

[Exeunt RALPH and AMY. MARY and BERNARD left alone.]

BERNARD. Sweetheart, you look sad. What is the matter? *[Looking at her fondly.]* Did you like your flowers? I rushed to Dickson's for them.

MARY. They are lovely. And I like wearing this; do you remember? *[Touching a diamond ornament at her throat.]* You gave it me the first day we came here—sold it to me for a kiss.

BERNARD. It was not worth it.

MARY. And this is the frock we bought together in Paris on—*[shyly]*—on our honeymoon. Isn't it sweet?

[Retreats a step or two and stands before him.]

BERNARD. *[Amused and speaking solemnly.]* Very, and you look sweet in it. *[Passionately.]* Mary, I love you—I love you, my own! What happy years we'll have together! *[There is something half doubtful in his tone.]* . . . Why, here's Amy! *[To AMY.]* Quarrelled with him, or has he gone?

AMY. Neither, sir. But we think we might write a few notes. *[Turning to MARY.]* Thanks for wedding presents, you know;—there's no paper in the study. Could we have a little?

THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT

MARY. I'll go and find you some. I wanted to speak to Ralph.

[Exit MARY ; AMY lingers behind with BERNARD.]

AMY. Perhaps you won't be down when I start in the morning ; you are such a sluggard, you old dear, so I want to thank you once more for all your goodness—you have made us very rich.

BERNARD. [*Gravely.*] It was Mildred's doing. Never let us mention it again, it is all so painful.

AMY. I know ; I have thought of her so much lately.

BERNARD. It is strange, but she has not been out of my thoughts to-day. Do you remember Miss Wilson ? She wrote this morning—to my chambers ; she was in distress, and reminded me that she had known Millie.

AMY. She was horrid. I hope you didn't send her anything—or not much ?

BERNARD. Yes, but she was up a tree, I suppose, poor old cat ; so I sent her a fiver for Millie's sake. She would have done it, you know. Better go, my cousin, and do your letter-writing.

AMY. Good-night, dear Bernard, and good-bye.

BERNARD. Good-bye, dear. I shall see you on your wedding-day. [*Kisses her. Exit AMY. BERNARD sits down to writing-table on R., gives a long sigh, and begins to turn over his papers.*] Now, perhaps I shall get a quiet half-hour—I have done nothing to-day. Miss Wilson, and the settling of Mildred's money matters, and Amy's marriage. [*Gets up.*] How the past haunts me ! Why can't I take the lot that comes and be content—the woman I love, money, success, everything I care for is mine, and yet, wherever I go, I see Mildred's face, hear Mildred's voice, Mildred's step ! Heaven knows I thought of her and revered her a hundred times more than most men do even the women they love best. Thank God she never knew or suspected. . . . It would have killed her. [*Pause.*] Perhaps a bit of work will do me good. [*Goes back to the writing-table, takes some legal-looking papers out of middle drawer, and appears to get interested in them.*] Very odd point that. I don't know whether it will do to use—it might have been overwhelming generosity or overwhelming despair. The two things are more closely allied than one imagines ; they are like the ends of a stick that will meet and make a circle if you bend them.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Please, sir, a young man has come, who says he wants to speak to you very particular. He came just before dinner, but I told him we had a party, so he said he would come back again.

BERNARD. What does he want ?

SERVANT. He told me to say he'd come from Gibraltar.

BERNARD. Oh, it's Ben Stammer, of course. Ask him to come in. [*Gets up, turns to fireplace. To himself, when SERVANT has gone :*] I wonder what Ben wants so particularly that he couldn't wait till

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the morning. [SERVANT *shows in a young man, evidently of the artisan class.*] Why, it's not Ben Stammer. [Cheerily.] Who are you, my good young man?

YOUNG MAN. William Kenny, sir.

BERNARD. Well, William Kenny, what is it?

KENNY. It's difficult to explain, sir, or I wouldn't have intruded at this time of night, but I only came to London this afternoon. I am in the P. and O. Company's service at Gibraltar, sir; one of their extra engineers.

BERNARD. [Uneasily.] Yes?

KENNY. My wife was second stewardess on board the *Rajah*—[BERNARD *is startled*—when your lady was lost. It was a bad voyage for both of 'em, sir. My wife had always been delicate; that was why we thought it would be a good thing if she tried turning stewardess, and what the sea would do for her.

BERNARD. Yes, yes.

KENNY. She was took ill that night, and they landed her next day so bad she hardly knew anything; but when she was raving it was all about your lady, and something about a letter.

BERNARD. A letter!

KENNY. [Putting his hand towards his pocket.] We didn't understand, and the next day she died. Her things was just put into her box and never touched till I came back home yesterday. This morning mother was turning 'em over, and in her dress-pocket she found this—[he pulls out a letter]—directed to you. I was coming up, and I thought I'd better call and explain how it was. When I come this evening I heard you was married again, sir, and there was a party going on; but I thought I'd better get it to you as soon as possible.

BERNARD. [Taking letter.] A letter—a letter now!

KENNY. Perhaps the lady felt she wouldn't go ashore, and gave it to Jennie to post; and Jennie put it in her pocket, and—and that's how I think it was, sir.

BERNARD. [Overcome and staggered.] Thank you. You must excuse me; it has taken me by—by surprise. Here, let me give you something.

KENNY. Oh, I didn't do it for that, sir. I thought perhaps—

BERNARD. I know—I know. You have done me a great service.

[Puts the money into his hand. Nods towards the door as if unable to speak.

KENNY. Thank you, sir. I am very sorry, I'm sure.

[Exit KENNY.]

BERNARD. The whole day she has been following me—bringing her message—whispering it in my ear. [Puts the letter on writing-table; sits down on writing-chair. A pause.] I must see what she

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says; at least there will be no more of that awful doubt that has put a drop of poison into every hour of happiness . . .

[*Takes up the letter.* MARY *opens the door and says joyfully:*

MARY. Berry! I heard that some one was with you, and waited till he had gone. Who was it?

[BERNARD *hurriedly hides the letter, puts his elbows on the table and leans his face in his hands with almost a groan, but says in a voice that he tries to make natural:*

BERNARD. A man to see me on some business. You had better go, dear; I must do some work.

MARY. [*Coaxing.*] Oh, but let us have our five minutes; here is my stool. [*Picks up stool, brings it to his chair.*] Turn round. [*As he turns slowly she sits down on the stool at his feet so that she does not see his face, takes his half-reluctant hands, leans her face against them, and gives a little sound of satisfaction.*] Now, tell me, Berry dear, was it a nice party?

BERNARD. [*Forcing himself to speak.*] A very nice party.

MARY. Everything went well?

BERNARD. Perfectly.

MARY. Did you think the table looked pretty? I invented that way of doing the flowers.

BERNARD. [*Shuddering.*] Did you, my darling!

MARY. [*With a change in her voice.*] Are you cold? You shivered—and your voice is so grave——

BERNARD. I felt as if the wind swept in——

MARY. You are tired—[*caressing his hands*—]but you are glad to be with me again? You said it always rested you.

BERNARD. [*Recovering himself with an effort and stroking her hair half tenderly, half absently.*] It does . . . It always rests me, Mollie: it's good to be together.

MARY. [*Kissing his hands.*] Yes, yes. Oh, I do so love my dear home, and dear you, and I am so happy.

BERNARD. We were very happy in the Hampstead days. [*Gets up and says passionately:*] Great God! They were my happiest days.

MARY. [*Gets up too, surprised.*] We are happier now, Berry.

BERNARD. No—no——

MARY. Yes—yes; we can walk together in the sight of other men and women, and not feel that at any moment we may be made ashamed.

BERNARD. You told me a hundred times that you were not ashamed.

[*He seems to have a difficulty in listening to her—to be absorbed in something else.*

MARY. And I wasn't, till one day my eyes were open wide. [*Pause.*] Berry, if these people to-night had guessed——

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BERNARD. [*Bitterly.*] You women put a tremendous value on respectability in the eyes of the world.

MARY. It isn't that, you know it isn't. I only care for you, and for the right. I care for *that*, Bernard, I do, indeed; love and reverence for it have grown and grown upon me . . . To do right and to love well; it is the whole world!

BERNARD. [*Desperately.*] It is the whole world, dear Mollie—a world that is and shall be yours. [*They cross stage and sit down on sofa to L. He recovers and grows tender.*] Don't think of the past too much. I love you a thousand times more for all you did——

MARY. [*Getting up quickly.*] But I wish we had waited. I use n't to care once, but I do now. We called what we did by fine names, and I felt them all to be true then. But, dearest, right and wrong have been built up and the great laws made, and there they are—put together by all the sufferings of men and women, and all the experience of the centuries: and right is, and wrong is, and no tinkering at them, no longing, or even love, will change them, and make one thing this and the other that. Mr. Saunderson said it to-night. Didn't you hear him?

BERNARD. Would you do it all over again—the past?

MARY. Yes, every bit of it. Oh, you know I would, I love good deeds and great ones, and great love, darling—and great courage to do wrong for love's sake—love of you! I had courage for that? [*He nods and sits down by the writing-table, she kneels beside him and clasps her hands on his shoulder. A pause. He looks at her, she slowly lets go her hands, speaks in a whisper, and her manner becomes troubled.*] Bernard, I never dared say it before, but I wish she had died naturally—that she had not been drowned.

BERNARD. [*Sadly and half aside.*] I have wished it many a time . . . But why do you say it to-night?

MARY. Only because Mrs. Carew's being here made me think—she was with her, you know. [*Shudders; a pause.*] In the twilight—sometimes I can see a woman's face looking up from a grey sea to a grey sky—a dead white face, and the ship going farther and farther away—and the long white line of foam it leaves.

BERNARD. [*Shuddering.*] For God's sake, don't, Mary——

MARY. [*With a sigh.*] I am so thankful I never saw her. I couldn't bear to shape her face, her real face, in my thoughts.

BERNARD. Luckily she would never be photographed; there is only a faded portrait of her at seventeen that no one could recognise.

MARY. [*After a pause.*] Berry, they were talking of her to-night, I am certain of it, for when I came near they stopped. Oh, if she had not been drowned! And if I could be *certain* she never knew: it is the only thing in the world that could part us; for it would divide us even now.

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BERNARD. [*Impatiently.*] Mary, we must stop this talk, it is doing neither of us any good.

MARY. Yes, we will stop it. [*A pause, and then calmly.*] But first, Berry dear, I want to tell you something—it is the only secret I ever had from you. It cost me so much at the time, but I promised not to tell you, and a sort of superstition has kept me silent. You remember that morning I was so strange—the morning of Willoughby and Cartwright?

BERNARD. [*Getting up and looking at her.*] Yes—I remember it. Well?

MARY. That morning a woman came to see me—a strange woman——

BERNARD. [*Alarmed.*] A woman! What did she come for?

MARY. She came—she made a pretence of coming about a charity. It was a woman who knew about us.

BERNARD. About us? What was her name?

MARY. I don't know.

BERNARD. What did she look like? How old was she?

MARY. She was thirty, or a little more, perhaps. [*Reflecting.*] She was pale, and slight and delicate-looking. Stay, give me a pencil. [*Sits down to the writing-table impulsively.*] Here is one, and this white blotting-paper will do. [*She makes some rapid strokes with a pencil while he stands looking over her shoulder.*] She stood facing me all the time—she wore a long black cloak, it had fur round the collar.

BERNARD. Mary!

MARY. [*Goes on drawing.*] Her face was very grave and eager—it had deep lines, so; and her hair——

BERNARD. [*Starts back in horror.*] Great heavens, it is Mildred!

MARY. Mildred! [*Gets up and stands petrified.*

BERNARD. Yes, it is Mildred! [*Staggeres away from her.*

MARY. Then she knew; and it is all made plain.

BERNARD. What did she know? What do you mean?

MARY. She came to me—she had found out the address—I told her everything. I boasted of your love, and goaded her on to do what she did, not knowing to whom I spoke. I said that to creep away and die was all that was left her—if she knew.

BERNARD. [*With a groan.*] My God!

[*A pause. BERNARD turns his head from her, MARY creeps up to him.*

MARY. [*In a broken voice that is almost a whisper.*] Berry!

BERNARD. Yes.

MARY. [*Wringing her hands in despair.*] It parts us—it parts us for ever.

BERNARD. No—no. It has been all my doing—not yours, and even this shall not part us.

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MARY. Are vows and promises nothing ?

BERNARD. There can never be happiness again ; but, as for parting, that would be madness. Besides, all along we faced the possible penalty of what we did.

MARY. We didn't face—this ! Can you love the woman who drove her to her death ?

BERNARD. We don't *know* that it did.

MARY. It killed her. There was nothing else.

BERNARD. We don't know it, even now. [*A pause.*] Mary, the man who came just now brought me a letter from her. By an accident it has been kept back all this time.

MARY. A letter ? Where is it ?

BERNARD. It is here. [*Going to his table.*] I did not mean you to know, and hid it as you came in.

MARY. Would you have a secret from me too ?

[*She says it bitterly, as if a revulsion of feeling were beginning to steal over her.*]

BERNARD. I wanted to spare you——

MARY. Read it. Open it. O Berry, open it !

BERNARD. Now ?

[*Hesitates.*]

MARY. Yes, yes, now. Let us know the worst.

[*He goes to the table.*]

BERNARD. [*Hesitating.*] I feel as if holiness had touched it. I am not fit even to take her letter in my hand. [*Finds letter, advances a step forward.* MARY goes towards him, her hands clasped as if to listen. He waves her back, and says :] I must read it alone. Go—go. [*As if the sight of her dismayed him.*]

[*MARY retreats. BERNARD turns away from her, with an effort opens the letter and reads as if he can hardly bring out the words. When he begins, MARY, listening, falls on her knees and gradually crouches lower.*]

BERNARD. [*Reading.*] 'We shall be at Gibraltar to-morrow. The stewardess will post this, but I am not going on shore. I cannot bear life any longer. God, who knows everything, will understand and forgive me.' [*Pauses as if unable to go on.*] 'I am ill and miserable, there is no future to hope for, there is no past to remember. It is not your fault, Bernard, you were very good to me. You thought me what I seemed, a dull woman, who loved you in an even, passionless manner, as so many women love their husbands——'

MARY. [*In a whisper.*] They are my words to her—my words——

[*Crouching lower.*]

BERNARD [*Goes on.*] 'I have lived outside your life, and yet I want you to know that all the time I would have given you my heart to tread under your feet. I did, I do, and—and I love you, though I give you up to others, because I cannot bear life, because

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I am what I cannot help being. I want you to be happy. I want it more than anything in the world. Good-bye. I am going to the seat at the end of the ship. I shall hold out my hands—they will be a little nearer—to say good-bye once more. ‘MILDRED.’

[*Puts down letter again, sees MARY and quails a little. She looks at him, shuddering with fear.*]

MARY. They were my words, I drove her to her death; I told her she was a woman outside your life——

BERNARD. [*Struggling with despair.*] Yet there is forgiveness, even in that letter.

MARY. It is the letter of a broken heart. The woman we killed may forgive, but the law exacts its sentence. We are apart already—it is all over.

BERNARD. This is madness.

[*Goes forward. She stretches out her hand with a gesture of horror.*]

MARY. Keep back; the glamour is gone, and I see you now as you will see me—weak and selfish and cruel. We disguised what we did and called it passion, we thought ourselves strong and great: we liked ourselves for the very crime we were committing.

BERNARD. Mary! the shock has turned your brain. You will be better in a day or two, when you can balance things better—Great Heaven! but neither your calmness nor my agony will undo the past.

MARY. Nothing—nothing will do that.

BERNARD. [*Recovering.*] Neither will it undo your love for me, nor mine for you——

MARY. My love for you! I feel as if it had gone—as if in this hour it has died—as if hatred would come to take its place.

BERNARD. [*Distracted and indignant.*] Mary! Don't be so cruel: think of all we have done—for love of each other.

MARY. [*Bitterly.*] Love! If it had been worth calling love, it would have given you courage to live your life with the woman you took of your own free will, and me to bear the penalty of doubting you in the first days of all. [*With a little break in her voice.*] I should have helped you to be strong. That would have been love; not this which for ever parts us.

BERNARD. It shall *not* part us.

MARY. [*Recoiling.*] Would you stay with a woman who shrinks from you already? It makes me shudder if you take but a single step towards me. There is only parting left for us.

BERNARD. This is folly and madness! What good will parting do now?

[*She stands silent for a minute, as if struggling with herself.*]

MARY. It will be expiation.

BERNARD. There is no good in expiation.

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MARY. No good in expiation! [*In a tone of awe.*] To say that is to doubt the story of the world's Redemption.

BERNARD. Oh, you are mad! This is as terrible for me as for you. It is worse, for it is all my doing. But how could we part? Are the children to suffer? Are we to tell the story to the whole world, and so proclaim our shame and theirs? Do you want to leave me and them, and your home, in which your duties lie, to brood in the luxury of atonement? This is the idea of a selfish, hysterical woman, not of the woman I have loved. As for the oath you took, you were too much excited to be responsible.

MARY. If that vow is not to count, then none in this world is binding, for I swore by the lives most dear to us both, by everything I held most sacred. You broke your solemn vow to her. Do you think—oh, my God!—do you think I will break mine?

BERNARD. Mary! I cannot bear this. It is too much. You—you taunt me with breaking my vow to her—when it was done for love of you—

MARY. [*With a ghastly laugh.*] It is coming; your hatred, your shrinking, your horror. [*With a sudden calmness.*] But you are right, Bernard. We cannot even give ourselves the luxury of expiation. Our punishment is to stay together, even though love is gone and happiness is finished. It is the most awful parting of all. This is our day of judgment—she said it would come—and this is our sentence.

BERNARD. [*As if forcing himself to say what he does not believe.*] Happiness is finished—but love is not over.

MARY. I should never dare to love you again, even if it were possible. I should be afraid. I am afraid now, Bernard. [*In a whisper.*] Afraid of a face thinly veiled by the water that passes over and over it: it is the face of the woman we killed. [*Looks down in terror as if at the water.*] It is there—there—I can see it, and the darkness gathering above it!

BERNARD. [*Desperately, as if struggling to go forward, and yet unable to do so.*] Mollie—

MARY. [*Putting out her hands again with a gesture of despair.*] Keep back! Keep back! Between us flows the sea—

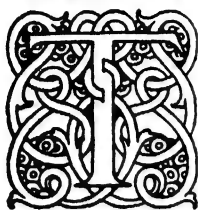
[*He half staggers; they stand looking at each other aghast.*]

CURTAIN.

END OF PLAY.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

ON A PORTRAIT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE



HE portrait of Poe, by the American portrait painter, Henry Inman, from which the accompanying reproduction is made, has a peculiar and unique interest, apart from its intrinsic merit, and from being the only existing portrait of Poe in his youth.

There are two periods of about two years in the American poet's life to which mystery and uncertainty still attach, despite the microscopic investigation to which it has been subjected through the rivalry of differing biographers.

That careful and discriminating editor of the collected works, J. H. Ingram, whose 'Memoir' dispersed the myths of debauchery, abnormality, and even crime, floated by Poe's first biographer, Griswold, is my authority for the following passage respecting the disappearance, in his eighteenth year :

This appears to have been Poe's last night at the university. He left it never to return, yet, short as was his sojourn there, he left behind him such honourable memories that his *alma mater* is now only too proud to enrol his name among her most respected sons.

Poe's adopted father, however, did not regard his son's collegiate career with equal pleasure; whatever view he may have entertained of the lad's scholastic successes, he absolutely refused to discharge the gambling debts which, like too many of his class-mates, he had incurred. A violent altercation took place between Mr. Allan and the youth, and Poe hastily quitted the shelter of his home to try and make his way in the world alone.

Taking with him such poems as he had ready, Poe made his way to Boston, and there looked up some of his mother's old theatrical friends. Whether he thought of adopting the stage as a profession, or whether he thought of getting their assistance towards helping him to put a drama of his own upon the stage—that dream of all young authors—is now unknown. He appears to have wandered about for some time and by some means or other to have succeeded in getting a little volume of poems printed 'for private circulation only.' This was towards the end of 1827, when he was nearing nineteen. Doubtless Poe expected to dispose of this volume by subscription among his friends, but copies did not go off, and ultimately the book was suppressed, and the remainder of the edition, 'for reasons of a private nature,' destroyed. What happened to the young poet and how he contrived to exist for the next year or so is a mystery still unsolved.

It has always been believed that he found his way to Europe, and met with some curious adventures there, and Poe himself certainly

ON A PORTRAIT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

alleged that such was the case. Numbers of mythical stories have been invented to account for this chasm in the poet's life, and most of them self-evidently fabulous. In a recent biography of Poe an attempt had been made to prove that he enlisted in the army under an assumed name and served in the artillery for about eighteen months in a highly creditable manner, receiving an honourable discharge at the instance of Mr. Allan. This account is plausible, but will need further explanation of its many discrepancies of dates, and verification of the different documents cited to prove it, before the public can receive it as a fact.

So many fables have been published about Poe, and even many fictitious documents quoted, that it behoves the unprejudiced to be wary in accepting any new statements concerning him that are not thoroughly authenticated. It is rather surprising that an apologist like Ingram should have penned the words, 'and Poe himself certainly alleged that such was the case.'

Why his own explanation of this absence should not meet with credence it is difficult to understand. Equally difficult is it to regard the story of his having enlisted under an assumed name as at all *plausible*.

Under no delusions as to his own temperament, Poe was one of the last men who would have invited the restraint and discipline attending the life of a common soldier; nor could he, in the comparatively sparsely populated country the United States then was, have successfully hidden a personality so marked, for so long a time in the face of the strict surveillance of military routine. The period of his later disappearance may have been, and in all probability was, passed within the borders of his own country; but during that time, he was free to come and go where, and under what names, he chose.

Personally, I had always accepted his own explanation as the correct one; and what more natural than that, having spent five happy years at school in England—perhaps the five happiest years of his life—he should turn his steps to this country in a time of trouble and perplexity.

That, as a matter of fact, he did do so can be no longer doubted; the portrait here reproduced furnishes as material proof of this as can be exacted. Painted in the poet's nineteenth year, as the original label on the original frame clearly sets forth, its history, apart from its unmistakable characteristics and style, leaves no doubt of its authenticity. The particular point, however, is this: Henry Inman, the painter of the picture, spent the whole of the year 1828 and the end of the year 1827 in London. Poe became nineteen years old on January 19, 1828—his disappearance dating from the end of 1827. The more precise biographical dictionaries confirm the fact regarding Inman; who, indeed, made a second visit to

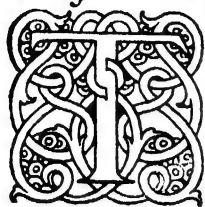
ON A PORTRAIT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

England in 1844, which was attended with unusual success, since the artist obtained opportunities of painting as he did portraits of Wordsworth, Dr. John Chalmers, Lord Chancellor Cottenham, Macaulay, and other equally noted men.

Time and opportunity presenting themselves, I hope to pursue the subject further and possibly dispel a little of the mystery which still attends it.

FRANCIS HOWARD.

THE CRIMEA AND THE CAPE : PARALLEL AND CONTRAST. BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS (P.S.C.)



THE conditions under which the present campaign is being waged recall in many respects those which obtained during our last great war with Russia. But there is contrast as well as parallel. While some things are the same the others are, it may be at once contended, more satisfactory now than then. It may be profitable, therefore, to take into consideration the leading features of each. The contrast really predominates, as may be proved to demonstration. Yet in the fierce outburst of not unnatural, but still hasty and often unsubstantiated, disapproval, it might appear that we are quite as incapable of conducting the serious business of war in 1900 as in 1854. Although there is much to condemn in many aspects of the existing situation, there is much, too, and indeed more, to thankfully acknowledge as gain. The close observer, whether speaking from study or experience, must surely notice that during the last half-century great improvements have been introduced into the organisation of our land forces ; where defects and shortcomings still militate against full efficiency, they are inseparable, probably ineradicable, from our constitutional system. In this regard the parallel between the two periods holds good, but the contrasts are also unmistakably shown. To which side the balance inclines will be best seen by considering both, as I propose to do, taking them in turn or together as may be most convenient in discussion.

Neither the present nor the old war was creditable from a military point of view. There is still room and time, let us hope, to build up the first anew, to change early checks and disappointments into assumed and substantial success ; but the causes of disaster were precisely similar in both cases. We embarked upon both wars too lightly, with no true appreciation of the tremendous issues or the magnitude of the approaching conflict. As General Peel said in the House of Commons towards the close of the Crimean campaign, when the country was busily in search of a scapegoat to bear its own sins, seeking some one to blame for the almost intolerable hardships that the Crimean army endured : ‘ What, then, were the causes of those hardships ? . . . The chief was the commencement of a great war with so little means.’ Not only were no adequate preparations made in 1854, no attempt to bring the army, long emasculated and enfeebled for the business of campaigning, into a fit state to embark on war, but it was simply impossible to send an army properly into the field. No one greatly cared for, no one believed in, the imminence of hostilities ; few people thought that Russia would fight ; many in authority in this country altogether derided the idea of war. The expedition to

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the East which was being planned was held to be a sham, a last bit of 'bluff'—to use the Transatlantic term—intended to coerce the Czar Nicholas. The despatch of troops to Turkey was said to be no more than a military promenade. Nothing would come of it. The Czar would climb down at the portentous demonstration, and, after exacting submission to all demands, our army of the East would return in triumph from its bloodless campaign.

I may be permitted here to adduce one item of personal evidence which has never hitherto been published. It was my privilege many years ago to serve upon the staff of a distinguished Crimean General, and to be admitted to close intimacy with him. This was Sir Richard (afterwards Lord) Airey, who was Lord Raglan's Quartermaster-General, and as such shared in the vituperation so freely showered upon that hardly-used commander, to be, with his chief, fully but tardily exonerated by Kinglake. The Crimean campaign (in which I had also taken part as a young subaltern) was a topic of frequent conversation with Lord Airey, and among many things he told me much of his own connection with the war, and especially of how he came to join the expedition. Colonel Airey, as he then was, filled the important post of Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Hardinge, and as such was closely concerned with the patronage of all appointments to the Staff and commands of the Expeditionary Army. When a large number of these had been given away, Airey ventured to hint to his chief that he hoped he might not be forgotten. 'Why, surely, you cannot wish to go?' said Lord Hardinge. 'On the contrary, sir, I do wish it most particularly; my father (an old and distinguished officer, Sir George Airey, at one time Quartermaster-General to the Forces) always insisted that I should never lose an opportunity of accompanying troops in the field.' 'But, Airey, consider,' argued the Commander-in-Chief, 'these troops are not going into the field. There will be no war. It is merely a parade of forces—a promenade—there is nothing in it. If you go out you must give up your appointment here at the Horse Guards, and when you come back six months hence you will find yourself out in the cold.' Airey persisted, as we know, and, having been appointed first to the command of a brigade in the Light Division, was later chosen by Lord Raglan to join his Staff as Quartermaster-General. I tell this story, which I can vouch for, because it shows the ideas that were entertained by those in authority as to the reality of the proposed operations in 1854.

Other testimony in the same direction is on record. One of the most pertinent is the letter addressed by Sir Charles Trevelyan, our Secretary to the Treasury, to his officers of the Commissariat at Malta and other Mediterranean stations. With that due respect for economical principles which ever characterises the holders of the national purse-strings until panic supervenes and entails wasteful

THE CRIMEA AND THE CAPE

extravagance, he bade no one lay in stores, no one was to make any preparation for the troops that were on the point of departure from England. This limitation, which was ere long to bear such costly fruit in the decimation of the Crimean army, was based on his positive belief that 'there would be no war.' The same idea underlies the account given by a 'Staff Officer'¹ in those 'Letters from Headquarters' which were once so eagerly read, when he describes a great review of British troops held in Bulgaria in August 1854, for the delectation of the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, Omar Pacha. When that gallant veteran had seen the Guards and the Highlanders, the galloping Horse Artillery and Cavalry, he cried in ecstasy, 'This is peace; when the Czar knows of this he may surely decide for peace. He may be mad, but not mad enough to fight such an army as this.' Within a year that army had wasted away like water. It was magnificent in physique, but it had no backbone. Only the *personnel*, the human element was perfect, all other means for making and maintaining war were deficient. The latter were not wanted, for there was to be no war. Yet again, Lord Aberdeen, the English Premier of that date, was known to detest war on principle. He could not bring himself to believe that in our age of reason the nations would still cling to so absurd a method of settling disputes, and, least of all, that the intelligent English people could by any possibility be drawn into it. With such convictions it was not strange that he discountenanced all preparations for conflict. Kinglake points out how Lord Aberdeen was open to grave censure, not merely for holding such ultra Utopian opinions, but because they led him into the utter neglect of the opportunity ranging over nearly twelve months which Russia gave him to prepare for hostilities.

We have lately seen how the present Government embarked, casually and with the same deplorable *insouciance*, upon another great military conflict, to encounter even more promptly some of the same terrible penalties. The parallel here is complete, but there is also a contrast; for, although Lord Salisbury's Cabinet so strangely neglected the precautions that appeared indispensable to its military advisers in entering upon another Transvaal war, this country had fortunately at hand a distinctly better military machine than the army of 1854. Whatever flaws and shortcomings may be still proved to exist in our military institutions, how far further reform, on an enlightened, extended basis may be found necessary, there can be no doubt that, even as they stand now, they will bear very favourable comparison with the best available fifty years back. This can only be fully and clearly realised by examining the subject in some detail, and describing the character and constitution of our armed strength at that date.

A military writer who took part in the war as an artillery officer

¹ Colonel the Hon. G. Calthorpe.

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has ably summarised the situation in 1854, when war found England quite unprepared, and having quite forgotten the true methods and requirements for waging it.

The available army [he writes] was small, and all the various departments which contributed to its efficiency, and are of vital importance in taking the field, either did not exist at all, or were incomplete, reduced, and consequently inefficient.¹

Taking first the *personnel*, the men and muscle, the fighting line, it had long been impaired by successive retrenchment. The economists had continually prevailed, and were in the main supported by the fatuous belief entertained pretty well everywhere, but most strongly in this country, that an era of universal peace was at hand. This had blotted out the memory of former wars, and altogether obscured the question of our possible military needs under some new and unexpected or at least unforeseen crisis. Hence the armed strength of the nation had been reduced to its lowest limits. The regular forces of the Crown amounted to 140,000 of all ranks and arms, all in the first line, with nothing behind but the militia, and this was not a true reserve, for it was under no obligation to support and strengthen the front. There were no reserves beyond a non-descript and practically useless body of 'enrolled' pensioners, 10,000 in number, whose names were registered, but whose personal services were dependent upon their own willingness to volunteer, and official acknowledgment of their efficiency as still within the limits of the prime of military life.

It should be noted here that of this grand total of 140,000 barely half were at home. The rest were divided between the colonies and India, 40,000 to the former and 30,000 to the latter. These strong colonial garrisons (and after deduction for the Mediterranean fortresses, there were quite 28,000 men in distant stations) were not kept up from any early appreciation of the modern Imperial idea, but because they could be hidden there out of sight, and it was hoped would be forgotten by the trenchant pruning-knife of the army economists. The British contingent in India was, on the other hand, comparatively small, and its weakness was, no doubt, a proximate cause of that serious menace to our supremacy, the Sepoy revolt, a couple of years later. Of the 70,000 at home, all were not available for foreign adventure, as it was not deemed wise to denude the country entirely of regular troops. The force that was embarked for the East in the spring of 1854 did not, in the first instance, amount to much more than 30,000 all told; when increase and decrease are taken into account, the reinforcements to make up for the wastage of cholera and fever in the long pause at pestilential Varna, there were barely this number on hand for the invasion of the Crimea in September that year. Speaking of this Crimean army more in detail, it consisted of 29,600 men of all arms,

¹ General Sir John Adye, K.C.B.: 'Review of the Crimean War,' p. 1.

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4200 horses, and 180 guns. Within two months of disembarkation in the Crimea one arm, the infantry, which had numbered 25,000 on landing, had already dwindled down to 14,000, and not even the most strenuous exertions, the despatch of every regiment which had remained behind at the first onset, and the drawing upon every source of reinforcement, could fill up the terrible gaps. The latter were made up largely of raw recruits but lately joined, 'so young and unformed that they fell victims to disease and were swept away like flies.'

On this head the report of a subsequent Committee of the House of Commons may be appositely quoted here :

In December (1854) the power of reinforcing the army with efficient soldiers was so reduced that the Government thought it necessary to introduce a Foreign Enlistment Bill for the purpose of raising a foreign legion. Your Committee must express their regret that the formation of a large reserve at home, and also in the proximity of the seat of war, was not considered at a much earlier period ; and that the Government, well knowing the limited numbers of the British army, the nature of the climate in the East, as well as the Power we were about to encounter, did not, at the commencement of the war, take means to augment the ranks of the army beyond the ordinary recruiting ; and also that earlier steps were not taken to render the militia available both for the purpose of obtaining supplies of men, and also, in case of necessity, for the relief of regiments of the line stationed in garrisons in the Mediterranean—measures which they found themselves compelled to adopt at a later period.

We have, in the foregoing, a striking contrast between the Crimean and the present day. Too little account has been taken of the effective manner in which the *personnel* has been provided for the war now in progress. The public was too angry, too much disappointed, at the delay in obtaining a successful result to consider that under the old system not only could there have been no such result, but we could not have faced the Boers in the field at all. However tardily undertaken, the embarkation of troops, when once commenced, was carried out smoothly and swiftly, a lesson to all military nations. The mobilisation, on which the whole depended, had been easily and surely accomplished. Once and for all the principle enunciated by Lord Cardwell in 1872, and on which so many shortsighted people retained grave doubts until a month or two ago, was proved to be triumphantly right. A powerful Reserve had been formed during peace which was immediately available in time of war. On a signal given the ranks were refilled with well-grown, seasoned, soldiers, who had been kept within reach for a trifling fee, and returned willingly at the first call to reinforce the fighting line with the finest material seen in this country since Cromwell's Army of the Commonwealth. Even after the despatch of eight divisions of roughly 10,000 men each, and making up with all branches a total of 100,000 men, the First Class Army Reserve is not exhausted, and there remains untouched the forty per cent. of younger men in the various regiments for service who were

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not actually fit for embarkation at the moment, but are daily becoming fully efficient soldiers.

The superiority of modern arrangements for conducting war over those in force in 1854 affords another comparison largely in favour of to-day. Let it be granted that we have not yet reached an ideal system; we may admit the necessity for once more overhauling the military machine, for carefully and minutely exploring its inmost springs and recesses with the hope that its workings may be simplified and improved. Nevertheless, contrasted with that in force fifty years ago, it is as light to dark. The system then was chiefly responsible for the suffering and calamity that befell our troops. It was 'unpractical and unworkable, at once improvident and ineffective,'¹ says a great authority, and this will be readily acknowledged when we have examined the conditions under which the nation in 1854 attempted to conduct its military business.

Down to 1854 a number of distinct and practically independent departments existed side by side, having seemingly no object but to impede and interfere with each other. A mere recapitulation of their names and functions will show how great must be the confusion that would ensue between them when put to any severe trial. They might be anxious enough, academically, to labour for a common end, but each followed its own lights, and was guided only by its own sweet will. There was no War Minister in the true sense of the word, no supreme authority exercising control over his varied and numerous subordinate departments. The Secretary of State for War until 1852 gave only half his attention to military matters, for he had also control of the 'Colonies' and was seated at that office; at that date, however, he was given a separate existence, and went almost alone, without staff or clerks, to occupy a couple of rooms in the Treasury, and become nominally, but far from really, the head of the army. Never had a head of a business less actual authority. He had nothing to do with finance; another Parliamentary official, with a name bewilderingly like his own, the Secretary at War, dealt with all estimates and expenditure; he had no command, for the troops were partly governed by the Commander-in-Chief as representing the Sovereign, and partly by the Master-General of the Ordnance, whose allegiance was to Parliament. In other matters, where the very existence of troops was concerned, he was absolutely powerless. The vital duty of supplying and provisioning them, in fact of keeping them alive, was entrusted to, it might be said usurped by, the Treasury, horribly and narrowly jealous as ever in all money matters. In other words, the Treasury had the sole control of the Commissariat, and so little realised the importance of its functions that it had through the long years of peace allowed it to become atrophied and almost non-existent. The Secretary of State for War, when war broke out, had thus no power whatever

¹ Hamley: 'The War in the Crimea,' p. 189.

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over *personnel* or *matériel*, over funds or food or any of those subsidiary services which are the backbone of campaigning. He had to go to the Victualling Office of the Admiralty for the salt rations and biscuit that still held their ground in those days, long antecedent to tinned and preserved food. He could not move a man beyond sea without asking the Admiralty for ships. He could not see to the sick and wounded in the field, or treat them through his own officers, for army doctors were either under the Commander-in-Chief or the Board of Ordnance. In all this it must be understood that he was the person principally concerned, for from the moment war was declared all its operations were nominally under his exclusive control. The General who assumed command in the field was his officer, reporting direct to him, governed by him, subject to him, responsible to him in military matters, while he himself, the Secretary of State for War, had the many masterful and practically independent underlings who might not quite dictate to him—at least, not all of them—but were able to impede business, and did so constantly.

The woes unnumbered that followed were the direct, the obvious result of such an inchoate organisation. To this faulty system must be attributed the great initial error of misappreciation, the difficulties of the campaign into which the Government presently drifted without having clearly made up its mind. It had not the slightest notion of what should be done, in a military sense, nor how it should be attempted. The great notion of attacking Sebastopol was arrived at almost by accident, after other plans, all of them vague and resting on no true strategical principles, had fallen through. No campaign in Turkey promised to produce much: why not invade the Crimea? Nothing was known about the Crimea, except that it contained one formidable fortress and a naval arsenal sheltering a strong fleet. To reduce the fortress and capture the fleet would be a long step towards securing a 'safe and honourable peace.' Neither English nor French Governments could afford any information as to the defensive strength of Sebastopol, nor of the number of troops in the Crimean Peninsula; there was no Intelligence Department in those days, none of the stored knowledge now at the disposal of the War Bureaux, and no means of obtaining it. Lord Raglan was against the expedition, and plainly told the Government that if carried out it would be in deference to their views and not from any certainty of its wisdom. Reconnaissances made from a despatch-vessel had failed to elicit any facts of value as to the strength and power of the enemy. It was a step in the dark, and when the Committee appointed by the House of Commons reported the following spring, it threw the blame with its ensuing misfortunes upon 'the Administration which had ordered that expedition with no adequate information as to the amount of the [Russian] forces in the Crimea. They were not acquainted with the strength of the fortresses to be attacked, or with the resources

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of the country to be invaded. They hoped and expected the expedition to be immediately successful, and as they did not foresee the probability of a protracted struggle they made no provision for a winter campaign.

We have here a parallel that is not without its application in recent history. The point is contested, and no doubt on the strongest grounds, that we were so ignorant, as many supposed, of the extent of the Boer armaments. But if the Government were in possession of the real facts they made no use of them. Like their predecessors, they declined to believe in the imminence of war; but, worse still, they neglected plain warnings of the strenuous opposition they were certain to encounter. The old Government erred through ignorance, from the want of counsel, the absence of guidance. The present, it is to be feared, were wilfully and obstinately blind and deaf.

Forecast of coming serious trouble was not wanting directly the British army found itself in the field in 1854:—

The Commissariat was in difficulties at once. Turkey is not a country prepared for large and sudden demands on its resources. The mere feeding of the army [at Varna] was no easy matter. When some of the divisions moved a few miles inland the question of transport gave rise to so much difficulty that an establishment of men-of-war's boats was formed on Lake Devna to assist in carrying food; as for advancing to the Danube (even if it had been advisable) it was out of the question. The army would have starved. In fact, the want of transport would have been a serious evil. I have already said that nothing of the kind had been brought from England; the old Waggon Train of the Duke of Wellington had long fallen a victim to the school of financial reformers and the economy of successive Governments. To resuscitate it on the breaking out of hostilities in time to be of service was impossible.¹

Transport, or rather the lack of it, has long governed the military situation in South Africa. When the whole history of the war is plainly set forth, we shall see that the absence of mobility, which sufficient land transport alone can give, has not only caused the most serious inconvenience, but is responsible for many grave errors in the conduct of operations. Whether or not Sir Redvers Buller departed from his original scheme under the pressure of the 'politicals,' it is certain that he could not in any case have carried out his contemplated advance by the centre based on the Orange River till late in December. His transport was not organised, even in part, till then. When he was committed to two distinct and widely separated lines on the east and the west, the tactics employed on collision were vitiated by this same want of mobility. It made all outflanking manœuvres impossible, and imposed the repeated frontal attacks which proved so costly and sometimes so disastrous. Buller's battle of Colenso is a conspicuous case in point. He must have been conscious that the plan of action was faulty: but he had no means for supplying marching columns except with cumbrous slow-moving

¹ Adye, p. 17.

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ox-waggons, and he was forbidden to make any wide move. Since then he has tried again on more than one occasion ; but even in the operations which terminated in the failure at, and retreat from, Spion Kop, his transport was not excessive : no more than 400 vehicles drawn by 5000 animals. It had taken nearly three months to collect the latter—a bare fifth of the total needed—and carry them to South Africa from all parts of the globe. The delay—a culpable and costly delay—was due to the refusal of the British Government to permit these indispensable aids to military operations in the field to be purchased until war was actually declared. Officers were, no doubt, despatched in anticipation to centres of supply to look into the question, make contracts for delivery, and so forth ; but these preliminaries produced no tangible result till quite late—almost too late—in the day.

Matters were, no doubt, far worse in the Crimean time. Then the actual needs were not even foreseen, and that not merely by the unenlightened bureaucrats who feebly essayed to undertake the business of war, but presumably also by the commander of the expedition, Lord Raglan himself. It is almost incomprehensible that a veteran soldier who had served with the greatest English general of the age should have made no stronger protest against the employment of an army so badly found in all but fighting material. He could hardly have forgotten the infinite pains with which Wellington had built up the subsidiary services in the Peninsula and the resultant effective machine. Long years of peaceful work at his desk, engaged in purely administrative business, seemed to have effaced from Lord Raglan's mind the paramount importance his great chief attached to the question of 'supply' as he did to all matters appertaining to the well-being of the troops entrusted to his command. Wellington we know made them the subject of his close unintermitting personal care. Lord Raglan never did so, neither antecedent to embarkation nor in the field, until the deplorable effects of negligence and fatuity at home drove him to take some of the arrangements into his own hand. It is not on record, however, and that much at least is certain, that he pressed upon any one of the army's many masters the urgency of such preliminary measures as the creation of a land transport service, or a comprehensive organisation of hospitals, base and field. A greater general would have been more far-seeing, and consequently more insistent. We may be sure that, had Lord Raglan exercised stronger pressure upon the narrow-minded home Administration, he would have had a more effective army. He would have been spared many humiliations, much really undeserved censure, and he would not have died, as he did at last die, of a broken heart.

The shamefully imperfect equipment of the army with which we attacked Russia will be better seen on a brief but more detailed description. This may serve to bring home the satisfactory con-

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clusion that, despite all present outcry, the force so lately despatched to South Africa was superior in all essentials.

An army in the field, as in peace, is made up, broadly, of two chief constituents, *personnel* and *matériel*. The first is the human active element, the second the passive ; and these again are divisible into the combatant and non-combatant branches, the body militant and that which ministers to it.

In some respects the Crimean army was above reproach as a fighting force. What there was of it was superexcellent in quality. The infantry was splendid in physique, as fine a body of foot as this country has ever sent into the field. But, as has been said, it was all in front, in the first line ; it had no reserves, nothing behind that could be drawn up to make up for the inevitable wastage which occurred only too soon. The artillery was of the same character as regards appearance and military efficiency. But the field artillery was altogether disproportionate when tested by modern rules, which give the percentage of guns to infantry as something between 4 and 5 per cent. The expedition to the Crimea took 25,000 infantry, with 60 field-guns, a proportion of no more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It consisted of two troops of horse artillery and eight field batteries, and it is well known to artillerists that to get even this force of guns together every *depôt*, every nucleus, every battery at home had to be depleted, and in some cases dismantled. As for cavalry, the force embarked from Varna amounted roughly to 1200 sabres, a number limited, no doubt, by the difficulty of providing sea transport and thus unavoidably low, but still quite inadequate for the service in hand—the invasion of an open country in opposition to an enemy believed to be strong in cavalry. Lord Raglan was always most solicitous for his handful of horsemen. He was wont to say that he would keep them in a band-box, which he did, neglecting to use them even on the finest opportunities (as in pursuit after the Alma), only to waste them, or let them be wasted, in one mad episode of reckless heroism at Balaclava.

Of equal, perhaps greater, importance than the main body, the congregation of human items, the whole effective total of nerves and sinews, is their government and judicious direction. It cannot be said that the Crimean army was well led, or that its generals were assisted by a well-trained and efficient staff. A long era of peace, broken only by distant small wars, had prevented that process of natural selection which brings the fittest to the front. The selection for superior commands lay almost naturally among the survivors of the last great military effort ; and although forty years had elapsed since then, the men who had served in the Peninsula and at Waterloo were mostly appointed : Sir George Brown, Sir De Lacy Evans, Sir George Cathcart, Sir John Burgoyne, Sir Henry Jones, Sir Colin Campbell—grand old veterans like their chief, Lord Raglan, who,

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however, with but one or two brilliant exceptions, had had no practical experience in their trade since the early days of the century. After them the influences, stronger perhaps then than now, of rank and social position helped many into prominent places, especially upon the Staff; and while there were some conspicuous exceptions, the general level of professional ability, as marked by study and service done, was not remarkably high. Of the leaders, some were ciphers, some were aristocratic figure-heads; in some, acknowledged merit gained in the past had produced obstinate adherence to obsolete views; while many of the best had been so constantly engaged in office work through the years of peace that they had lost touch of the active army, and had grown rusty in the functions of personal command. Nor can the painful fact be overlooked that in one division, that of the cavalry, the senior general was not on speaking terms with his brigadier, and that this quarrel between Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan had a potent effect upon the ill-advised Balaclava charge.

The staff of the Crimean army could not be called well officered. It was based on no body of men especially trained and prepared for the business, such as exists to-day in the graduates of the Staff College. Whether the Staff at present in South Africa, which is made up of them entirely, has answered all expectations must await a later verdict; but it may be safely asserted that as a Staff it shows well by the side of that which was called to Staff functions in the Crimea. A consistent effort has been made since then to meet the requirements as laid down by the great German soldier who matured that excellent and well-known institution, the German General Staff. 'A General Staff cannot be improvised on the outbreak of war,' wrote Von Moltke.¹ 'It must be prepared long beforehand in peace, and be in practical activity and in close intercourse with the troops.' This could not have been possibly attempted by us, for until the Crimean war troops had not collected in any numbers at home, with the exception of the camp at Chobham in 1853, and when wars were afoot abroad. The Staff for the Crimea was brought together by many curious agencies, that of known efficiency being one of the last to weigh with the dispensers of patronage, and the predominating powers were political and social interest, as may be seen from the lists of those appointed. The whole principle was summed in the one phrase: 'Take care of Dowb' (Dowbiggin), that unhappy slip of the pen in which an incautious War Minister recommended his own nephew to the good offices of his military superiors at the seat of war.

There were some few good men and true on the Crimean Staff—men who had borne the heat and toil of distant campaigning, but how many more who were altogether untried! The Guardsmen, eager as ever to be in the forefront, had their wishes largely fulfilled. There were a superabundance of them in the

¹ Mr. Spenser Wilkinson: see preface, 2nd edition, 'Brains of an Army,' p. 11.

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commands, and on the General Staff, Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General (Lord de Ros, afterwards succeeded by Airey), and many junior officers in both departments. It was always a complaint in the Crimean army that the Guards had the lion's share of the Staff and command. In the following year, 1855, more than half of these were held by Guards' officers: Sir James Simpson, who was Commander of the Forces; General Barnard, his Chief of the Staff; and Generals Bentinck, Rokeby, Craufurd, Codrington, Ridley and Windham. Later on, Sir William Codrington, although junior in rank, was advanced to be Commander-in-Chief over the heads of men like Sir Colin Campbell and Sir William Eyre; in fact, the supreme command of the Crimean army from first to last was mainly in the hands of officers who had been Guardsmen. The preference shown them was well hit off in a contemporary caricature which satirised the award of honours after the Alma by a woodcut under which were the words, 'Then they of the Household divided the spoil.'

Nevertheless, Staff duties as understood and performed to-day sat lightly upon the shoulders of the Crimean officers. The men who are the eyes and ears and strong right-hand of the executive could have scarcely realised their true functions, or such an extraordinary incident could not have occurred as that reported as the 'flank march' from the Belbeck to the south side of Sebastopol on September 25, 1854. The story is well told by Sir Edward Hamley in his 'War in the Crimea.'¹ Lord Raglan and his Quartermaster-General were studying their maps and giving the direction for the march through the woods near Mackenzie's Farm when all progress was checked by the halt of a troop of Royal Horse Artillery, which led the van. Lord Raglan rode up in person, and found that he was in presence of the whole Russian army, which was moving at right angles across the head of his advance. We had stumbled on them in full strength without the slightest foreknowledge on our part! No General Staff that was worthy the name could have suffered the army it served to remain in such utter ignorance of the whereabouts of its enemy, and in such a limited space as that through which they were operating. No doubt the Russian Staff was equally defective, or it would have caught us *flagrante delicto* in the execution of a hazardous manœuvre under their very teeth. The famous counterstroke delivered by Wellington at Salamanca would have been as nothing to the mischief that might have been inflicted upon us by this negligence of our Staff.

Let us pass on next to the civil branches, the services of supply and the medical, upon which the life of the army depended. The absence of any one supreme central department has already been emphasised, possibly *ad nauseam*, but attention must be once more

¹ P. 75 *sqq.*

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called to it to show how miserably the needs of the fighting *personnel* were met by the sub-departments, who pretended to provide for them. The first and principal offender in this respect was her Majesty's Treasury, for in 1854 'My Lords,' against whom all other branches of the Civil Service for ever rage impotently, and who have now, again, in this present imbroglio, indirectly helped to forbid all proper preparation, controlled the Commissariat, that all-important branch of military service, which undoubtedly caused the whole Crimean trouble. A brief statement, deduced logically from the established facts, must surely prove this. The Crimean army wasted away from want of nourishment and sufficient clothes. All these were within easy reach at Balaclava, eight miles from the front. They could not be carried up for want of transport ; there was no transport for want of draught animals ; there were no animals from want of forage ; there was no forage because the Treasury would not send it out from England. All this follows, point to point, till it culminates in the unanswerable end. Mr. Filder, the chief commissary, had, with practised eye and unerring judgment, anticipated what was to come. Although hard driven he might have got his transport together, but he soon saw that forage (hay) would be the crux ; there was none in the Crimea, none in the Levant, where chopped straw is the universal feed, and too bulky for sea transport, and so the prudent commissary demanded it from England. Mr. Filder began in the beginning of September to ask for English hay, 2000 tons of it, and the application, bandied about from clerk to clerk, queried and questioned from room to room, was deemed of so little moment that only one half the amount was received in the Crimea within six months, and the other not until the following summer.

When the British public rose in its wrath to seek out the guilty persons, the chief criminal, next after the military leaders, who were after all but indirectly blameworthy, was at first held to be the Commissariat ; that department was nevertheless a scapegoat for the sins of its superiors. Like the General Staff, it was a service not to be improvised, yet that was what the Treasury essayed to do on the very eve of the war. It was built up out of old bones, re-created in hot haste out of elements scattered all over the world. As head of the department a Mr. Filder was fished out from the half-pay lists, where he had vegetated since the Peninsula, and on which he had grown grey, hopeless of further service. To assist him a small staff of officers was hurriedly got together from all quarters of the globe, many of them young and inexperienced, and none trained to the practical business of war. It was early seen that the department would be unequal to the burden laid upon it. 'I fear the Commissariat will be our great difficulty,' writes the Staff officer already quoted, even before the army had left Varna. Mr. Filder, despite

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his age (sixty-eight), laboured with untiring energy, well supported by those around him ; but his was a terrible task, rendered almost hopeless and impossible by that utter absence of transport to which reference has already been made. It may sound incredible, but it is nevertheless the fact, that when the expeditionary army landed in the Crimea 30,000 strong its whole transport consisted of seventy mule-carts, to which were added a few arabas, or local vehicles, captured in the Tartar villages. Efforts were soon made to organise a corps, but the animals purchased never met the increasing demands, and broke down under the strain of inclement weather and excessive work. It is needless to follow this further, but, in contrast to the miserable preparation made at the outset of the campaign, it may be stated that at its end the Transport Cart Corps consisted of 800 waggons, 1000 carts, 28,000 animals, and 14,000 English and native drivers.

In another respect the same deplorable want of foresight was shown. Next after the Commissariat, coequal, perhaps before it, ranked the Medical Department, which had also been dwarfed and reduced to its lowest terms. Its *personnel* was altogether inadequate for the work that must fall upon it, whether in meeting epidemic sickness or dealing with the awful casualties of war. There was no material whatever. An Ambulance Corps had been formed, it is true, on a small scale at the last moment with a few waggons, cumbrous and unsuited to the business, driven by aged pensioners, most of whom fell sick at Varna, where, moreover, the ambulances remained when the army sailed. There were no field hospitals on the ground after the Alma ; no stretcher-parties to bring in the wounded ; only the handful of bandsmen, upon whom, in each regiment, according to old tradition, this duty fell. The forward march of the army was delayed two days while the wounded were collected and sent back three miles to the ships through the active agency of the 'handy man,' the British bluejackets, who as usual turned up to render invaluable services by carrying the wounded to the beach in hammocks and cots slung on spars.

It is needless to pursue further the subject of the wretched provision made for war in the Crimean days. In this respect, if we leave out of account the first dangerous delay in coming to a decision, the baleful fruit of which has not been yet entirely reaped, it must be obvious that the despatch of the South African army is in strong and most satisfactory contrast to what was done in 1854. It is an army, deficient, as has been shown, in some particulars, but fairly complete in most points according to modern ideas. The Army Service Corps, which has replaced the Commissariat of old days, and is now under a military chief, the Quartermaster-General at Headquarters, is an effective service so far as it goes, and if it depended too largely for expansion upon local and external support it was in a

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position to utilise those efficiently when they were secured. Portions of this Army Service Corps arrived out quite early in November, to be continually reinforced, until now almost the whole of the department is at the seat of war. It is officered by men of wide experience, once combatant officers, who have seen arduous service on the spot and elsewhere, and who are conducting their onerous and most responsible duties with such obvious satisfaction that throughout this trying time there is no whisper of any breakdown of 'supply.' Again, the Medical Department, now exalted very properly into the Royal Army Medical Corps, has made such admirable arrangements that the most unqualified praise has been passed upon the service by the highest authorities. That eminent surgeon, Sir William MacCormac, has borne witness to the ease and rapidity with which the wounded have been tended in the field; the prompt collection, the devoted courage of the surgeons operating under fire, the well-organised field hospitals, and the immediately successful removal of all fit to travel to the hospitals at the base. If we examine the embarkation returns, we shall see what a splendid stream of medical aid was at once directed upon South Africa: bearer companies, field hospital companies, detachments for stationary hospitals and general hospitals, nurses, ambulance corps, and a splendid staff of surgeons, both military and civil.

When taking stock of the whole achievement, the concentration within three months of so large a force at such a distance from home must surely be viewed with pride. It could not have been done on the same scale in those old Crimean days; it is a feat utterly impossible for any nation but England at this present time. There might be good reason to find fault with the dilatoriness of the authorities in taking up transport; many serious mistakes were made in regard to the class of steamers chartered, and again in the order that the various arms were embarked, but the operation, viewed as a whole, was stupendous, and reflected the greatest credit upon all concerned. The transport fleet now working with smoothness and regularity is a significant proof of our maritime strength no less than of our power to utilise it effectively on any great occasion. It is no small matter to embark one, nay, nearly two, hundred thousand men, thousands of horses, hundreds of guns great and small, millions of rounds of ammunition, with all the innumerable varied and intricate appliances that are nowadays drawn upon for the conduct of war. The newest inventions, 'high explosive' shells, apparatus for wireless telegraphy, the bicycle and the autocar, have been added to the weight of the troopships; methods that have long been used, balloons, pontoon trains, heliographic and other signalling systems, have been developed and improved. There can be no question that, as regards means provided, the South African army is infinitely better situated than any of the old expeditions, which it so marvellously outshadows in mere numbers alone.

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This is not the place or the time to discuss the grave issue involved by the stubborn resistance of an undoubtedly brave enemy most skilfully handled and abundantly supplied with the best material. That must await developments. But before leaving the subject of parallel and contrast between the Crimea and the Transvaal, one or two points deserve to be noted curiously. First, the very marked change that has been introduced by the military leaders as regards war correspondence. Where Lord Raglan and his successors seemed powerless to restrain the exuberance of Dr. Russell, where the Duke of Newcastle himself appealed in vain to the editor of the *Times*, pointing out the terrible mischief caused by the betrayal of military secrets in the columns of the Press, our Generals have used their authority in the most decided manner, and effectually applied the gag. During the most momentous weeks of last winter the chief centre of interest was not Fleet Street, but Pall Mall. In almost all cases the first and most authentic news was published at the War Office. The costly and highly intelligent staff maintained at the theatre of war by the unstinting efforts of competing journalism achieved no very marked results. The General at the front, by means of his rigorous censorship, not only checked the transmission of inconvenient telegrams, but absolutely stopped all information that it was not deemed desirable to have publicly known. No doubt, when the war is over, we shall hear more of this, for the men whose bread it is to purvey news, and the public, may have something to say in the way of protest against the hard measure meted out to them. That the General has a good answer we may be pretty sure ; but that he was wise in thus silencing pens that might have been turned to good account, under more judicious or at least more artful management, is not so certain. The dearth of news was made more irksome because it was not supplemented by fuller information through official channels. It might be supposed that the responsibility for this rests with the authorities at home, who have withheld what the Generals sent them. But there is abundant reason to believe that the Government were at times as completely in the dark as the public in regard to the conduct of the war. The nation has shown the most exemplary patience throughout this grave crisis, but it was sorely taxed at the worst epochs of anxiety by the absence of all news, good or bad, from the front. What the correspondents were not allowed to tell for reasons that can be defended, the military authorities at the front might frequently have told in a modified form without injury to the interests of the campaign. The appearance of Lord Roberts on the theatre of war no doubt worked some change, but his control of the correspondents has also been peremptory. The public at home has perhaps been more long-suffering, as it can afford to be, when the news that eventually comes through is of an encouraging kind.

THE CRIMEA AND THE CAPE

Another point that stands out in extraordinary prominence, and which is in very marked contrast to anything in past history, is the magnificent uprising of national spirit which has been evoked by the momentous character of the present struggle. In the darkest days of Crimean suffering, sympathy with the soldiers and indignation with the Government were the chief features of the public feeling. Had there been then even a tithe of the same self-sacrificing devotion which has brought all classes and all sections of the Empire into line for the maintenance of British prestige, the situation on that dreary Chersonese upland would soon have changed. We may take heart of grace nowadays at this fine exhibition of a really warlike and determined race. Nor can we overlook the fact that the military resources of the Empire—and this despite administrative shortcomings—far exceed to-day the best at hand during the Crimean War. The Militia, the old constitutional force, no doubt came forward at that time to assist in relieving the Mediterranean garrisons; but tardily, and not to the extent lately seen. There were no volunteers in those days, and this force has now entered upon an entirely new life; it has stepped at once into the proud position at which it has always aimed, but which has never been conceded to it, of a real military body, efficient and effective anywhere. Last of all, but not least, the Colonies have proved their kinship, their joint inheritance in the glorious traditions of the Empire, by willingly and cordially sharing in the trials by which it must be maintained. For the future England will be no longer insular, a

Precious stone set in a silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall;

its realm is only circumscribed by the earth itself.

MACAULAY AND HIS CRITICS

BY HERBERT PAUL



MACAULAY was born on the 25th of October, 1800. His hundredth birthday falls, therefore, during the present year, which I follow the Archbishop of Canterbury, and dissent from the German Emperor, in regarding as the close of the nineteenth century. Some of his contemporaries—Mr. Charles Villiers, for instance, and Cardinal Newman—are familiar personages to the present, even to the rising, generation. Macaulay has been in his grave more than forty years, during which his fame and popularity, sometimes greater, sometimes less, have never been for a moment obscured. Fifteen years after his death appeared Sir George Trevelyan's classical biography, which by general consent ranks with Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' and Lockhart's 'Life of Scott.' That book for the first time revealed Macaulay as a man to the public who had only known him as a writer, and in doing so made for him a new circle of admirers. Upon the virtues of his private life there cannot be two opinions. There never lived a more dutiful son, a more affectionate brother, or a more faithful friend. Nor has any one impugned the honourable integrity of his political career. In early life he was a vehement partisan, unable or unwilling to see the merits of Sir Robert Peel and the faults of Lord Grey. After his return from India his politics, like his conversation, became less violent, and though he always continued to call himself a Whig, he died something very like a Conservative. But for such change as he underwent malice itself could suggest no sinister motive, and he lost his seat in Edinburgh because, though the staunchest of Protestants, he thought it just to vote for the endowment of a Catholic college. It is not, however, as a politician or as a patriot that Macaulay will be remembered. His sturdy patriotism may excuse his pride in having been born on the anniversary of Agincourt. But if he had been merely an eloquent speaker, a brilliant talker, or, as Sydney Smith less kindly called him, a book in breeches, his name would already have been more than half forgotten. It is as an author, and, above all, as an historian, that he belongs to the permanent heritage of mankind.

We have to judge Macaulay by a colossal fragment. He died, so to speak, with his pen in his hand. The History which was to have embraced the long reign of George III. breaks off at the Peace of Ryswick. The real addition to it is not the death of James, nor the death of William, which have little value without their context, but the admirable life of Pitt which he contributed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' This was the last of his completed writings, and in all his life he never wrote anything better. His History could not have been finished by any one of less vitality than Methuselah

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if the original design had been pursued on a uniform scale. Four large octavo volumes do not suffice for the events of seventeen years. But it is fair to assume that the critical periods which immediately preceded and immediately followed the Revolution of 1688 were described at a length and with a fulness which would not have been thought necessary throughout the work. That Macaulay had a good eye for proportion is proved by his introductory chapter, of which the late Professor Freeman declared that no better summary of English history had been or could be composed. Its accuracy he pronounced to be marvellous, and Freeman, whatever else he may or may not have been, was at least profoundly learned. But the notion that Macaulay was shallow or superficial may be said to have died with Croker, or at least with Cotter Morison. His classical scholarship was conspicuous in a classical age. His knowledge of history was steadily accumulated almost from the cradle, and it was his own astounding precocity which led him into the use, perhaps the abuse, of the famous phrase, 'Every schoolboy knows.' How much Macaulay read for the actual purpose of his great book we cannot with absolute certainty tell. He does not cite all, or anything like all his authorities, and that fact has led his critics into many a trap. Some historical manuscripts which would have been invaluable to him have been discovered since his day, in country houses and elsewhere. But we may feel pretty sure that whatever was available to him, inside and outside the British Museum, of which he was a Trustee, he read, from the gravest documents of State to the most trivial ballads and broadsheets which had by accident been preserved.

No historian, not even Gibbon, went through a more conscientious training than Macaulay. Singularly powerful and retentive as his memory was, he verified references with the most punctilious care. There were, no doubt, some fields of knowledge, and more fields of speculation, which he never penetrated, and did not care to penetrate. Natural science was closed to him. He lost the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge by failing in elementary mathematics, and though he manipulated the figures of the Army Estimates with success as Secretary at War, he never took up any scientific pursuit, unless political economy be regarded as a science. With metaphysics he did not meddle. He was once induced to read an English translation of Kant, and confessed that the only thing in it he could understand was a Latin quotation from Persius. Theology interested him only so far as it bore upon practical politics. But he had not been brought up in the Clapham sect for nothing. He knew the Bible as well as his more pious father, and he was thoroughly acquainted with the distinctive tenets of every sect in England. To an English historian such knowledge is essential, and Macaulay possessed it in an eminent degree. He had none of Gibbon's prejudice against Christianity. His own religious opinions he kept to

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himself, except on the memorable occasion at Leeds when he proclaimed himself a Christian. He probably held that religion is meant to guide conduct, and not to flavour conversation. But as a historian he entered fully, and even sympathetically, into the minds and views of religious parties. His real passions, however, were history and literature. A scientific historian he was not, and he would perhaps have denied that any one could be. He was a picturesque and argumentative narrator. Dogmatic, or rather positive, he may be, and yet he writes not like a professor, but like a man of the world. His experience of public life, especially in the House of Commons, was invaluable to a political historian. In describing the trial of the Seven Bishops, and in other places, he drew upon the technical information which he had acquired in reading for the Bar.

What is the true method of writing history? The school of which the Bishop of Oxford is the head, and to which the Bishop of London belongs, regard it as a crime in a historian to be picturesque. He must not exaggerate, he must not colour, he must hardly even comment. He must report and, when necessary, explain. Of these principles the late Sir John Seeley in theory approved. But like most men he was better or worse than his theories, and his 'Expansion of England' is a brilliant piece of rhetoric from beginning to end. The great Constitutional History which will always be associated with the name of Stubbs is a monument of learning, which can be flaunted in the face of a German professor when he talks about English shallowness. I am one of those who have read it through, and I shall always be glad that I did. But there is no use in disguising the fact that with the general public it has always been, and will always be, as much a sealed book as the philosophical works of Bentham or the antiquarian works of Selden. How well the Bishop of Oxford can write we know from his published lectures, and from passages in the Constitutional History itself, such as the characters of Henry VI. and of Cardinal Beaufort. But he apparently considered it beneath the dignity of a historian to write for those who are not serious students of history. Freeman, on the other hand, whose admiration of Dr. Stubbs bordered on idolatry, approached far more closely to the manner of Macaulay and of Dr. Arnold. But Freeman, with all his enthusiasm, was a pedant, and Macaulay, with all his learning, was a man of the world. Between these two schools, if schools they can be strictly called, is Mr. Rawson Gardiner, whose knowledge of the seventeenth century is only equalled by Mr. Firth, but who, if anything, somewhat underrates the average capacity of mankind. Platitude is a smaller fault in a historian than paradox, but it is a fault all the same. Hostile critics might perhaps say of Macaulay that he wrote like an orator, as he spoke like a book. He treats his readers like a jury. Does he address them as an advocate or as a judge? No one, I suppose, would contend that the tone

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of his Essays was judicial. Most of them were contributed to the recognised organ of Whiggery, and on such a subject, for instance, as the impeachment of Warren Hastings, they simply express the Whig view.

But Macaulay is not to be appreciated by his Essays, which were in their nature ephemeral, and which were only republished in England because they had been pirated in the United States. He must stand or fall at the tribunal of posterity by the serious work of his life, to which he finally sacrificed every other object—social, personal, or political. The High Tory view of the History is no longer held. Time has softened the passions which raged over the Reform Bill, when for the last time the Whigs were reviled as the authors of Revolution. People seem to have long forgotten that the double Whig toast on the 30th of January was, 'Here's to the man with the mask, and here's to the man who would have done it without a mask.' A Whig now means, if it means anything, a Conservative who has not the courage to call himself by his proper name. The enemies of Macaulay at the present time assail rather his methods than his opinions, and so far they are clearly right, for a historian has as much right to his opinions as 'a Christian or an ordinary man.' They allege in substance that his History is a misplaced eulogy of a second-rate Dutchman, that he wrote a style in which the truth could not be told, that he was as much the mouthpiece of a party as counsel in court are the mouthpieces of their clients, that he confounded William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, with another person of the same name, and that he said the oaks of Magdalen when he should have said the elms. The last charge is true. Macaulay would have been a wiser, he could not have been a happier, man if he had spared some time from reading books to observing nature. Whether William III. was a hero is a question upon which one may argue for ever. He was the bravest of the brave, as brave as Nelson or Havelock. That he was a wise and prudent statesman few will dispute. That he was an unsuccessful general no one can deny. The real issue is, not whether Macaulay overrated William, but whether a historian may lawfully write in glorification of a particular event and of those to whom it was due. That Macaulay did so is certain. He was a Whig of the seventeenth century, as well as of the nineteenth. He regarded the Revolution of 1688, which was really no revolution at all, but a change of dynasty, as the most beneficent of historical changes in England, and the origin of the modern progress in which he firmly believed. He sat down to prove a proposition. Nobody suggests that he did not honestly hold it. Nobody who knew what he was talking about would assert that Macaulay did not exhaust the materials at his disposal for ascertaining the truth. But it is said that his whole idea of history was wrong, that a historian must not be a partisan, and has no business to take a side.

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I venture respectfully to deny this doctrine altogether. Perfect impartiality implies omniscience, and is not human but divine. We infer men's motives from their actions, or from their words, sometimes even from their silence. We cannot help ourselves. Only He who made them can see into men's hearts and minds. But the tests are fallible, and the results of these are often wrong. There is, indeed, an impartiality which is common enough, and which springs from understanding neither side of a question. George Eliot's inn-keeper summed up every dispute in his parlour with the words, 'You're both right, and you're both wrong, as I always says.' The mental attitude is familiar to all who travel by land or water, but it would be of little service to a writer of history. Macaulay's own model of impartiality was Hallam. But in the first place Hallam was a Whig, and in the second place he has ceased to exercise any appreciable effect upon the world. It is characteristic of Macaulay that after finishing his first two volumes he re-read Thucydides. 'He is the one great historian,' he wrote in his diary. 'The rest one may hope to rival, him never.' Was Thucydides impartial? Mr. Grote vigorously denied it, and I think that Mr. Grote, though his zeal may have carried him too far, was in substance correct. We may dismiss as unproved and improbable the theory that Thucydides, in constructing his *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ*, wished to avenge himself upon Cleon for his personal wrongs. That would have been an *ἀγώνισμα ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα* indeed. But he had his object. He wished to show the defects of Athenian Democracy as tested by a great war. According to Macaulay's critics he was wrong. He had nothing to do with proving a case, one way or the other. He should have described the debates in the Assembly, the social troubles in Corregia, the Sicilian expedition, and have left his readers to draw from his narrative whatever moral they pleased. Of one thing we may be sure. If Thucydides had taken that course he would not have been consulted by seventy generations as a storehouse of civil wisdom.

What Burke said of representatives is true also of historians. They owe to the public for whom they write, and the public have a right to demand from them, their judgment as well as their knowledge. If a man is not better able to form an opinion upon his own subject than the majority of his readers he has no business to write at all. A judge is not impartial in the sense of being neutral. He takes a side, the side of the evidence, whether it be for the prisoner or against him. Even the Bishop of Oxford would not commend the American judge who, having been elected for his personal popularity rather than for his knowledge of law, thus addressed the jury: 'Well, gentlemen, if you think the prisoner guilty you ought to convict him. If you think him innocent you ought to acquit him. But if, like me, you don't understand the case, and can't make head

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or tail of the evidence, why, then, I'll be hanged if I know what you ought to do.' This may seem a flippant illustration of a grave matter. But the words of the imaginary judge are not a travesty, they are scarcely even a caricature of the President's summing up at the Assize Court in Tolstoi's marvellous novel, 'Resurrection.' If Macaulay can be shown to have misstated facts, or to have drawn false inferences from facts correctly stated, he deserves censure for a heinous crime in the first case, for a serious error in the second. But the accusation that he wrote with a purpose seems to me no accusation at all. It may, of course, be argued that the judge makes up his mind, when he has one to make up, after hearing the evidence, and that Macaulay made up his mind before. But who shall say at what particular moment, and by what special process, a conviction dawns upon the mind? Macaulay wrote a eulogy of William III. when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge. But he was also at Cambridge when he said, 'I have been a Tory, I am a Radical, I will never be a Whig.' Most men form their opinions first, and find their reasons for them afterwards. It is not the logical order, but man is not a logical animal, and even a logician must have something to start from. Macaulay was all his life a passionate student of history, and his prodigious memory retained almost everything that he read. When the facts were before him he was not given to doubt. But it is not true that he never changed his mind. In 1830 he was more like a Radical than a Whig. In 1850 he was more like a Conservative than either.

In his review of Macaulay's History Croker was said at the time to have contemplated murder and committed suicide. It was not merely an attack by the leading organ of Toryism against the Whig historian. It was also an ebullition of personal jealousy and hatred. Many years afterwards, when Sir George Trevelyan's biography appeared, a very different sort of article was published in the *Quarterly Review*. The author of this article was Mr. Gladstone, who wrote with dignity and courtesy of his old antagonist on the question of Church and State. Mr. Gladstone said, truly enough, that Macaulay looked at religious subjects from the political side, and did not always appreciate the motives of the spiritually minded. He also accused him of a more strictly historical offence in systematically underrating the social position of the clergy at the close of the seventeenth century. Mr. Gladstone, as an ecclesiastical layman, was jealous for the honour of the cloth. But the bulk of the evidence is in favour of Macaulay's view. Swift was not a man to undervalue his profession, quite the reverse. He could not have written that excellent piece of low humour, Mrs. Harris's Petition to the Lords Justices, if the clergy had been treated as scholars and gentlemen in the reign of William III. Fielding's Parson Thwackum and Parson Trulliver belong to a

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later generation. But Fielding had grown up in the period of which Macaulay treats, and he was too keen an observer to misrepresent palpable facts. By insistence upon a few points like this Macaulay's critics unconsciously acknowledge the difficulty of attacking him on larger grounds. His style is said to be framed for exaggeration, and better adapted for epigram than for truth. That Macaulay never exaggerated his warmest admirer would hardly assert. Like many smaller men, he was sometimes carried away by his theme, and incited to excess by the force of his own arguments. His love of antithesis, which is a rhetorical figure often useful and legitimate, fell at last into a trick, though always restrained within certain limits by the soundness of his taste and the delicacy of his ear. For it is a curious fact that, though Macaulay was utterly unmusical, and did not know 'God save the Queen' from the Hundredth Psalm, the scansion of verse and the rhythm of prose came to him, as reading and writing came to Dogberry, by nature.

To see things vividly and to express them strongly are not vices in a historian, unless the power be abused. Even if it be abused, as it was by Carlyle, who would lead one to suppose that from 1789 to 1794 the people of Paris cared for nothing except Revolution, it is still itself a merit, and not a defect. It is not literally true, or at least Macaulay cannot have known it to be true, that the physically weakest soldiers in the English and French armies at Landen were 'the hunchbacked dwarf who led the fiery onslaught of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.' But intelligent readers do not require to be told that Macaulay cultivated the picturesque, and did not write his History as if he were a witness in a court of law. He was determined to be read not only by students but also by the public, and, indeed, if a book be unreadable nobody much cares what else it is. Dulness is no proof of learning, and brilliancy does not connote shallowness except in the minds of the shallow. The despairing editor of a serious journal once said that the world was divided into people who knew what they were writing about but could not write, and people who could write but did not know what they were writing about. Macaulay combined knowledge with the literary faculty, and to Dryasdust the combination has always been an offence. Macaulay himself was fond of the serjeant who 'shook his head at Murray as a wit'; Murray being the future Lord Mansfield, whose wit has proved more ephemeral than his law. Apart from detailed criticism, some of which is exceedingly interesting and important, the general accusation against Macaulay really resolves itself into this, that he overstated his case and was too much of his own opinion. I do not think it is altogether wise to deny that there is some truth in this charge. The proper answer is that the vehemence of Macaulay's Whiggery and the unqualified manner in which he condemns

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Marlborough and Penn are incidental defects of a very noble quality, the quality of moral indignation. Macaulay was no armchair politician judging of temptations which he had never felt, and of circumstances in which he had never been placed. He sat in the House of Commons, in the Cabinet, in the Council of the Governor-General of India. He knew public life as well as any man of letters ever knew it. But the knowledge did not make him a cynic or a pessimist. He had an almost passionate belief in the progress of society and in the greatness of England. For the opponents of the one and the enemies of the other he had neither toleration nor forbearance.

To many readers Macaulay's incorrigible optimism is undoubtedly a source of irritation. They want to have it proved, not assumed, that the balance of change is improvement, and that current conceptions of progress are anything more than hypotheses of the mind. They must go to the philosophers. They will not find what they want in Macaulay. Macaulay was content to point out the growth and diffusion of wealth, the increase of liberty and of employment, assuming that, though material prosperity was not everything, it was accompanied by a rise of the moral and intellectual standard. It is an incomplete view, and its narrowness is probably the result of the conditions under which Macaulay's life was passed. He was born in the middle of the French war. Almost his earliest lines were dedicated to the memory of Pitt. He entered Parliament just before the introduction of the great Reform Bill. He witnessed the resumption of specie payments, the transformation of the criminal law, the establishment of representative municipalities, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the freedom of Catholics from odious restraints, the removal of the oppressive stamp upon newspapers, the adoption of the penny post. When he was born, England could only be called a free country by comparison with others. When he died, it was to all intents and purposes as free as it is to-day. His life rather more than covered the former half of the nineteenth century, and his view of progress was so far from being singular in his generation that it would have been singular to hold any other. I do not imagine that Macaulay consciously applied his experience of his own times to the age of the Revolution. But his avowed theory was that the Long Parliament in the first place, and William of Orange in the second, laid the foundation of the glory and prosperity which England in his time enjoyed. He lived to see Russia defeated in the Crimea, and the Indian Mutiny suppressed. From 1815 to 1865 England was incontestably the greatest Power in the world. Macaulay had passed away before the consolidation of the United States and the establishment of the German Empire disturbed the balance of power. At the same time, it was his sober and serious conviction that only a morose and perverse mind could doubt the steadiness or the reality of the progress made by the country in the two hundred years before

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he wrote. In his time the race for wealth had not assumed its present intensity, business was conducted in a more sober spirit, and neither statesmen nor capitalists were sighing for more worlds to conquer.

It is a proof of ignorance to assert that Macaulay never admits the Whigs to be in the wrong. In his Introduction he argues elaborately, perhaps too elaborately, that both the innovating and the conservative tempers are necessary to the welfare of the State. The Whig persecution of the Catholics he condemns quite as strongly as Lingard, his respect for Clarendon is high, and for one of the non-juring Bishops, Ken, he expresses something like enthusiasm. The test by which Macaulay tries the men of James II.'s reign and of William III.'s is not Whiggery nor Toryism, but regard for the liberties of England. It is, indeed, difficult to find among the leading men of that time a consistent Whig or a consistent Tory, except perhaps Clarendon and Somers. Halifax, Macaulay's idol, ostentatiously proclaimed himself a Trimmer, and declared that the Trimmers were the salt of the earth. Dryden changed his politics, as a lady changes her bonnets, with the fashion. Marlborough did not take the trouble to change them. He made himself safe by recognising in private the King at St. Germain's and in public the King at Whitehall. Macaulay's approval is reserved for the honest opponents of James and Jeffreys, for the men who were prepared to face the consequences of resisting intolerable tyranny. All his admiration for the clear and subtle intellect of Halifax does not blind him to the weakness and hesitancy of the great Marquess when the hour for action arrived. Macaulay's History is a school of political virtue. No allowance is made there for treachery, for cruelty, for pretence. There is no attempt, even in the supreme instance of Marlborough, to set up national services as an excuse for personal dishonour. Macaulay did not, like Froude, take pleasure in paradox for its own sake, or delight in whitewashing a bad character because it had been painted in its true colours by previous historians. Perhaps he sometimes judged the actors in the Revolution, and in the events which preceded it, in the light of later circumstances such as they could not have foreseen. It is not the least merit of the Bishop of London as a historian that, in his 'History of the Papacy during the Reformation,' he has avoided this error, and carried his mind back to the ideas of the period which he describes. To do that requires imagination, and imagination was not Macaulay's strong point. His strong point, or one of them, is that he never debased the moral currency by lowering the moral standard.

The most serious, and by far the most interesting, attack upon Macaulay's fidelity as a historian is Mr. Paget's 'New Examen.' The quaint, and rather ugly, title suggested by the famous treatise of Roger North, does less than justice to this most lively, ingenious, and

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entertaining work. Mr. Paget approached the subject from the lawyer's point of view, and to demand from the historian a regard for the technical rules of legal evidence is to make history almost impossible. The judge and jury who try a prisoner for a crime are not bound to find out the real criminal. If the prosecution cannot prove their case, the prisoner is acquitted, and the responsibility of the Court is at an end. When Macaulay undertook the task which he has so clearly described in his Preface, he laid himself, as every historian lays himself, under a much larger obligation. A state of doubt, philosophic or otherwise, yields no historical results. Macaulay may have been sometimes too confident. He affirmed without hesitation that Sir Philip Francis wrote the 'Letters of Junius.' It is highly probable that he did, but it is by no means certain, and no jury would convict him if he were alive. Macaulay was quite sure that William III. had no guilty knowledge of the massacre at Glencoe, and that William Penn was an ignoble tool of the worst king who ever reigned in England. Mr. Paget disputes both propositions with subtlety and skill. The verdict of our latest, and not our least brilliant historian, Mr. Goldwin Smith, is with Macaulay on both points, and also on the treachery of Marlborough, which is no longer denied. Mr. Paget's Essays were originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the first appeared in the lifetime of Macaulay. It dealt with Glencoe, and sought to convict the King by quotations from his private letters. Macaulay, so far as I am aware, took no public notice of it. But there is an obvious reference to it in his Diary, accompanied with an expression of surprise that a serious critic of his History should imagine William III. to have conducted his correspondence in English. The language employed by his Majesty was French, and Mr. Paget mistook the translation for the text. It is the more strange that he should have fallen into this error because Macaulay himself is at pains to point out that the King never became an Englishman. The Parliamentary inquiry held some years after the massacre traced it no further than the Master of Stair, and the Master was not the sort of man who would have allowed himself to be made a scapegoat.

On the subject of Penn, Macaulay received a deputation of indignant Quakers, among whom was William Edward Forster, afterwards Chief Secretary for Ireland. He listened to their arguments, made them a speech in reply, and considered that he had completely routed them. Their theory was, in brief, that there were two Penns, and that Macaulay had mistaken one for the other. They seem to have assumed, as so many excellent folk do assume, that the world is divided into bad people who never do anything very good, and good people who never do anything very bad. This is pushing the parable of the sheep and the goats too far. It is con-

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tradicted by the facts of life and the experience of mankind. If Marlborough had received his deserts in the reign of William, he would not have won the glorious victories which light up the reign of Anne. That the founder of Pennsylvania should have stooped to traffic in pardons is more painful than surprising. He is not the only honest man who has been corrupted by a Court. As Macaulay justly said, he was writing the History of England, and not the Life of Penn. It was not his fault if only the least creditable incidents in Penn's career fell within the range of his period and the scope of his subject. Macaulay's judgments were not, I think, habitually severe. A staunch, if somewhat secular, Protestant, he could admire the majesty and dignity which belong to the Church of Rome. He certainly did full justice to the beneficent effects of her authority in those dark ages when there was nothing between lawless violence and the sway of the Church. His beautiful 'Epitaph on a Jacobite,' the most poetical of all his poems, shows how keenly he felt for the sorrows and the self-sacrifice of the party which he most disliked. For honest Tories, from Lord Nottingham to Sir Robert Inglis, he had the highest respect. But meanness, cruelty, and treachery moved him to a wrath which he made no effort to restrain. Without affecting to undervalue the ordinary rewards of political ambition, Macaulay had a hatred of bribery in every shape, which nothing could appease. He was the staunchest of patriots, in his later days a Palmerstonian, and he detested the enemies of England as if they were his own. He had none of Gibbon's cosmopolitan detachment from insular affairs, which so admirably fitted the latter to write what was really a history of the world. If it had been the Master of Trinity, and not the Master of Balliol, who described himself as the head of the first college in the first university in the first country in the world, Macaulay would not have quarrelled with the description.

If there be any historian who wrote a style in which the truth cannot be told, it is Michelet and not Macaulay. Michelet's France is as vivid, as lurid, and as unreal as Balzac's. Macaulay is sometimes accused of being paradoxical, and sometimes of being commonplace. He often put plain truths in an epigrammatic form, as when he said that St. Kilda would not maintain a single pickpocket. The phrenologist who described him as an historical painter may have been an ignorant mountebank, but in this particular instance he was not far wrong. Macaulay painted in rather glowing colours, and drew rather startling contrasts. He loved to show the contradictions of human nature, exhibited, as they so often are, in the same individual. It became a trick with him, almost a vice. But what serious historical event has this habit perverted or disturbed? When the History was a new book, Walter Bagehot, a keen and by no means enthusiastic critic, referred to the almost universal ignorance

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which prevailed among the educated classes in England concerning the close of the seventeenth century. Such an idea seems to this generation absolutely incredible. No period is better known now. Macaulay has formed and instructed the national opinion of events from the death of Charles II. to the Treaty of Ryswick. Is not that opinion substantially sound? There is still an apologist of Jeffreys. There may be apologists of James. There are men and women, loyal subjects of the Queen, who call themselves Jacobites, but the bulk of the nation, whether they have read his History or not, are on the side of Macaulay. Macaulay personified and almost exaggerated the Englishman's love of compromise, his abhorrence of despotism, his passion for liberty, his independence, his adherence to ancient usage and ceremony. A humbler and less accomplished person than Macaulay might have taught that substance was more important than form, that tyranny justified rebellion, that the best revolution was a bloodless one, and that to let a king run away is wiser than to cut off his head. What Macaulay did was to clothe these obvious truths in the most attractive shape, to illustrate them by splendid examples, and to display them in a narrative which can never be obsolete. The trial of the seven bishops, though it raised legal points which are not without interest even now, really resolved itself into the question whether the jury would find for the king or for the people. Macaulay, while never losing sight of the main issue, has developed the course of the struggle in the King's Bench with such consummate art that knowledge of the event does not interfere with the enjoyment of the reader.

No previous writer had done justice to William of Orange. If Macaulay has done him rather more than justice, he has at least supplied a grave defect. The King was not a man who blew his own trumpet. His faults, unless we adopt the atrocious libels of Jacobite pamphleteers, were all on the surface. His manners were ungracious, his sagacity was concealed, and his only conspicuous virtue was a courage at which the bravest men sometimes marvelled. His campaigns were unfortunate, and what Marlborough did after his death he had himself failed to do. But William was the pioneer. The great danger to Europe at the end of the seventeenth century was Louis XIV., as the great danger to Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century was Napoleon. William III., in a fuller sense than William Pitt, was the pilot who weathered the storm. He realised before any other contemporary statesman that the base and ambitious charlatan who sat upon the throne of France, and was served by generals of whom he was quite unworthy, would destroy the liberties of mankind unless he were confronted by a Protestant coalition, which even he would be powerless to withstand. It was not love of England but hatred of Louis which animated the policy of the great King, the last Foreign Minister to

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wear a crown. Yet he was faithful to his trust, and was a far truer benefactor to the country of his adoption than the Plantagenet conquerors of the Middle Ages. Modern England has been said to date from the Civil War. It really dates from the Revolution which destroyed the personal power of the King. William's position was peculiar. A King with a recent and a Parliamentary title can afford to assert his legal prerogatives without exciting the suspicion that he is hostile to Parliament. William III. vetoed Bills, which was more than George III. ever ventured to do. But his influence was derived from the force of a strong character and the memory of recent benefits, not from the kingly office, which the Stuarts had degraded beyond hope of restoration in its old form. Macaulay had to trace the origin of the Cabinet, that secret committee which has become the governing body of the Empire. The King presided at Cabinets, and so did Queen Anne. The accident that George I. knew no English gave to the Ministers without the Sovereign the power which they have exercised ever since. The Sovereign is entitled to be informed of what passes in Cabinet, and to demand the collective opinion of the Ministers in writing. But by that opinion the Sovereign is bound, subject to the chance of finding another set of Ministers who will be supported by the House of Commons.

Mr. Cotter Morison, who acquits Marlborough of treason and convicts Macaulay of misrepresentation on the absurdly irrelevant ground that the French knew of the intended attack on Brest before Marlborough told them, was much delighted with a sentence he discovered in a letter from the historian to Macvey Napier: 'I shall not be satisfied,' Macaulay wrote, 'unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.' Mr. Morison triumphed greatly over this mare's nest. 'This, then,' he exclaims, 'was Macaulay's polestar by which he guided his historical argosy over the waters of the past—young ladies for readers, laying down the novel of the season to take up his *History of England*.' Prodigious. But does 'I shall not be satisfied unless' mean 'I shall be satisfied if'? Did Mr. Morison ever read that other passage in which Macaulay said that he wrote with the year two thousand in view? Mr. Morison was a great admirer of Gibbon. Gibbon in his 'Autobiography' boasts that his first two volumes were on almost every toilet-table. Gibbon, then, I suppose, wrote exclusively for young ladies, especially the Greek quotations in the notes, and would have been quite satisfied to supersede the 'Castle of Otranto' in its ephemeral fame. To such ludicrous nonsense are clever men led by the fallacy which associates dulness with learning. No book serves better the functions of a mirror than Macaulay's *History*. To the shallow and superficial it appears superficial and shallow. But the more a man studies the period

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which Macaulay chose for his own, the more will he be struck by the historian's mastery of the most obscure episodes and the most minute details. Even such well-known works as the 'Lives of the Norths,' and the political tracts of Lord Halifax, will show the mingled fidelity and skill with which Macaulay availed himself of his materials. Mr. Morison was unfortunate. He came, as Sancho Panza says, for wool, and went away shorn. He never lets poor Macaulay off. In the diary of his travels in Italy Macaulay says of the church of Santa Croce at Florence that it had 'an ugly, mean outside,' and that 'there was not much to admire in the architecture within.' That this is so any one can see for himself, and perhaps the remark was not worth making. But Mr. Morison, thinking that all Italian churches were beautiful, or that Macaulay must be wrong on a matter of taste, prematurely invoked 'the shade of Mr. Ruskin.' This was particularly unlucky. For, as Mr. Rawson Gardiner pointed out at the time, Mr. Ruskin has said with pardonable exaggeration that Santa Croce is the ugliest Gothic church in the world. It was not often that Ruskin and Macaulay agreed.

The Essays stand, of course, upon a different footing. A historian cannot complain of any criticism, however searching, relentless, and minute. Macaulay's Essays have secured a permanent place in literature against his will, and almost without his consent. Some of them, such as the Essay on History, the Essay on Mirabeau, and the Essay on Barère, were not republished, and never would have been republished, while he lived. For permitting the re-issue of the others he pleaded the appearance of an incorrect version in America over which he had no control, and he made a special apology for the Essay on Milton, which he wrote when he was twenty-five, but which made him famous. They were, in fact, what would now be called pot-boilers, and their author originally designed for them a life of three months each in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. But *habent sua fata libelli*. The blind Fury with the abhorred shears did not present herself at quarter-day, and the Essays have now survived the writer nearly forty years without any perceptible diminution of their popularity. Some of them have been submitted to an exhaustively scientific dissection such as no similar works have ever been called upon to endure. The late James Spedding was one of the most learned and accomplished men of his time. He dedicated himself with passionate and disinterested enthusiasm to the study and defence of Bacon, whose works he edited, and whose Life he wrote. Mr. Spedding devoted two octavo volumes to an attack upon the first part, and the first part only, of Macaulay's Essay on Bacon. This book was written in the lifetime of Macaulay. It was not published till after the death of Mr. Spedding. It is called 'Evenings with a Reviewer.' Was such a compliment ever paid to a reviewer before or since? Mr. Spedding's principal object was to vindicate

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Bacon's memory from the charges of betraying Essex and of taking bribes. How far he has succeeded it is not for me to say. A more readable and instructive contribution to historical research it has seldom been my good fortune to meet. But it has, I think, one artistic defect. The form is that of a dialogue between A and B, the real persons being Spedding and Macaulay. It is, however, a sham fight. The fictitious Macaulay has little or nothing to say for himself. The real Macaulay would have had a good deal. Mr. Spedding points out that Bacon took money from both parties to a suit, after which he decided in accordance with the law. This apology strikes me as rather ingenious than sound. To Macaulay's argument that Bacon must have known the difference between right and wrong as well as the House of Commons who impeached him and the House of Lords who condemned him, Mr. Spedding replied that bribery at elections was denounced in public and condoned in private. But the moral difference between giving bribes and taking them cannot be altogether ignored.

The Essay thus treated by the first, though not the most impartial, of all authorities on Bacon was written in India by a busy Member of Council with very imperfect materials at his command. The same cannot be said of the Essay on Warren Hastings, against which Sir James Fitzjames Stephen directed his heavy guns. Sir James was jealous for the purity of the judicial ermine, and he resented Macaulay's aspersions upon Sir Elijah Impey. This led him incidentally into a defence of Hastings, who was accused by Burke and Sheridan of conspiring with Impey to procure the conviction of Nuncomar. Fitzjames Stephen's two volumes are not quite so amusing as Mr. Spedding's, and the fact of their existence is perhaps not quite so complimentary to the Essayist. But they contain a very able attempt to prove that Hastings had nothing to do with the prosecution of Nuncomar, that the nominal prosecutor, a native, was also the real one, and that Impey, who had three puisne judges sitting with him, did no more than he was bound to do. It seems to me that a large part of this judicial apology for a judge is vitiated by the fallacy known as *ignoratio elenchi*. Most of the first volume is occupied with an elaborate argument that Nuncomar was guilty of felony by English law, which Macaulay does not deny. What Macaulay says is that it was monstrously cruel to hang a Hindoo for forgery, and it must be remembered that the judges had by statute the power of respiting the sentence. That Hastings instituted the proceedings against Nuncomar, Macaulay asserts without proving, and it cannot now, if it ever could, be proved. I think it must be admitted that in this Essay Macaulay assumed the Managers of the impeachment to be right, that he wrote, if one may say so, from their brief, and that he did not verify the facts by much original research. This would be a serious charge to bring against any part

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of the History. In reviewing Mr. Gleig's book, Macaulay may pardonably have felt that a general and honest belief in the truth of the accusations against Hastings and Impey did not require to be substantiated by fresh and specific evidence. Sir Alfred Lyall has probably given the fairest account of the greatest man who ever ruled India. It was not the business of Hastings to be a saint or a hero, and he was unquestionably a statesman.

Matthew Arnold disputed Macaulay's claim to be a poet, and most of his verses, such as the celebrated 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' are undoubtedly rhetorical. But a definition of poetry which excludes the 'Epitaph on a Jacobite' can hardly be sound. The lines which Macaulay composed after his defeat at Edinburgh in 1847 are unequal and may perhaps be open to the criticism that they exaggerate the loss of a seat. But their manliness and dignity, touched as they are with sincere emotion, give them a peculiar and personal interest of their own. Macaulay certainly had the poetic gift when he was young, as his Byronic 'Sermon in a Churchyard' is enough to show. He was twenty-five when he wrote it, and one stanza will be read with interest, if only for the closing line :

Here learn that all the griefs and joys,
Which now torment, which now beguile,
Are children's hurts, and children's toys,
Scarce worthy of one bitter smile.
Here learn that pulpit, throne, and press,
Sword, sceptre, lyre, alike are frail,
That science is a blind man's guess,
And history a nurse's tale.

Macaulay's cynicism was skin deep, and did not last long. Though he felt private griefs, and even such things as the marriage of a sister, which most people would not regard as griefs at all, with peculiar intensity, he was an incorrigible optimist in public affairs. This optimism pervades his History, and perhaps annoys more readers than his Whig principles or prejudices. It led Miss Martineau to make the blunt remark that he had no heart. How affectionate was his real nature every one now knows. His reflections on the death of Monmouth show that he felt, with the old Roman poet, how things had their tears. I mean, of course, the description of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower, where Monmouth was buried.

In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown ; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities ; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny ; with the savage triumph of implacable enemies ; with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends ; with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame.

The whole passage is admirable, but is too long to quote in full.

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Macaulay was a great historian, but he was not a historian alone. His History is a noble lesson in the principles of Constitutional freedom and respect for civil justice. The moral of it is contained in the celebrated reply of Serjeant Maynard to the Prince of Orange. 'You must,' said William, 'have survived most of your contemporaries in the law.' 'Yes, sir, and if it had not been for your Highness I should have survived the law too.' Macaulay's life as a writer and as a politician was consecrated to the service of freedom. His style is far from perfect. It has often a hard sound and a metallic look. To say with Matthew Arnold that it has the perpetual semblance of hitting the right nail on the head without the reality is in my judgment absurd. Macaulay habitually hit the right nail on the head, and he did not, as Mr. Arnold sometimes did, knock out two tacks in the process. But there is always the semblance as well as the reality, and it is the reality without the semblance which charms us in the greatest writers of all. It would have been better for Macaulay if he had written less like Gibbon and more like Swift. But it was hard writing, and therefore it is easy reading. He worked to save his readers the trouble he took himself, and he deserves their gratitude as well as their admiration. 'Mr. Scarlett a great lawyer?' said the honest Yorkshireman, discussing the leaders of the Northern Circuit, 'why, he always has such easy cases.' To make a simple thing difficult will attract more praise from some critics than to make a difficult thing simple. Thackeray has described Macaulay's labour and its results with exquisite felicity.

Take [he says] at hazard any three pages of the 'Essays, or the History,' and shimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is that epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbour, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble, previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

In one class of writing Macaulay was easily first. The short biographies of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt, which he contributed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' are perfect models of artistic condensation. Yet, if I may say so, I can never forgive Macaulay for his cruel and unaccountable injustice to Mrs. Thrale.

There is one point in which Macaulay, who had otherwise small reason to complain of fortune, did not receive his due while he was alive. Apart from his books, his chief service to mankind was the Indian Penal Code. Yet even after his death Miss Martineau could write :

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The story of that unhappy Code is well known. It is usually spoken of by Whig leaders as merely shelved, and ready for reproduction at some time of leisure ; but the fact is that there is scarcely a definition that will stand the examination of lawyer or layman for an instant, and scarcely a description or provision through which a coach and horses may not be driven. All hope of Macaulay as a lawyer, and also as a philosopher, was over for any one who had seen that Code.

Macaulay's Code is now the law throughout the length and breadth of British India. It is so clear that few legal difficulties have been raised on it, and hardly any amendments have been made in it. It has been pronounced by high authority superior in all essential particulars to the Penal Code of France, to the North German Code of 1871, and to Livingstone's famous Code of Louisiana. The Code was drawn up by a Commission, of which Macaulay was only chairman. But no intelligent person can read a paragraph of it without perceiving from internal evidence that Macaulay was its real author. Few men of letters have done a more important bit of practical work. But, of course, it is not as a legislator that Macaulay will be remembered. Sir George Trevelyan speaks of the sacrifices which he made to literature. They have been well repaid. One could as well imagine European history without Napoleon as English literature without Macaulay.

A NOTE ON RUSKIN

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE



SKELETON biography, a final appreciation, of Ruskin—they would both be out of place to-day. Facts, so far as facts are vouchsafed, have been supplied in abundance by the daily broad-sheet, which has contained criticism, and able criticism too; but it is yet too early to assign to Ruskin the precise place that will eventually be his. Still, he died old, and he died fourteen years after the completion of his real work; and so, even under the shadow of a loss felt poignantly, we are fourteen years nearer the time when it may be possible to gauge his work with at least such justice as belongs to a happy detachment from prepossession and prejudice. As years pass the point of view shifts. Even the working days of Ruskin were long enough for himself to condemn or modify some of his earlier utterances. And, for us—well! we remember that two generations—more than fifty years—have passed since the first volume of ‘Modern Painters’ excited the Town. Why did it excite the Town so much? For two reasons. It revealed a revolutionary in Criticism, and, with all its faults, it revealed a new genius in Writing.

Some people have said to me, since Ruskin’s death, ‘He was not a great Critic.’ When they say so there is an inexactness in their thought. He was a very great critic, though he was not a perfect one. He spotted weak places, and he exposed them fearlessly, and to do that—though not to do it as your principal business—is one of the conditions of the criticism that is great. The honeyed utterance, the suave and genial vision—they perform but half of the task. Again, the capacity of Ruskin is attested by the illumination he shed upon noble work he was the first to appreciate. It is all very well to say, in regard to any particular genius in Pictorial Art, in Sculpture, in Poetry, in Prose Fiction, ‘Oh, if So-and-So had never written, that man would have been appreciated all the same!’ Would he? Not quite ‘the same;’ although in time—as the Human Race is at bottom intelligent—in time he would doubtless have been valued.

And further, in support of the assertion that Ruskin was no great critic, it has been said to me—it has been said in the street—that if you asked painters whether he was a critic of Painting, they would say ‘No: he was perhaps a critic of Architecture’; and if you asked architects whether he was a critic of Architecture, they would say ‘No: but perhaps he was a critic of Painting.’ But one does not ask painters, charged of necessity with the prejudices of the particular studio—the school in which they learnt, or the school they have founded—one does not put to them, but to students and men of the world, more detached and impartial, the suggested

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query. It is much the same with architects—except that their art, like surgery, involves a more special knowledge. But, even accepting for the moment—as, in civility, one is bound to accept—the craftsman's pretension to be the judge without appeal, as to who is the real critic of his particular craft, I have had to say, 'The painter may not say, perhaps, that Ruskin knew much about Painting. The architect mayn't say he knew much about Architecture. I cede the point, for the moment. But you will not find the Writer who shall tell you that Ruskin knew little about Writing.'

A great master in Literature—that he is, in any case; and it is not a small thing to be a great Master.

As to the subjects in the elucidation of which Ruskin exercised, or could exercise, his mastery, it may be that, for the genius he was, for the thinker, the poet, the artist in Writing, they were, for all their apparent range, in truth somewhat limited. Had there not been beautiful Painting, noble Architecture, yet more, a lovely and ever-varied world of inanimate Nature it was his delight to study and to expound—and upon which it was his especial function, in the phrase of Browning, to 'put colour, poetising'—Ruskin would have been without his material; his ingenuity in craftsmanship unstimulated, his very impulse absent and withdrawn. For, many of the themes, much of the material that engages habitually the artist in Literature, were not material for Ruskin. And what I dare to call the richest fields of the imaginative writer, it was not for him to till. He loved outward incident, romantic adventure—witness his appreciation of Scott—but there is no reason to suppose that he could ever have created it. Indeed, actual creation—whether of incident or character—was not his gift at all. A few poems, and 'The King of the Golden River,' an allegory graceful perhaps but hardly very remarkable, and there, with his youth still upon him, was an end of the work that even *endeavoured* to be creative. But allegory, outward incident, romantic adventure—not one of them, surely, is the 'richest field,' I spoke about. That 'richest field' of the imaginative writer is, surely, human character, human emotion. And what indication is there that with subtlety, in the complex necessary way, Ruskin understood that? To understand that, requires four things—Reading, Observation, Intuition, Life. When Ruskin laid aside creative work altogether, what time had he had for Observation and Life? Of Reading—the least important of all four things that I have named—he had about as much as most people. About as much; no more. Of Intuition—the Divine, the spiritual gift, which yet of itself comes partly of experience, or comes never fully without it—of dramatic intuition, of the sense of how, in a given crisis, this man, that woman, would behave—of all that, had he even a trace? We have no reason to think it.

Well then, the class of theme was limited—and I have said what

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it was—which presented itself to Ruskin as material on which could be exercised his mastery of his art of expression. That being allowed, of the capacity of what instrument in the whole great orchestra of literary effect, was he, one wonders, ignorant? For myself, I remember none. The instrument of irony he commanded as completely as the instrument of tenderness. He could be playful; he could be indignant; he could be properly bitter. He could be sweet and honeyed indeed; his paths could drop fatness. Beauty, force, intricate ornament, splendid directness—they were all alike his.

One wonders—any craftsman in his particular art of Writing has the right to wonder and inquire—Was this mastery obtained with ease, or reached for with difficulty? In the act of writing—apart from the time necessarily involved, in lowest computation, for the quickest production of so many volumes, so many million words—was there a burning of the midnight oil, a tearing himself to pieces, a prolonged and obstinate, fatiguing wrestling with the difficulties of his appointed task? At times of course there must have been. But when one remembers how great is the bulk of Ruskin's productions, and that a working life not short indeed, but not unusually long—for three-and-twenty saw about the beginning of it and three-and-sixty saw what we may call its close—was vouchsafed to the artist, and furthermore, that he travelled much, drew much, and very carefully, studied monuments *in situ*, from England to Italy, one must come to the conclusion that on the whole the work was done rapidly, done easily, done without detrimental effort, except the effort involved (and serious enough indeed!) by its mere bulk and mass. Besides, in reading it—in reading especially the very early volumes and the very late ones—fluency, actual fluency, a thing so different from the not less admirable ease that in others is achieved laboriously, seems its characteristic.

I have spoken of the particular fluency of quite early works and quite late ones. Each had its own character. The first—of which the first volumes of 'Modern Painters' offer the best example—had the exuberance of youth; youth fanciful and fertile, irrepressible, comparatively unreflecting. The second—in which one would name the best things in 'Fors Clavigera' and 'Preterita'—had something of the garrulousness of age; but not that alone; the garrulousness had not gone far enough to be a fault; in it there was something of the pure ease of experience; it was liquid and flowing; it was far less constantly ornamented; it was better in so far as there was measure and restraint in the ornament; but I do not know that one can say of it, as a whole, that it had gained in balance—I mean in literary balance—in perfection of proportions. And as regards mental balance—well! it had fads, along with wonderful ripeness. But it was exquisitely personal, of charming, limpid simplicity.

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The charm of the later writing—so different both from the exuberance of the earlier, and the measured strength and gravity of some of the middle period, in the 'Seven Lamps' for instance—was, so far at least as I can tell and remember, the charm of the later man ; the man approaching old age ; claiming some of its privileges ; exercising its rights of unfettered affection towards the persons and objects it chose ; chiding, encouraging ; asking to be accepted implicitly.

Only twice did I see Ruskin—I never knew him, though not long before his death I was cheered by the news of some implied approval of his for a contemplated performance of my own. Only twice did I see him. Once was at a lecture—his lecture on 'Snakes'—at the London Institution. Once was at a house in Prince of Wales's Terrace—or very near it—at Mrs. Bishop's, where for her delight and that of her friends he lectured privately, and charming it was, but the effort was less admirable and less complete than that at the London Institution. At both places, what one felt about him was that he was benign and bewitching ; but at the London Institution—perhaps owing in part to the greater urgency and reasonableness of his theme (it was a protest, indignant, affectionate, against the evils of cramming)—at the London Institution he had the most of force and of depth.

I remember well his advent—the door opening at the bottom of the theatre—and, with William Morris I think, and certainly Frederic Leighton and other friends, and patting Leighton on the back (or was it William Morris ?) a little nervously, yet bearing himself bravely, the observed of observers, this man of world-wide fame and, what is so much more impressive and important to those who feel it at all, of extraordinary and magnetic genius—this genius was suddenly amongst us. And, gravely and slowly, with a voice at once of good quality and a rough, Cumbrian burr, Ruskin began his discourse. All listened intently ; and as the theme developed, and his interest in it gained, and as he felt—for he must have felt—that he held us in the hollow of his hand—the fascination increased, and the power and beauty that justified it. I have heard, with great delight, another impressive genius—Tennyson—read some of his poems. The enjoyment was singular ; the experience remarkable. But, in the drawing-room in Manchester Square, the author of 'The Revenge ; a Ballad of the Fleet' reached no effect that was quite so much of an enchantment, as did John Ruskin, with the voice more and more wonderful and tender, that March afternoon in Finsbury.

PERDITA' ROBINSON

From the painting by Mr. Joshua Reynolds, 1798, in the collection of "Baroness Waltham de Rothschild."

"Goddess"

Mary, Robinson.

From the painting by Mr. Joshua Reynolds, 1798, in the collection of "Baroness Waltham de Rothschild."



PERDITA' ROBINSON



ON the night of December 3, 1778, all was excitement behind the scenes at Drury Lane Theatre. Garrick's version of Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale' had proved a success, and was that night to be played by royal command before royalty itself. The fair and already famous Mrs. Robinson had made a hit as Perdita, and it was shrewdly anticipated that her charms in this attractive part would not be without their effect upon the susceptible heart of the young and fascinating Prince of Wales. These hopes were not falsified. The fair lady danced herself into the young prince's too inflammable affections. An introduction followed, then a correspondence between Florizel and his Perdita (was not the name itself of evil boding?) and then stolen interviews underneath the sober shades of Kew.

Je ne change qu'en mourant was inscribed on the miniature of her royal lover, which the lady pressed against her bosom, and on the other side *Unalterable to my Perdita through life*.

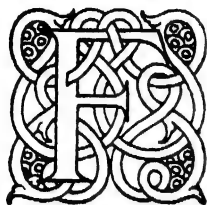
But alas! for lover's vows and royal promises, the roses and raptures (as a later poet would have it) were as fleeting as they were passionate. Florizel found another face as fair, and Perdita was left to mourn like Dido, and to nurse and incubate a series of imaginary wrongs.

To return to the public stage was too great a descent for one who had almost felt the sensation of a throne. Perdita, though far from being inconsolable, made as much capital as she could out of her cruel desertion. She sought notoriety in literature, pouring out prose, verse, and drama in a steady flow, all of a mild and inoffensive nature, and dabbled as 'Laura Maria' in the elegant fantasies of the so-called Della Cruscan circle of poets.

She lies now in Old Windsor Churchyard, close to the Thames and almost under the shadow of the royal castle of Windsor. Her tomb is large and adorned with verses, almost as bad as those she wrote herself. Even in death she seemed unwilling to part with the shadow of her bygone royal favours. It is a poor tale, that of 'Perdita' Robinson. She was, at all events, a very beautiful woman, and sat often to Sir Joshua Reynolds, whereby she conferred more than one benefit upon posterity as well as on herself.

LIONEL CUST.

SOME LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD AND OTHERS BY LADY DOROTHY NEVILL



FROM my earliest youth, which was passed at my father's house in Norfolk, I was in the habit of meeting political people. My father, himself a Tory of the Tories, was wont to express himself in unmeasured terms against Radical innovations. Indeed, so ultra-Conservative was he, that railways were a very abomination to him, and to the last day of his life he avoided going by them when it was possible to do so.

My brothers were both in Parliament, and the elder of them, had he cared to overcome the indolence which I am compelled to say was his principal failing, might, I am certain, have attained a great position in the councils of the State. An intimate friend of Lord Beaconsfield, he had frequently spoken of me to him before I met that statesman. This first meeting with Lord Beaconsfield occurred in the year 1845. It was at the house of Lady C. C——. Well do I remember his coming up to me and introducing himself. His words were—'you are the sister of my dear Walpole and I must know you.' Proceeding to pay me a very graceful compliment, he was good enough to declare that I resembled nothing so much as a picture of the time of George II. walking out of its frame. My brother, indeed, was one of Lord Beaconsfield's most intimate friends. The following letter of condolence, written on the occasion of the death of another brother (the Honourable Frederick Walpole, M.P. for the Northern Division of Norfolk), shows how sympathetically the great statesman could write :—

‘April 4, 1876.

‘MON BIEN CHER,—Your note last night was another offering to the altar of our friendship on which a dear bright flame has burnt for forty years and more. I will not attempt to console you in a severe domestic sorrow, for consolation is ever fruitless, but I am privileged to offer you my sympathy. I will say nothing now of the public consequence of this untimely death further than to express my hope that nothing may be done without your advice and sanction, and that the name of Walpole may always be connected with the county of Norfolk.

‘Ever your devoted friend, ‘D.’

For many years we were near neighbours, living opposite one another in Upper Grosvenor Street, and so naturally became great friends. In society Lord Beaconsfield, unless something occurred to arouse his interest, was wont to be rather inclined towards silence and took but little part in the general (and somewhat frivolous) conversation which must there necessarily prevail. Indeed, I have seen

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him in contemplative moods when he would hardly utter a word, and when one instinctively felt that he was not to be disturbed by ordinary trivialities. Nor perhaps was there any cause for astonishment that he should occasionally fall into such moods. His eventful life was full of ups and downs—a battle, if ever there was one—but, as his own motto puts it, *Nihil forti difficile*, and he conquered splendidly in the end.

I possess several souvenirs of his political career, for it was a way of his to present me with any little mementoes of his election fights, &c., which he thought might be of interest to one who, like her kinsman of Strawberry Hill, adores collecting.

Perhaps the most interesting of these relics is a 'blue silk ribbon' which was his election colour in Buckinghamshire. This ribbon, on which 'Disraeli' is embroidered, was distributed to his loyal electors. I possess several old-time photographs of Lord Beaconsfield, and about one of these I cannot help relating the following little anecdote. The picture in question was given me by Mrs. Disraeli, and on doing so she somewhat indignantly said: 'Fancy! The photographer actually wanted Dizzy [so she always called him] to be taken standing near a chair, but I soon settled that, for I said Dizzy has always stood alone and he shall continue to stand alone.'

Any *contretemps* in the political world were apt to make Lord Beaconsfield take a somewhat despondent view of things. No doubt this was owing in a great measure to the difficulties and obstacles he had encountered at the beginning of his Parliamentary career, and he was wont to attribute much to his own fancied unpopularity, which in reality arose from ordinary political reasons.

On more than one occasion when on all hands it was being declared that the Government was unpopular, I remember his saying to me: 'Ah, it is not my Government they dislike; I tell you it is *me* they dislike.' Eventually, however, the moment having arrived when he had reached the highest pinnacle to which political ambition in England can aspire, he appeared to be convinced that his unpopularity was a thing of the past. I congratulated him, and his reply was, 'Yes, it is all well and good now, and at last I feel my position assured.'

During the disasters of the Zulu War Lord Beaconsfield saw a good deal of the late Lady Chesterfield (a most clever, shrewd woman, and a great friend of mine) and of myself, and he used to say that in our society he almost forgot the worries by which he was beset. At that time, when writing to Lady Chesterfield, who lived next door but one to me, Lord Beaconsfield almost invariably directed his letters:

To THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD,

Next door to

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

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In any artistic work I chanced to be engaged upon he took a great interest, and, having asked me to give him some specimen of it, I illuminated upon a dried leaf (a mild form of artistic recreation much in vogue in those days) the words 'Dorothy to her friend Disraeli,' which leaf, after his death, the executors very kindly allowed me to have.

Lord Beaconsfield, calling upon me one day, humorously declared that the populace were much more given to reading than was generally supposed. 'I have,' he said, 'just come here in a hansom and what do you think happened? Whilst on the way my driver suddenly pops up the trap and addresses me, saying, "Sir, I know who you are and have read all your novels bar 'Lothair!'"' His amusement was unbounded at having been driven by such a literary cabman.

Personally, although fond of his earlier novels, the later ones failed to interest me deeply. Meeting Lord Beaconsfield at dinner one day, and sitting next him, the conversation turned upon 'Endymion,' which had then just been published. I had read a review of it and proceeded to discuss the book with its author. He was pleased at the interest I appeared to have taken in his work, and expressed some slight astonishment at the careful study I had made of it. Impelled, as it were by Satan, I of a sudden burst out and said, 'Do you know, as a matter of fact, I have not read one line of "Endymion," and everything I have just been saying about it is taken from a review at which I chanced to glance.' He was amused at my frankness, and complimented me in the most good-humoured fashion upon the clever way in which I had tricked him, adding that it was well worthy of my sex.

I fancy that some lines in a speech delivered to the Manchester Athenæum in 1844 were considered by Lord Beaconsfield to be the finest he had ever uttered, for he frequently spoke of them to me, and I wrote them out in old English letters, at which he was much pleased, and added his signature. I do not know whether the lines in question are generally known, but, in any case, there can be but small harm in my repeating them here :

'Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primæval earth, its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour of the Empyrean, while the great authors who for traditionary ages have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and heaven.'

Lord Beaconsfield was an excellent correspondent, and I have many letters which, from time to time, I received from him. A great many of them naturally deal only with the ordinary small

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civilities of life, but some seem to me of more or less general interest, and a few of these I propose to reproduce. In several of these letters reference is made to presents of strawberries. The owner of Hughenden was extremely fond of that fruit, and I am, indeed, rather inclined to think that he cared for it even more than for the legendary primrose, with which his memory is now very prettily associated. I remember meeting Mr. Gladstone some time after Lord Beaconsfield's death, when he turned our conversation upon the supposed love of his dead rival for the little yellow flower. 'Tell me, Lady Dorothy,' said he, 'upon your honour have you ever heard Lord Beaconsfield express any particular fondness for the primrose?' I was obliged to admit that I had not, upon which Mr. Gladstone said, 'The gorgeous lily, I think, was more to his taste!'

Of all the letters from Lord Beaconsfield which I possess the one I most prize is a brief note informing me of his election as a Knight of the Shire for Bucks. It is hastily scribbled upon a half sheet of paper. There is in it a quaint allusion to the 'chair' in which at that time it was customary to hoist a successful candidate. It runs:

'AYLESBURY.

'MY DEAREST DOROTHY,—I write you this as I get out of the Chair to tell you I am returned Knight of the Shire for the County of Bucks after a terrible row.

'My wife sends her love and I also.

'Yours, 'D.'

The letter of congratulation I received from him on my marriage has always seemed to me a model of what such a letter should be, and so I give it here:

'DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—Your charming recollection of me at the most charming moment of your life is worthy of your sweet and gentle nature. I assure you I thought of you very often on the eventful day, and wished you all the felicity which no one more deserves.

'Pray make my kind regards acceptable to Mr. Nevill: when I see him I shall congratulate him on his good fortune. I look forward with great interest to cultivating his society, and I am sure that I shall be ever, if you will permit me,

'Your faithful friend,

'B. DISRAELI.'

Just before the opening of the political campaign of 1861 I received the following:

'CARLTON CLUB, April 24, 1861.

'DEAREST DOROTHY,—There never were such strawberries! They would have gained the prize in any county. But sweeter

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than the strawberries was your kindness in remembering me.

‘We are at the commencement of a great struggle. On Monday I executed a reconnaissance in force, which will probably be continued for a week, and during that process I expect to find out the weak point in the enemy’s position, and shall in due course give them battle. Every night I come home from a most anxious and exhausting field, I am greeted by the representatives of your faithful affection. They are so large and fragrant that I always expect a fairy will jump out of them—like yourself!’ ‘Ever yours, ‘D.

‘My love to Mericia, with whom I was delighted.’

Lord Beaconsfield was very fond of my daughter Mericia, to whom he alludes in the above postscript.

In December 1862 he writes informing me of the alterations which Mrs. Disraeli is carrying out at Hughenden, and humorously deplores the appearance of architects upon the scene :

‘HUGHENDEN MANOR, *December 5, 1862.*

‘DEAR DOROTHY,—Mary Anne has requested me to be her secretary, and, though I am a bad letter-writer, it is always agreeable to write to you.

‘In your last letter, which had no date, you talk of being in town the beginning of November, and speculate on the chance of meeting us there ; but the postmark of your letter is November 17, and it reached us, of course, two days afterwards. Is it possible that it was mislaid ?

‘Hughenden is now a chaos, for Mary Anne is making a new garden. She never loved her old one ; and now she has more than twenty navvies at work, levelling and making terraces.

‘We have as many workmen inside of the house, for although I always thought that, both from form and situation, I was safe from architects, it turns out that I was wrong, and Hughenden House will soon assume a new form and character.

‘In a week we go to Devonshire—and you will quickly say, full time to do so. After a fortnight at Torquay, we are going on for a few days to the Normanbys, who are dwelling in Lord Mount-Edgcumbe’s winter villa. Then we shall pay a visit to our Lord-Lieutenant, who lives at Gayhurst, fifty miles and more from this : a very different county to the land of Cowper and lowing kine and pastoral meads, whereas we dwell in beech-clad hills, and among trout-streams and watercresses—and then will come Parliament !

‘Adieu, dearest Dorothy. Nevill, I hope, is well. Kiss, for

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me, Mericia, who will be beautiful at the right time—and
believe me, 'Your affectionate 'Dis.

'THE LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.'

The following may also be of some interest :

'HUGHENDEN MANOR, *April 17, 1865.*

'DEAR DOROTHY,—We were very much obliged to you for your strawberries and for your letter, and are always for anything which reminds us of one we love so much.

'We came down here with our own horses : the first time for many years. How delightful after railroads ! We baited at Gerrard's Cross, twenty miles from town, and then strolled into Bulstrode Park to see the new house the Duke of Somerset is building in that long-neglected but enchanting spot. There, though they told us we should find nobody but the clerk of the works, we found the Duke and Duchess, who had come down for a couple of hours by rail from Slough, and so they lionised us over all their new creation, which is a happy and successful one—a Tudor pile, very seemly and convenient, and built amid the old pleasaunce which I described, thirty years ago, in "Henrietta Temple," for Bulstrode, then mansionless and deserted, was the origin of Armine. Excuse this egotism, the characteristic of scribblers, even when they have left off work.

'Adieu ! dear Dorothy.

'D.'

The following, sent me in 1878, refers to one of my offerings of strawberries :

'10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
'*March 13, 1878.*

'The most charming "deputation" I ever received. They faithfully represented, in their fragrance and their brightness, the dear friend who sent them to her attached

'BEACONSFIELD.'

In 1877 I sent Lord Beaconsfield the 'New Republic,' which had then just been published. The author, Mr. Mallock, I considered to be a most clever young man, certain to do good work in the future. Lord Beaconsfield was much pleased with the book :

'10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
'*November 13, 1877.*

'MY DEAR DOROTHY,—I really am quite at a loss to remember whether I wrote to you, or not, about the Ch. Excelsa, which you so kindly sent to Hughenden, and which, I know, safely arrived there. I shall soon see it, for I hope to be home in a few days. Then, too, I will make a search for the

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"New Republic," which, they assure me, is there. I wish all its characters were, for Hughenden would then be amusing.

'Did I, or did I not, write to you about it when I returned from Eridge? I have to write so many letters that I can't decide, and my conscience would prick me if I had neglected to tell you how very pleased I was with the book: very witty and rather wise, and almost unequalled as a first effort.

'Your affectionate

'BEACONSFIELD.'

Mr. Mallock's book is mentioned in another letter. It had been mislaid at Hughenden for some time, and I had been inquiring for it:

'DEAR DOROTHY,—Here is the lost book; lost amid changes of residence and Ministries.

'Your book-plate is excellent, and I think I shall adopt it.

'One of the advantages in losing for a time these volumes is that I have enjoyed the happy opportunity of quietly and critically reading them at Hughenden.

'It is a capital performance, and the writer will, I think, take an eminent position in our future literature.

'I hope you are well. I have been a prisoner for five weeks with the gout, which attacked me with renovating ferocity, for it cured all my other ailments.

'Yours ever,

'BEACONSFIELD.'

The book-plate referred to was an idea of mine for preventing the loss of books, which I have found very useful. It is, I fear, singularly inartistic and somewhat brutal, but stern necessity (for I was always losing volumes) caused me to adopt it. A slip of paper, with 'Stolen from Lady Dorothy Nevill' printed upon it, is pasted in all my books, and very useful have I found it. Many people quite innocently forgot to return any volumes which may have been lent them, and the little notice acts as an excellent reminder.

Lady Beaconsfield was heart and soul devoted to her husband, and this affection, which was sometimes quite touching to observe, was heartily reciprocated by him. She was an extremely shrewd woman, and I well remember seeing her once utterly defeat the schemes of certain people hostile to her husband, who were attempting by asking questions to entrap her into making some statement which they could utilise for their own purposes. She completely routed them, showing the while great tact and patience. Lord Beaconsfield was much attached to his wife, and was wont to look to her for comfort and consolation in the times of stress and difficulty through which he passed. Possessing a great fund of humour, she was in every way a remarkable woman, and undoubtedly did a good deal to

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influence her husband towards reaching that great political position which he eventually attained.

In 1872 Lady Beaconsfield's health began to decline, and the whole summer was passed in London till she gathered sufficient strength to be able to travel to Hughenden :

‘GROSVENOR GATE, *September 26, 1872.*

‘MY DEAR DOROTHY,—Yes! we have been here the whole summer. Such a thing never happened before. It tells our sad tale, but I rejoice to tell you also that, absolutely, this morning we are going to Hughenden. There has been of late a decided improvement in my wife's health, and she now fancies that change of air will greatly benefit her. I am sorry we are to make the experiment in the fall of the leaf in a sylvan country, but we could go nowhere else. Home alone could ensure her the comforts and the ease which an invalid requires.

‘What she suffers from is a total loss of appetite. No constitution, except one of her unrivalled buoyancy, could bear up against an almost total want of sustenance.

‘Though we are in Park Lane, we have never entered the town, though we have taken frequent drives in the environs of London. We seem never to have known our wondrous capital before—such miles and miles of wondrous villas, all of different architecture; such beautiful churches, and so many! almost as many as the gorgeous gin-palaces. Lady Beaconsfield calculates we have travelled upwards of two hundred miles. She sends you her love, but does not see this letter, and desired me to say she was much better.

‘Yours ever, ‘D.

‘THE LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.’

The saddest letter I received from Lord Beaconsfield was the one written in answer to some words of sympathy I had written him on the death of his wife, who, like himself, was a dear friend of mine. It is pathetic in the extreme. He was devotedly attached to Lady Beaconsfield, who thoroughly understood his character and was of the greatest possible service to him in cheering and encouraging him in those fits of depression which at certain times were wont to assail him :

‘HUGHENDEN MANOR, *January 31, 1873.*

‘MY DEAR DOROTHY,—I was grateful to you for your sympathy in my great affliction—the supreme sorrow of my life.

‘You knew her well: she was much attached to you, and never thought or spoke of you but with kindness and pleasure.

‘Throughout more than a moiety of my existence she was my inseparable and ever-interesting companion. I cannot, in any degree, subdue the anguish of my heart.

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'I leave this, now my only home, on Monday next for the scene of my old labours. I have made an attempt to disentangle myself from them, but have failed. I feel quite incapable of the duties, but my friends will be indulgent to a broken spirit, and my successor will in time appear.

'Adieu ! dear Dorothy, and believe me,

'Ever yours, 'D.

'I shall be at a hotel¹ in town: George Street, Sloane Square (Edwards').'

A letter written some five weeks later, in response to an invitation to come and stay quietly with us, shows how much his spirit had been broken by the loss of his faithful companion :

'March 7, 1873.

'DEAR DOROTHY,—I am a prisoner at this moment, and prostrate, from one of those atmospheric attacks which the English persist in calling "colds"—and, for the first time in my life, am absent from the House of Commons during a pitched battle.

'I have also before me a laborious month when I recover, and I don't think there is any chance of my leaving town before Easter.

'Your invitation to Dangstein is kind and alluring, but, to tell you the truth, I am not yet equal to an enterprise of that magnitude. I can just drive out for a couple of hours, with a couple of friends, but after that time I feel distrait and embarrassed, and am glad to escape even to my homeless home.

'Perhaps, in happier times, you will not forget

'Your old friend, 'D.'

Mr. Cobden was a neighbour of ours in Sussex, and we used to see a great deal of him. His political views were not in any way shared by the people of his county; indeed, he was, as we should now say, almost 'boycotted' by the landowners and squires. My own views on politics have always been very tolerant, and as he was a most pleasant man, a sincere friendship soon arose between us.

He was, I remember, very anxious to see a certain country house in the neighbourhood which was filled with art treasures. He mentioned his desire to me, and I at once replied that I would write to the lady who owned it and ask permission for us to come over in a party. To my astonishment the answer I received was that the lady in question would be only too willing for me to bring Mr. Cobden, and she would see that everything or

¹ It will be observed that in the postscript Lord Beaconsfield writes 'a hotel' instead of 'an hotel,' which is the usual way. He had very strong views about grammar, and was most particular in carrying them into practice himself.

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interest should be set out ready for our inspection. Her letter, however, added that she herself must beg to be excused from being at home, for under no circumstances could she consent to meet a man of such destructive opinions as the visitor I proposed to bring over. This same lady, with whom, by the way, I was on most excellent terms, some time afterwards gave me an exactly similar answer on my offering to come over and pay her a visit with the late Lord Sherbrooke (then Mr. Lowe). Sussex at that time was very Conservative; indeed, there were people who would not let their houses to any one whose Toryism seemed in the slightest degree open to suspicion. Accordingly poor Mr. Cobden, a most courteous and agreeable man, was more or less tabooed by his neighbours, which, however, I fancy ruffled the serenity of his mind but slightly.

The death of his son greatly affected him. I do not think he ever really recovered from it. The poor young fellow died at a school in Germany. Mr. Cobden pathetically said to me, 'We knew nothing till we knew all,' for, till the news of his death arrived, he had had no warning whatever of the approaching calamity. The first intimation I received of this sad loss was the letter here reproduced :

'38 GROSVENOR STREET, 1856.

'MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—Do not think me insensible to the kindness which prompted you, in the midst of your own anxieties, to think of us in our dreadful sorrows. We have indeed been plunged into unhappiness. May God spare you, my dear friend, the affliction with which He has been pleased to visit us. Our affectionate boy was at a school at Weinheim, selected for me by Chevalier Bunsen, who resides at Heidelberg, fourteen miles distant. Up to the last all the accounts, both of his progress in his studies and of his physical health, were most satisfactory. Indeed, the very last report, dated a fortnight before his death, described him as the foremost boy in the sports of the playground, and as exciting the admiration of his playmates by his activity, strength, and courage. It was under these circumstances that he was snatched suddenly from us for ever by an attack of scarlet fever. Dreadful as would be such a bereavement under any circumstances, it was rendered still more distressing by its suddenness, and the absence of all warning or time for preparation. Owing to a misunderstanding between the master of the school and Chevalier Bunsen, no telegraphic message was sent, and I heard nothing till I heard all. The poor boy was in his grave before we heard of his illness. This had added greatly to my poor wife's sufferings. She has hardly up to this moment been able to realise to her mind the dreadful fact. She cannot picture him to herself as

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anything but full of vitality, such as he always was in her sight. Time, much time, will be necessary to draw a veil over her memory and dim the recollection of the past. I tell all her kind friends to forget her for a while, and leave her till God in His own good time shall have restored her to a state of resignation and peace. She came up with me to my lodgings here last Monday, at my urgent wish, but she pleads to return, and we shall go back to-morrow. She has seen none of her friends, and although there is no perceptible improvement, I hope she will benefit by the change. Your kind heart will induce you to bear with me through this long and sorrowful note. With kind regards to Mr. Nevill,

‘Believe me, very sincerely yours, ‘R. C.’

Mr. Cobden was a most good-tempered man, but any mention of Lord Palmerston would upset him; and I perfectly remember Mr. Bernal Osborne meeting him at Dangstein and saying, ‘Well, Cobden, how is Lord Palmerston?’ well knowing that some fun would result. The great Freetrader had a fixed idea that Lord Palmerston was not a sincere politician. A frequent and comical complaint of his was: ‘Whatever I may say of the old gentleman, he will still persist in calling me his honourable friend!’

All Mr. Cobden’s voluminous correspondence was carried on in the drawing-room of his house, where he used to sit writing at a side-table, whilst his children romped about the room and constantly called out to him. Their antics, however, never appeared to distract him in the slightest degree.

In August 1858 I received the following letter, in which he speaks enthusiastically of the completion of the Atlantic Cable and, as usual, assails Lord Palmerston:

‘DUNFORD, *August 6, 1858.*

‘DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—My relation, Colonel Cole (15th Regiment), is coming from Portsmouth to-morrow afternoon to see me, and I am sorry I cannot have the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation to dinner. But should it be quite agreeable I shall be happy to drive over with him to take lunch with you on Monday. My wife I cannot persuade to go anywhere, but she begs me to thank you for your kind invitation. So with the aid of my friend, Mr. Bright, your Tory friends have managed to weather the Session. How lucky they are in having Palmerston for leader of the Opposition! They ought to insure his life. What a glorious piece of news we have in the completion of the Atlantic Cable! A message may now be sent to America in less than no time, beating the sun by several hours. When the old Greeks invented Phœbus at the risk of their

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mythology, they never dreamed of anything half so grand as this. With kind regards to Mr. Nevill,

‘I remain, very truly yours, ‘R. C.’

Mr. Bernal Osborne, as I have before said, was fond of chaffing Mr. Cobden and was wont to turn everything into a joke. I was one day walking with both in my garden at Dangstein, when Mr. Cobden's attention became drawn to some pieces of looking-glass hung on strings from sticks. Turning to me he inquired what their use was, and I told him they were intended to frighten the birds away. ‘Frighten the birds away!’ broke in Mr. Bernal Osborne. ‘You may frighten the cocks away, but all the hens will stop and look at themselves, eh, Cobden!’

Cranmore, near Midhurst, had belonged to Mr. Cobden's ancestors, and he himself was much attached to Sussex and the South Downs, under whose shadow he wished to be buried :

‘MANCHESTER, *September 17, 1859.*

‘MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—It is very pleasant not to be forgotten by one's neighbours, but I regard it as a special honour to be missed by you. Your kind note did not reach me till several days after it was written, otherwise it should have been answered earlier. My wife and I have been visiting many of our old friends in this vicinity. The change has been of benefit to her, and it has enabled me to look after some private affairs which ought to have been attended to long ago. I have some property here which has been a trouble to me, owing to its having been neglected. I suppose all politicians neglect their own affairs, but I don't think they are justified in doing so, for, in my opinion, duty as well as charity begins at home. So I must be a money-grubbing old hunk for the rest of my days, but I assure you I have no intention of turning my back on Dunford, and I hope to be there again next Midsummer ; indeed, I should not die happy if I did not expect to be buried under the shadow of my favourite South Downs. In the meantime, I think we have been fortunate in our tenant, Colonel H., who seems to be a quiet, gentlemanly man, precise and conscientious in small matters, and with a disposition to keep men and things in order. This is exactly the character one would seek for in a tenant of a furnished house. The only danger is that he may probably keep the establishment up to a higher standard than I shall be able to maintain, and when I come back my gardener may not like to be deposed from the command of another man or two to be his own digger. In the course of a week or so my wife and I shall leave this part for the South. She will stay a few days with our friend, Mr. Ashburner, at Brighton, whilst I pay a visit to Dunford, to take a peep at my farm and arrange with Mr. Lunn

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for the purchase of some sheep. Tell Mr. Nevill I shall, on feeding them, try the cotton-seed cake. Whilst at Dunford I shall prefer to take a bed at the cottage at my farm, where my papers, &c., are deposited, and where I have a comfortable room. Afterwards my wife and I shall proceed to Paris, to stay with our children during the winter. I expect to be obliged to pay one visit to England before the House meets. I hope Mr. Nevill is bearing the low price of wheat with fortitude. I can now sympathise with him, being myself one of the agricultural interest. I don't expect corn to be much higher for the next six months. In the meantime the manufacturers in Lancashire are exceedingly prosperous. Profits are good and wages are rising, and every one is content, and consequently no one cares about politics. I hope you are not pleased with this wretched China war. It is lucky for me that I am not in the Cabinet, to be made responsible for the crimes and follies of our own representatives in that region. Why could not Mr. Bruce have gone to Peking, as Lord Macartney and Lord Amherst did, without attempting to force his way at the head of a fleet of ships of war! *We should not allow a foreign Minister to come up the Thames in that fashion.* When shall we show the heathen world that we are really Christians, by doing to them as we would be done by? Pray remember me kindly to Mr. Nevill.

‘Believe me, yours very sincerely, ‘R. C.’

To all who knew and appreciated him his death came as a terrible blow. His wish to lie near his dear South Down was, I am glad to say, gratified, and he sleeps his last sleep by the side of the only son he loved so well.

Literary men have always greatly interested me, and I have been fortunate enough to see a good deal of some whose names have become household words. Samuel Rogers was a great friend of my mother's. She herself inherited a fair amount of literary taste from her grandfather, Sir Everard Faulkner, to whom Voltaire dedicated ‘Zaire.’ My first introduction to the poet was in 1846, and the following is the letter written by Rogers, expressing his desire to make the acquaintance of his friend's daughter, in which he playfully speaks of me as ‘the Signorina.’

‘CARA CARISSIMA,—I need not say how happy I shall be to see the Cavaliere, and pray, pray bring the Signorina along with you on Saturday next.

‘Sincerely yours, ‘S. ROGERS.’

On my mother writing to inform him of my marriage he answers :

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

MY DEAR LADY ORFORD,—I have thought of nothing else since I received what gave me so much pleasure. May they be happy to the last moment of their lives.

‘Yours ever and ever, ‘S. ROGERS.’

He gave me a wedding present, a very daintily bound copy of his poem ‘Italy,’ which I account one of my greatest treasures ; in it he wrote ‘To the Lady Dorothy Fanny Walpole from her sincere Friend, Samuel Rogers.’ My sister and myself, when girls, used often to go to the breakfasts given by the poet, and I have still a vivid recollection of our host sitting, crumpled up, as it were, in his chair and wearing a ‘blue coat and a Nankeen waistcoat.’ At these breakfasts we used to meet celebrities of all kinds, but I must, to be perfectly truthful, confess that we used to regard our attendance at these feasts of intellect rather as an honour than a pleasure, for, being the youngest present, we were somewhat overawed by the vast stock of learning with which we were brought into contact, and were too youthful to appreciate the intellectual treat which was spread before us.

I perfectly remember Tom Moore paying us great attention ; no doubt on account of our mother, whose friend he had long been. The first time he saw us he exclaimed, ‘So you are the daughters of the beautiful Miss Fawkener !’ and proceeded to lavish on us all sorts of compliments. After one of these breakfasts we heard him sing ‘When first I saw thee’ with much feeling and expression.

Dickens and Thackeray I knew, the latter very slightly however. I once heard him, at a dinner-party, administer a terrible verbal castigation to an unfortunate individual who had incurred his displeasure, and I was ever afterwards somewhat afraid of him. I was first introduced to Dickens at a dinner given specially in his honour by Lady W. She had some time before expressed to Mr. Bernal Osborne her intense interest in the great novelist and her desire to make his acquaintance.

‘B. O.’, as he was usually called, had at once replied that nothing would be easier ; let her give a dinner and he would bring Dickens to it. This he did, and the great writer was in due course installed in the seat of honour on the right of his hostess. Whether, however, the idea had seized him that he had been brought there, as it were, on exhibition, or for some other reason, he was extremely silent and hardly uttered a word, and I remember noting at the end of dinner how awkward both he and his hostess looked.

The next time I met him it was quite another story. This was at a small dinner of six at Lady M.’s. I was fortunate enough to sit next the author of ‘Dombey and Son’ my favourite novel, and no one could have been more amusing and brilliant than he was that evening. Rattling on, he delighted us all with a

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description of his experiences in the crowd on Epsom Downs one Derby Day. Indeed, his conversation was exactly like a spoken page of one of his books. He humorously told me, as the party was breaking up, that his efforts were now about to be concentrated upon a composition of a most important and serious kind. On my entreating him to let me know exactly what it might be, he said : a cookery-book.

I remember being present at a dinner with Thackeray, and perpetrating a dreadful blunder in connection with him. Sitting beside me at this dinner was a Mr. Venables, to whom I had been introduced that evening. We had a most pleasant conversation, and after some time began talking about Thackeray, who was sitting on the other side of the table some distance away. I noticed that my neighbour appeared to be well acquainted with the novelist, and being anxious for enlightenment on a point which had always puzzled me, suddenly said to him: 'Can you tell me whether the malformation of Mr. Thackeray's nose is natural or the result of an accident?' My neighbour, to my great surprise, seemed quite disturbed by my question, but at length stammered out, 'it was injured in an accident at school.' After dinner I asked some one what harm there could have been in my inquiry, and was told in return that Mr. Venables had been the boy who had broken Thackeray's nose in a fight!

One of the best talkers I ever knew was the late Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, who met with such a sad death by a fall from his horse. He used jokingly to call me 'Semper viridis.' I remember his being much amused at a letter he received from the late Duke of Wellington, a common friend of ours, which he repeated to me. It ran :

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—I expect you here on January 20. I have killed the fatted calf for you: I have asked Lady Dorothy to meet you.

'Yours,

'WELLINGTON.'

The Bishop of Winchester was indeed an extraordinary man. He was as good a conversationalist as he was a Bishop: which is a combination as excellent as it is rare.

BETWEEN THE RED MOON AND THE MOOR. BY DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY



WAVE of twilight and silence came sweeping over the moor and sucked down the stone circle in its tide. Daylight voices were hushed, the grasshopper ceased his hum, and the last bird sheathed his keen note in stillness. And the colours sank from earth and sky, leaving one dull greyness, like that of the granite stones.

'Even on the horns of the altar,' said Lieutenant Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll, and he stood up by one of the granite pillars.

There were two men in the rude moorland circle—one living and one dead. But the dead man was only visible to the eyes of the living. He was there, nevertheless, as truly as though in the body; indeed, to Lieutenant Nicoll he was there in the body. It was at the dead face that the soldier gazed through the gloom; he had no need of either light or eyes to see it.

'On the horns of the altar,' he repeated, and looked round him with a slowly dawning sense of the things he looked on.

The place was strange to him, and did not look friendly in the grey pallor. He must have ridden far, after he had mastered the hurt and frightened horse which had borne him out of the skirmish and away from his comrades. Some vague instinct had perhaps led him to seek rest where that circle of upright stones afforded a semblance of shelter; yet was it shelter they afforded—and against what? Scarcely against wind or rain. Then what would that grim round of stones bar out—or in?

The riderless horse whinnied faintly and clinked its bridle against a boulder in its cropping of the short sweet grass. The sound was familiar and heartening; it spoke of a friend at hand, of the wont, too, of camp and march, and it awoke the soldier in the man.

Nicoll started forward, prepared to go and attend to the creature's comfort, for it was clear they must spend the night there and not risk a darkling journey over untried and treacherous ground. But suddenly an utter weariness overcame him, and he sank back, half sitting, half crouched against one of the stones of the ring. He would look to the horse anon: for a moment he must wait and say over to himself that Godfrey Howell was dead.

Dead! He repeated the word blankly: it brought no meaning to his mind. And yet his body knew, through every pulse and fibre. He was aware of a dull weight on him like fear, with, beneath it, the sting of a bitter joy. His heart knew, labouring heavily, beating in his very throat, and his eyes, which had seen Godfrey's face on every rood of ground he crossed.

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'I slew him!' said Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll aloud. 'So perish all Thine enemies, O God! For Thou hast said that the bow of the ungodly shall be broken and their sword shall enter their own heart. Selah! Praise ye the Lord!'

He looked about him as though awaiting the stern murmur of assent wherewith his fellow soldiers would have greeted the words. But silence enfolded him. The grey stones fronted him dumb, sinister in the gloaming; this was no worship they knew or remembered. He felt a sliding touch of cold which was not bred of the mist.

'Thou knowest, O God!' he cried, then halted. God knew—but did he, Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll, know as surely?

He stood dumb for a moment as the stones about him. Had he slain the enemy of the Cause or had he murdered his friend? He stared again into the smoke and dust of the battle. He saw a maze of shifting lights, sheen of armour, shadow-smirched in places, the flicker of wheeling, shearing blades, the flash from a pistol muzzle. Nothing was clear to him. He remembered vaguely having felt a blow on the head, but it was not the blow which had dulled all things to him. It was the presence of one memory which smote the rest of the world to nothing, one knowledge that bit into him, flesh and soul, with a smart of anguish or ecstasy.

They had met on the edge of the fight, he and his old companion—his rival, his enemy. He could see the face of the Cavalier, drawn with pain, and his sword-arm hanging disabled. But he could see, too, the pistol in the ready left hand—the pistol presented for a heart-beat, then turned aside as a flash of recognition leaped between them. His opponent had forborne and counted on forbearance. What then?—Nicoll acknowledged no friendship and no truce with the enemies of God. He had fired up under that lifted, pausing arm, had seen life blotted out in the young face—had marked the slackened, stricken form go down.

Godfrey Howell would never ride back to the nestling Devon village, sheltered beneath the square grey tower. He would never again meet the eyes of the maiden loved by both, but who had fewer words and more shy glances for Godfrey than for the Puritan wooer. She would glance at him no more, nor look even on his dead face. That face and the long Cavalier locks were trampled by now in the sodden battle ground.

'For Thou hast bidden us smite Thine enemies, God of Battles and Lord of Hosts!' burst forth Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll. 'Thou hast said: "he shall smite them with the edge of the sword—he shall not spare them, neither have pity." Surely we shall do Thy holy bidding and slay, though it were as Joab was slain, on the horns of the altar.'

And all unknowing he grasped at the altar-stone of an immemorial faith which had tasted the offering of blood.

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But neither God spoke from the heavens, nor did blood, long shed, speak from the stone. And Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll shrank under the silence.

He cast himself down on the mingled grass and heather at the foot of the stone. The couch received him with a soft strength of living growth and a wild fragrance rose about him. He pressed his face down and closed his eyes. He was neither afraid nor ashamed; verily, no, he was armed against that by the grace of the God of Israel. Only he was willing to gaze for a moment on something other than a dead face with pursuing eyes. He retraced his ride in thought—memory showing him what he had seen unseeing. He looked along the cleave, drenched in blue shadow, at the slopes rising above. The dim russet of moorland growth—dim now that the heather's fire of crimson bloom was spent—blended with the grey scattered rocks into one surface of wrought metal, burnished here and there by the sun. Only in places showed the deep red of the storm-beaten bracken, a stain of rust on the armour of the moor. Over all this he glanced, as he followed again a winding track across the peaty soil and watched for any puff of dust or glitter of steel to tell of a marching troop. In vain; he was utterly alone. Then, still to crowd out that which faced and followed him, he recalled the countless rills and streamlets he had crossed, a network wrought by the autumn rains—and the emerald gleam of moss—the fretted silver lichen. Strange, he could see it all: yes, but he could see, too, how through the clear water ran an alien tinge, how a reeling figure and stricken face painted itself on every background.

Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll groaned aloud.

'To such as keep His covenant,' he muttered. 'If the earth bear witness against me—Thou, O Lord——'

He felt for his soldier's pocket Bible and drew it forth. He could not read in the darkness, but there was strength in the touch.

A confusion of self-defence and self-glorification swept through him and found vent in broken words. And cleaving all ran one fierce, zigzag lightning of thought:

'They will never meet—as far as the heavens are removed from the earth—as death from life——'

And so Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll fell asleep.

He was roused by a stab of deadly fear.

Springing erect, he stood panting, listening with his whole body.

Nothing stirred. Above, the moon pushed wearily through sullen ranks of cloud. Around her, as she pressed through, moved a circle of tawny light, iris edged. And she cast a boding, fitful gleam on the stone circle below.

Nicoll drew breath hard; a dread was rising from the ground about like mist. The stones of the circle stood aloof, ominous, and hemmed him in with a dumb malevolence. The soldier stamped on

BETWEEN RED MOON AND MOOR

the earth and laid hand on his sword—was he to turn coward because his camping-ground was solitary? He pushed the moment's panic from him with an anger which quickened his blood.

Doubtless the spot had a desolate air. Folk told tales of these circles. They might be places of meeting for devil worship, built by priests of an old and evil faith such as those the Lord's People smote and overthrew. As he would smite the ungodly, even—

A wailing shriek—a rush of hoofs. When Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll had mastered the sudden leap of his heart, he saw that the horse left quietly cropping the grass was the cause of all. It had lifted its head, and sending forth the shrill and terrible cry wrung from the creature only by extremity of fear or pain—that cry which the battle knows—had rushed wildly away across the moor.

Nicoll watched the mad career, and when the panic-blinded beast stumbled on a stone or its own bridle and crashed heavily to the ground, he laughed shortly. Maimed or dying, his horse would still be near him—still companion him. But it regained its feet and stumbled on out of sight.

Nicoll lifted his eyes to the sky, the hurrying clouds, the plunging moon. There was no wind on the lower earth; only the hollow call of a river, unheard by day, broke the stillness.

“Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment——”

Godfrey rose up and silenced him. In the day the deed had been just and righteous; why then——?

A dull tremor made itself felt; no sound, yet the sense of an oncoming host.

He stared about—all was blank under the glare of the red-ringed moon. Why had the horse fled?

Nicoll sought for familiar words—‘Under the shadow of Thy wings,’ but the sound knelled back sullenly, ‘The shadow of death.’ Godfrey again, ‘Even on the horns of the altar.’

And with that they were upon him. The soldier's instinct rose in Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll. He braced his back against the stone, ground his heel into the yielding soil, and fronted, sword in hand, that onswEEPing host.

Cavaliers! When were Cavaliers so unkempt? Soldiers! When did soldiers move thus noiselessly, without beat of foot or clink of weapon?

And yet no ghosts—and yet so cruelly real—since the strength, the life of the single defender was sinking under their pressure—since they were strangling, stifling him.

Grey and silent and spectral as the circle where they fought, as spirits risen from ancient barrow or desecrated sanctuary. Yet Trust-in-the-Lord Nicoll fought as a live man with living men, fought with thrust and cut and parry and with life and death on the issue.

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Only he sought the while for his accustomed war-cries and could not find them. Instead he babbled broken words of wrath and judgment and cried out to the altar and the horns of the altar, and knew, while he struggled, that his foot was on the Bible fallen from his hand at waking ; he was treading on the sacred Word which should have saved him.

Godfrey's face was among the shadows, and yet they were no shadows. They were stronger than dead men, stronger than living men. They were bearing him back, despite the stone ; they sought to pour out his blood as on an altar—an altar. Surely that thrust went home, and that ! Yet there were too many against one—grey faces and circling steel and hungry eyes.

The moon moved in a tawny ring, no, red ; and red showed the stones which ringed him in. He groped for a word to save himself and found only Godfrey's name. And the wave of white faces and shadows and steel swept over him.

The moon went down ; a gap of darkness, and the sun rose over the moor. In a dewy ring of untrampled, untrodden grass, a man with unsheathed sword lay dead against the altar-stone.

A FAMOUS FRENCH CHÂTEAU BY V. HUSSEY-WALSH



SERRANT, one of the most interesting of the châteaux of the Loire, lies some ten miles from Angers, on the main road to Nantes. It belonged for many centuries to the De Bries, an old Anjou family, whose epitaphs in quaint old French rhyme form one of the most interesting features of the parish church of Saint Georges-sur-Loire. It came, according to La Chesnaye-Desbois, into the family through the marriage of Jean de Brie with Françoise de Serrant, the heiress of the original proprietors of the fief, which was subject to the Du Bellays of Champtocé. The most eminent members of the De Brie family were Jean de Brie, the son of the first proprietor, who fought for King John of France and was killed at the battle of Maupertuis, near Poitiers, in 1356, and his great-grandson Jean de Brie, who was Maître d'Hôtel and Lord High Chamberlain to King Charles VII., as well as bailiff of Senlis-in-the-Oise, where, his epitaph alleges, he showed the English what French courage could do, by raising the siege of Compiègne. His grandson, Ponthus de Brie, the Chamberlain of King Louis XI., obtained the king's authority to fortify Serrant by surrounding the castle with ramparts and drawbridges, mines and countermines. The modern castle was, however, begun by his son Charles de Brie in 1546, with the assistance of Philibert Delorme, the celebrated architect of the Tuileries and of Chenonceaux, of Meudon and of Anet, who was originally a protégé of Cardinal Du Bellay, the minister of Francis I. This was, however, the knell of the De Bries, for Charles completed the havoc which the erection of the château brought upon his fortunes by prosecuting Lemaçon, the king's Attorney-General, for the murder of his brother Madelon in 1565. After thirty years of useless proceedings, Charles de Brie died, overwhelmed with debt, on April 17, 1593, leaving by his third wife, Marguerite de Beauvau-Tigny, an invalid son and a daughter too poor to find a husband. On his death, Count de la Rochepôt, the Governor of Anjou, sent a garrison under the command of the Sieur de Chévigné to occupy the château on the king's behalf. Instead of doing so, he turned out the old servants and held Serrant for the Ligue. Bourreau de Versillé and Jean Garreau, the old servants who had been thus summarily evicted, forced, however, an entrance on the night of October 24, 1596, and reoccupied the castle for Count de la Rochepôt. The lands were sold to Scipio Sardini, a wealthy Italian adventurer who had come to France in Mazarin's suite. He did not, however, enjoy the fruit of his purchase for many years, as Madeleine de Maillard, the granddaughter of Renée de Brie, lodged a protest against the sale in 1603, but was unable to retain possession of the property, which was again sold in 1607 to Hercule de Rohan, Duc de Montbazon,

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the father of the notorious Duchesse de Chevreuse, who in his turn sold it in 1637 to Guillaume de Bautru.

François de Bret, Judge of the Provosts Court at Angers, under Henry II. of France, had received into his house a poor scholar who had come from the borders of Maine and Vendôme, to follow his courses at the University. Bautru was of humble origin, plain and poor, but extremely intelligent and quick witted; so much so, that the Judge gave him his daughter Jeanne in marriage. When criticised by his friends for doing so, he retorted that he appreciated personal merit as much as the advantages of birth and of station. He is even said to have added that, 'thanks to his son-in-law's genius, the grass would have to be cut very short to prevent his finding something to eat,' a prediction that was fully realised in the case of the poor scholar and his descendants. Maurice Bautru became lieutenant of the provosts guard and was regarded in time as an equal by the local 'noblesse de robe.' William, his second son, began life as a soldier; but was forced through a severe wound to give up the army and become 'Conseiller au Grand Conseil and Grand Rapporteur de France,' and laid the foundations of the territorial influence of his family by purchasing lands at Louvaines and at Porcher. Guillaume, the grandson, the purchaser of Serrant, was one of the most curious and interesting figures of the Courts of Louis XIII. and XIV. Though one of the greatest wits of his time, his jokes were generally of such questionable taste as to secure for him many a horsewhipping. Anne of Austria herself once said to Cardinal de Retz: 'Couldn't you give Bautru a horsewhipping; he has been so disrespectful to you?' The Prince de Guemenee said of him 'that he carried his walking-stick in the same way as Saint Laurence carried his gridiron; it was the sign of his martyrdom! for he had been beaten so often.' He was not above alluding to his own misfortunes, for when the Duc de Montbazou, who was a very largely built and powerful man, had threatened to kick him, he said to the Queen: 'If only your Majesty will look at his feet; what would have become of poor Bautru!' On one occasion, when a local judge was pestering him for an interview, he said to his valet: 'Tell him I'm in bed.' 'Monsieur,' was the reply, 'he will wait until you get up.' 'Tell him I am ill.' 'He says,' was the answer, 'that he has brought you a prescription.' 'Tell him I am dying.' 'He has come to say good-bye,' was the valet's rejoinder. 'Tell him I am dead.' 'He says,' was the final retort, 'he wishes to sprinkle your body with holy water,' and the judge finally forced his way into the room. On one occasion he was playing cards with a M. Goussaut. On making a mistake he exclaimed, 'Ah, que je suis Goussaut!' 'Monsieur,' was the answer, 'vous êtes un sot.' 'C'est ce que je voulais dire,' was Bautru's retort. Many other stories might be told of Bautru, who enjoyed so little consideration at Court that L'Angely, the Prince de

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Condé's buffoon, was able to say to him with impunity, amidst roars of laughter from the surrounding courtiers : ' You have come at the right moment to help me, I am tired of being alone.' And yet, notwithstanding all these facts, he was an expert courtier, and enjoyed the favour of such men as the Maréchal d'Ancre, of Cardinal Richelieu, and of Cardinal Mazarin. Richelieu, indeed, got him made one of the first members of the French Academy. He was Ambassador to Flanders, to Savoy, to England, and to Spain. His endless jokes were somewhat out of place at the stiff Spanish Court, and the Prime Minister complained that they had been sent a buffoon instead of a statesman. At home, his chief duty was to introduce the ambassadors to the Court of France. He took the title of Count de Serrant solely on the ground that he had received a letter from Louis XIV. addressing him as such. He died on March 7, 1655, in his sixty-seventh year. When they wanted to sell his house in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, it was discovered the chapel had fallen in ruins : ' You mustn't be surprised,' said his son ; ' M. de Bautru troubled himself as little about his chapel as he took care both of his kitchen and of his library.' Bautru never made any pretension to be regarded as a religious man. He once took off his hat to a cross that was being carried at a funeral : ' Ah ! ' said his friends, ' you are giving a good example.' ' We bow,' was the reply, ' but we don't speak to one another.'

His son, Guillaume de Bautru, was Chancellor to the Duke of Orleans, and died in 1711 in the ninety-third year of his age, leaving a daughter, who married the Marquis de Vaubrun, who was her first cousin once removed, and himself one of the Bautrus. He was entrusted with the duty of bringing back Turenne's troops after his death, but was killed on his way home at the battle of Altenheim in 1705. His widow's feelings are most graphically described by Madame de Sévigné : ' Madame de Vaubrun is stopping with our sisters of St. Mary. She has gone quite mad, and laughs at Père de St. Marthe, her confessor. She has caused her husband's body to be transported into the church, and has given him a funeral service far more magnificent than what M. de Turenne received at Saint Denis ; she has had his heart placed on a little credence. She gazes on it, she handles it, and has two candles constantly burning before it. She passes her whole time from dinner to supper in its presence, and when told she has spent seven hours with it won't believe she has been there more than half an hour.' After she had mourned her husband for twenty-nine years she caused the great sculptor Coysevox to erect a mausoleum to his memory in the chapel of the château, which at the present day is the most exquisite work of art which it contains. Their son, Nicholas Guillaume Bautru, who entered holy orders, left all he had to his sister, Madeleine Diane, widow of the Duc d'Estrées, who in her turn sold Serrant on June 29, 1749, to Anthony ' Earl '

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Walsh, as trustee for his brother Francis Walsh, on whose behalf Serrant was created a 'Comté' by Louis XV. in 1755.

The Walshes, who have been identified with Serrant for a century and a half, were a younger branch of an Irish family, the Walshes of Castle Hoel in County Kilkenny. They were descended from Philip Walsh, one of the thirty-three knights who accompanied Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, to Ireland, who obtained a grant of lands in Kilkenny in 1174, whose son, Howell Walsh, built Castle Hoel, and whose descendants remained in possession of the family estates until their confiscation by Oliver Cromwell in 1657. Walter Walsh, of Castle Hoel, who was appointed by Queen Elizabeth Governor of County Kilkenny in 1580, left a third son, James, who settled at Ballynacooly, in the Walsh mountains, which are in the same county. His great-grandson James likewise forfeited his property in 1657, and entered the Royal Navy, rising to the rank of Captain. It was on his ship that James II. escaped to France, and in return promised to do all he could to help his children on in life. His son Philip was born in Dublin in 1666, settled at St. Malo and married, on January 11, 1695, Anne, the daughter of James Whyte of Waterford (of the Clonmel family). He armed several privateers and did all he could to further the Stuart cause by helping France as against England. His son Anthony followed in his footsteps, and was always a faithful supporter of the Chevalier de St. Georges and of his son Charles Edward. He began life in the navy, but subsequently entered business as a shipbuilder. He was introduced to Prince Charlie by Walter Rutledge of Dunkerque, and the Prince thus describes him in a letter to Edgar dated June 12, 1745: 'Walsh understands his business perfectly well and is an excellent seaman. He has offered to go with me himself, the vessel being his own that I go on board of. He has also got a man-of-war that will go with me if she can be got ready in time and a frigate of sixty-four guns, which he took lately from the English and is manning, to be sent with all expedition. He lives at Nantes. . . .' He had gone on a preliminary mission to London in October 1744 to Colonel Cecil, who then had charge of the Stuart interests there, and on his return reported how matters stood to the Marquis d'Argenson, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was largely on his representations as to the then state of feeling that the rising of 1745 was fomented and brought about, and it was again he who escorted the Prince to Scotland. The log of the *Duteillay*, Captain Durbé, registers their departure from Belleisle in the company of the *Elizabeth* on July 15, 1745; the fight between the *Elizabeth* and the *Lion*, an English man-of-war, on July 20, at half-past five in the afternoon; the arrival of the *Duteillay* at Lochnanuagh on August 5 at four o'clock in the afternoon; the debarkation of the Prince on August 16; and the departure of the *Duteillay* for Holland on August 19, as well as the debarkation of Mr. Walsh on Septem-

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ber 3 in Amsterdam harbour. Much fault has been found with Louis XV. and his Court for their neglect to co-operate with Prince Charlie by any simultaneous movement on their part. The following papers, hitherto unpublished, of which the originals are in the possession of the Duc de la Trémoille, who inherited them five years ago from Ludovic, sixth Count Walsh de Serrant, conclusively prove what were the intentions of the French Court, and that an expedition was not only planned, but that it was proposed to entrust its command to Anthony Walsh himself :

Memoire du Roy pour servir d'Instruction au Sieur Wailsh.

Sa Majesté ayant resolu de faire passer un Corps de troupes en Angleterre et ayant chargé le Sieur Wailsh de diriger les preparatifs qui ont rapport à l'embarquement et au transport des troupes dont il s'agit, Elle lui explique par la présente instruction quelles sont ses instructions sur les operations qu'il doit faire en conséquence.

Le Sieur Wailsh¹ doit être informé que le Sieur Charron, ordonnateur à Dunkerque a déjà reçu les ordres nécessaires tant pour faire calfater et carenner la plupart des bastiments marchands qui se trouvent dans les ports d'Ostende, de Dunkerque, de Calais, de Boulogne et de St. Valery-en-Somme que pour faire approvisionner 40 mille Rations de biscuits et de fromage par parties de 10 m. Rôles dans chacun des quatre premiers ports cy-dessus.

Mais comme ces preparatifs sont généraux et qu'il en faut de plus particuliers, l'intention de Sa Mée est que le Sieur Wailsh après avoir pris connaissance des nombres des troupes et des quantités de baggages artillerie et munitions qui sont à transporter détermine la quantité des bastiments de chaque espèce, grands et petits qui seront nécessaires pour le transport. Il se rendra à cet effet à Boulogne, Calais et Dunkerque avec la plus grande diligence et il examinera sur les lieux la qualité et la capacité des bastiments qu'il y trouvera les plus propres pour l'objet en question, afin de régler ce qu'il luy en faudra dans chaque port.

Les commissaires, commis aux classes et autres employés pour la police des ports de la coste ayant ordre de se conformer à ce que le Sieur Wailsh leur prescrira, il leur remettra à chacun dans les différents ports l'estat des bastiments qu'il aura choisis soit pour embarquer des troupes, soit pour transporter l'artillerie les baggages, les chevaux, les armes, les munitions et autres attirails afin qu'ils puissent arrêter pour le service du Roy les bastiments en question et pourvoir pour leur equipement suivant leur destination.

Les nombres des batteaux propres au passage des troupes qui se trouveront dans les ports de Boulogne, Calais, Dunkerque et Ostende n'estant pas suffisants le Sieur Wailsh fera venir de Saint Valery-en-Somme et de Dieppe la quantité qu'il luy en faudra de surplus et Sa Majesté se remet a luy d'assembler ses batteaux dans un seul ou dans plusieurs des autres ports.

Le Roy n'a pas réglé si les bastiments de transport partiront de différent ports ou s'ils se rassemblent dans un seul pour en faire voile en mesme temps et Sa Majesté ordonne au Sieur Wailsh de prendre exacte connaissance de la position des ports, des vents, des marées et des autres circonstances concernant la navigation tant avec le Commandant des troupes qu'avec le Sieur Comte d'Aunay, le Sieur Bart² et le Sieur Charron si on laissera les bastiments séparés ou si on les réunira. Le Sieur Wailsh aussitost qu'il aura esté pris un parti définitif à cet égard prendra les mesures les plus convenables pour que tous les bastiments soient prests aux

¹ The Walshes of Castle Hoel wrote their name Wailsh whenever they wished it pronounced in the Irish fashion.

² Grandnephew of Jean Bart, the celebrated privateer.

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endroits et pour le temps dont on sera convenu. Quoique le passage en Angleterre ne soit que de quelques heures et qu'il dût suffire d'embarquer de vivres dans chaque navire et bateau pour le retour de l'équipage Sa M^{te} estime qu'il est nécessaire qu'il y ait à bord du biscuit et du fromage pour deux ou trois jours à chaque homme afin que les troupes puissent être nourries à bord des bastiments sans en sortir, s'il arrivait qu'une fois embarqués les vents ou d'autres circonstances empêcheraient leur départ pendant quelques marées. Dailleurs chaque soldat pourra prendre une ration ou deux de biscuit en se débarquant afin de pouvoir attendre le débarquement des vivres qui seront sur des bastiments séparés.

Le S^r Wailsh choisira quelques corsaires pour escorter le convoi et Sa Majesté s'en remet à lui d'en retenir pour cet objet le nombre qui lui paraîtra nécessaire. Elle prescrira au S^r Bart d'ordonner aux Capitaines corsaires de suivre les ordres qui leurs seront donnés par le S^r Wailsh qui leur remettra des signaux et une instruction détaillée sur ce qu'ils auront à faire. Quant aux dépenses que ce service exigera tant en frés de navires et de bateaux, solde des équipages et vivres qui seront à bord pour la traversée le S^r Charron continuera d'en prendre connaissance et expédiera les ordonnances de payement en conséquence. Le S^r Wailsh lui fera part de toutes ses opérations afin qu'il n'y eût aucun retardement par le défauts de payements en ces parties. Les dépenses concernant les troupes tant avant leur débarquement qu'après leur débarquement, ainsi que tout l'attirail de guerre seront payés conformément aux ordres qui seront donnés par le secrétaire d'Etat ayant le Département de la guerre.

Sa M^{te} attendra que tous les préparatifs de l'embarquement sont prêts pour donner les ordres nécessaires sur le lieu du débarquement. Elle compte au reste assez sur le zèle, l'activité et l'intelligence du Sieur Wailsh pour être persuadé qu'il finira en peu de temps les opérations dont il est chargé par la présente instruction et dont il rendra compte exactement au Secrétaire d'Etat ayant le Département de la Marine.

Faite à Fontainebleau le 16 9^{bre} 1745.

LOUIS.

PHÉLIPPEAUX.

Side by side with this memoir the following commission was issued by Jean Frédéric Phélippeaux, Comte de Maurepas, who was Minister of Marine from August 1723 to April 24, 1749, when he was disgraced owing to his having written an obscene lampoon on Madame de Pompadour. He returned, however, to office as Minister of State and Chief of the Treasury on the accession of Louis XVI., which posts he retained until his death on November 21, 1781.

De Par le Roy.

Sa Majesté ayant jugé à propos d'assembler et équiper dans les différentes ports de la Coste de Flandres et de Picardie les navires, fregates, corsaires, bateaux et autres bastiments dont Elle a besoin pour son service et voulant nommer une personne capable pour diriger les préparatifs nécessaire à cet égard, Elle a choisi et commit, choisit et commet le Sieur Wailsh pour avoir la direction de cette opération, ordonnant aux Commissaires, commis aux classes et autres employés dans la marine pour la police de la coste d'exécuter ponctuellement les ordres que leur seront donnés par le S^r Wailsh à cette occasion. Mande Sa Majesté au S^r Charron Commissaire ordonnateur à Dunkerque de tenir la main à l'exécution du présent ordre.

Faite à Fontainebleau le 16 9^{bre} 1745.

LOUIS.

PHÉLIPPEAUX.

These instructions were followed by letters from Count de Maurepas to Mr. Walsh.

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le 6^{ème} 1745.

J'ai reçu, Monsieur, la lettre que vous m'avez écrite le 4 de ce mois. Puisque vous n'avez pas trouvé dans les ports de Flandres et de Picardie jusqu'à Dieppe un nombre suffisant de bastiments propres au transport des troupes pour l'expédition projetée j'approuve fort que vous ayez déterminé M. Bart et M. Charron à donner ordre au S^r Conradin et de Mouchy de se rendre en Normandie pour choisir dans les différents ports de la coste jusqu'à Cherbourg généralement tous les bastiments qu'ils y trouveront propres pour l'embarquement en question et j'écris tant à M. de Villers-Fransure et à M. D'Erchigny, Commandeur et ordonnateur au Havre qu'aux Commissaires et commis aux classes de chaque port de faire la plus grande diligence pour l'exécution des opérations dont les Sieurs Conradin et de Mouchy¹ sont chargés. M. Derchigny à qui je marque de prendre quarante m. au Havre, fera remettre des fonds dans chaque port de Normandie proportionnés au nombres des bastiments qu'on fera partir pour la Coste de Flandres et j'espère qu'il n'y aura pas de retardement pour l'arrivée de ces bastiments à Boulogne, où vous avez donné l'ordre au S^r Prévost Tournion de les retenir. Comme il y a une Corvette du Roy de 12 Canons actuellement sur la Coste de Normandie je marque à M. de Fransure Villers de l'employer s'il le juge nécessaire à protéger dans leur navigation les bastiments qui passeront à la Coste de Flandres.

Quant aux arrangements que vous faites sur les lieux je m'en rapporte entièrement aux divers mouvements que vous jugerez à propos de faire de concert avec M. le Comte d'Aunay, M. Bart, et M. Charron, soit pour l'exécution du projet soit pour *en déguiser l'objet* et je suis persuadé qu'au moyen des ordres qui ont été précédemment donnés vous trouverez toutes les facilités qui vous seront nécessaires pour votre opération.

Je sens bien qu'il n'est pas possible de parvenir à la diligence qu'on doit exiger en pareil cas sans qu'il soit remis de fonds pour le paiement qu'il faut faire d'avance et c'est pour que les remises d'argent ne servent point à aucun retardement que je prescris à M. Charron de continuer à faire tirer de lettres de change sur le Trésorier général de la Marine en exercice jusqu'à la concurrence de cent mille livres. Il doit estre en état de satisfaire avec ces fonds aux payements qui sont les plus pressés.

Je suis, Monsieur, très parfaitement à vous,

MAUREPAS.

A VERSAILLES le 6^{ème} 1745.

J'ai reçu, Monsieur, la lettre que vous m'avez écrite le 8 de ce mois.

Je vois avec plaisir que vous avez trouvé assez de bastiments à Dunkerque pour transporter l'artillerie et les baggages qui doivent accompagner les troupes qui passeront en Angleterre mais je ne sçais si nonobstant les précautions que vous avez prises de tirer beaucoup de batteaux et autres petits bastiments de Normandie vous en aurez assez pour les troupes qui doivent s'embarquer. Je vous apprendis à ce sujet si vous ne le sçavez pas déjà qu'au lieu de 12 bataillons dont il estait d'abord question il en sera embarqué 18, dont font partie les 6 Irlandais et qu'il sera joint à ces troupes un Régiment de Dragons avec celui de Fitzjames. C'est sur le nombre effectif des soldats de chaque bataillon que vous devez régler les batteaux de transport et comme je ne puis vous donner des éclaircissements positifs sur l'état des Régiments nommés pour cette expédition vous devez vous entendre à cet égard avec M. de La Tour, Major-Général de ce corps de troupes, qui ne doit pas tarder à arriver sur les lieux. Je n'ay point encore de réponse du Havre ni des autres ports du Normandie sur les batteaux que les Sieurs Conradin et de Mouchy y prendront ; mais si vous jugez par ce que je viens de vous dire que le nombre dont vous leurs avez parlé ne soit pas suffisant vous leur écrirez pour qu'ils fassent partir une plus grande quantité.

¹ Philippe de Noailles, Duc de Mouchy, Maréchal de France 1775, Lieutenant-General 1748, second son of Adrien, Duc de Noailles, was executed in 1794.

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Je ne puis que me remettre pour le temps de l'embarquement de l'artillerie et des baggages aux ordres que M. le Comte d'Aunay recevra à ce sujet de M. le Comte d'Argenson. Il y a aussi à examiner que le partie on pourra tirer dans les circonstances présentes de la frégate *l'Émeraude* qui est actuellement à Dunkerque et de *La fine* lorsqu'elle sera de retour. Je ne pense pas que leur destination à la coste de Flandres soit de quelqu' obstacle au projet parce que si elles ne sont pas directement employées à protéger le passage des troupes elle pourront du moins allant du costé d'Ostende, déguiser l'objet de l'embarquement. Cependant si elles étaient nuisibles ou mesme inutiles M. Bart pourrait les renvoyer au Havre ou à Brest. Vous lui en parlerez.

Quant au secret à faire observer autant qu'il est possible sur l'expédition projetée, les précautions à prendre à ce sujet dépendent plus des généraux de terre que de la marine. Je ne puis que m'en rapporter aux mesures qu'ils prendront pour cela. Vous me marquerez s'il vous plait dans quel temps a peu de jours près vous estimerez que les préparatifs qui concernent la marine pourront estre entièrement faits.

Je suis, Monsieur, très parfaitement à vous,
MAUREPAS.

NOTE.—M. O'Brien¹ dit que vous lui mandez que les ordres de M. Bart sont limités. J'en suis d'autant plus surpris que je lui ai toujours mandé ainsi qu'à M. Charron de faire tout ce que vous leurs proposez pour le mieux. Il n'y a pas un moment à perdre. J'ai écrit directement en Normandie. Je n'ai pas encore réponse du Havre.

By the end of March the expedition was ready to start for the British shores, and the following General Order was issued :

De Par le Roy.

Il est ordonné au Capitaine commandant le Navire le ——— de mettre incessamment à la voile et de se conformer exactement aux ordres que luy donnera le Sr Wailsh. Sa M^{te} ordonnant au dit Capitaine de suivre les dits ordres comme s'ils luy avaient esté directement adressés à luy sous peine de désobéissance.

Fait à Versailles le 27^{me} Mars 1746.

LOUIS.

PHÉLIPPEAUX.

These final orders were, however, shortly followed by the news of the defeat of Charles Edward at Culloden on April 16, and we hear nothing further of the expedition beyond memoirs presented at irregular intervals to the French Government of the possibility of effecting a landing in England or Ireland. There can, however, be no doubt that an invasion of England at that time might have absolutely transformed the history of our country and seated the Chevalier de St. Georges, at least for a time, upon the throne of his ancestors. Indeed, as it was, all shops in London were shut and business suspended. The Bank of England was only able to arrest a fatal run by paying in sixpences, the Duke of Newcastle was at his wits' end, George II. had prepared for a hurried departure, and the opinion has been expressed by Lord Stanhope that, even as matters were, had Charles Edward marched straight from Derby to London with his 5000 Highlanders, it is more than probable that he would

¹ Col. O'Brien ('Lord Lismore'), the Prince's Agent in Paris.

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have succeeded in his object. Had, therefore, Mr. Walsh's expedition taken place, it would have been impossible for any English force that could have been collected at the time to oppose the landing of those eighteen battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry, who would not only have proved of most effective assistance to Prince Charlie but have silenced those malcontents in his own army who insisted on the retreat from Derby. Their landing at any time previous to the battle of Culloden would have, indeed, effected such a diversion as to give renewed vitality to the Stewart Cause. As it was, the Stewarts were by no means ungrateful to Anthony Walsh for the services he had rendered them. Charles Edward wrote to him from Borradaile, 'Notwithstanding what I have said to you by word of mouth I can't let you leave me without giving you a written proof of the satisfaction with which I have received your services, and I have asked the King, my father, to give you a striking proof of this.' Hence it was that the Chevalier de St. Georges raised Anthony Walsh to an Irish earldom. On one occasion Lord Walsh was taken prisoner and lodged in the Tower. He was told to drink to the health of the King, who respected and pardoned him. 'The King does more than the Almighty,' was his answer, 'for he pardons one who doesn't repent.' He married, on January 9, 1741, Mary, the daughter of Luke O'Shiell, a wealthy Irishman, settled at Nantes, but died on his property at the Cap Français in St. Domingo on March 2, 1763, leaving a son, Anthony, second 'Earl' Walsh, and a daughter, Mary Anne, married to Anthony Walsh de Chassenon. Anthony, second 'Earl' Walsh, married his first cousin, Marie, daughter of the first Count de Serrant, on October 28, 1765. It is not the case, as stated in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' (Art. 'Walsh, Antoine'), that he died without issue, as he left no less than seven sons and two daughters. He died at Kingston in Jamaica in 1798. His eldest son, Jean Baptiste, married Agatha, daughter of Anthony Walsh de Chassenon, and was killed in 1792 by a revolt of his negroes in St. Domingo, leaving a son, Theobald, the third 'Earl,' born at Sclesin, near Liège, in 1792, who married Adèle, daughter of the Marquis de Certaines, and died in Paris without issue on January 23, 1881. The sixth son of the second 'Earl' Walsh was the celebrated Vicomte Joseph Alexis Walsh, the founder of the *Mode*, the organ of the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty, the author of 'Gilles de Bretagne,' 'Souvenirs de Cinquante Ans,' 'Lettres Vendéennes,' and numerous other works in favour of the Bourbon dynasty, who married Pauline, daughter of Paul Martin Bouhier de la Bréjolière, and left with other children Edouard, fourth 'Earl' Walsh, the owner of the Château de Chaumont on the Loire, and the last of his race, who died February 7, 1884.

Francis Count de Serrant, the younger brother of the first 'Earl,' was created Comte de Serrant in March 1755; he had



Charles Edward giving his instructions to Anthony "Earl" Walsh for
the Courts of France and Spain.

Original at Seriant.



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married, April 26, 1743, Mary, daughter of Thomas Harper, and left, with other children, a son, Antoine, who became Colonel and proprietor of the Walsh regiment of the Irish Brigade and second Count de Serrant. He married, first, Renée, daughter of the Marquis de Choiseul Beaupré, and left, with other issue, a son, Edouard, who succeeded him as third Count de Serrant, and died January 8, 1825; he then married, as his second wife, Louise, daughter of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and widow of the Girondist Marquis de Valady, by whom he left two sons and a daughter. On the outbreak of the French Revolution Count Walsh emigrated to England, and entered the British service with the rank of colonel-proprietor of the 2nd Regt. of the Irish Brigade from 1794 to 1798. He returned, however, to France on the establishment of the Empire, and had all his titles confirmed by Napoleon I. He died a lieutenant-general in the King's army in 1817. His eldest son, by his second marriage, married Sophie, daughter of Monsieur Jean Francois Legrand, a wealthy contractor, and left Gaston, fifth, and Ludovic, sixth, Counts de Serrant, the latter of whom died on April 11, 1894, without issue, upon which Serrant devolved upon the ninth Duc de La Trémoille, the only son of the eighth Duc by his marriage, on September 12, 1830, with Valentine, daughter of Antoine, third Count de Serrant. The younger brother had married Elise, daughter of the Marquis d'Héricy, and descended from the Maréchale de La Motte d'Houdancourt, who had been raised to a dukedom by Philip V. of Spain. The Marquis de Walsh Serrant was authorised to adopt the title of Duke de La Motte d'Houdancourt by the Kings of France and of Spain. He only left one married daughter, the wife of Comte Artus de Cossé Brissac. The first Comte Walsh de Serrant had a second son, Charles Edward, born at Caen, February 6, 1746, married 1771, Julie Felicité daughter of Jean Pasquet, Baron de Lugé, Lieutenant-General in the French service, and Colonel of the 5th Regt. of the Irish Brigade in the service of King George III. from 1794 to 1798, and died December 27, 1820. His third son, Charles William Walsh de Serrant, of Bouillé Mesnars, born August 15, 1792, married 1820, Marie Madeline, daughter of Count Philip Walsh, and died August 23, 1869, leaving a third son, Gustave Adolphe, born October 10, 1827, who married as his second wife, September 23, 1875, Caroline, daughter of the Marquis de la Jaille, and died March 27, 1876. His son, Henry Walsh, born (posthumous) September 23, 1875, lives at Les Allières, near Château Goutier in the Mayenne, and is the present Comte Walsh de Serrant.

The La Trémoille family, whose descendant now owns Serrant, is one of the oldest in France. We first hear of Pierre, Sire de La Trémoille, under Henri I., King of France, and signer of a deed, dated 1040, in conjunction with William IV., Duke of Guienne

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and Count of Poitou, Geoffrey his brother, Adelard de Château Gontier, Gerard de Gouvent and Foucher de Vendôme. The La Trémoilles were at first barons feudatory of the Counts de Poitou and distinguished alike by their wisdom in the Council chamber and their valour on the field of battle, where they frequently commanded the troops of the Counts de Poitou. Gui I., Sire de La Trémoille, accompanied Godefroy de Bouillon on the first Crusade in 1096. Gui V., Sire de La Trémoille, was appointed by King John I., Grand Baker of France in 1353; Gui VII. was Chamberlain to King Charles VI., and was accorded the right of carrying the oriflamme or national banner. He joined John of Burgundy on his expedition against the Sultan Bajazet, to the relief of the Emperor Sigismund, was taken prisoner after the battle of Nicopolis, was ransomed, and died at Rhodes on his way back to France. His son George, Sire de La Trémoille, was the celebrated minister of King Charles VII. Louis I., Sire de La Trémoille, acquired the principality of Talmont by his marriage with Marguerite d'Amboise in 1441. Louis II., Sire de La Trémoille, defeated the rebellious nobles, under the Duc d'Orléans, at St. Aubins du Cormier, and treated their leader, whom he took prisoner, with considerable harshness. On Charles VIII.'s death, in 1497, the Duc d'Orléans succeeded to the throne of France as Louis XII. Most French historians allege that when the new king's courtiers tried to rouse his anger against the Sire de La Trémoille he replied, 'The King of France does not avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans.' Amongst the private archives of the Duc de La Trémoille's there is, however, a most interesting panegyric in the handwriting of the Sire de La Trémoille's private secretary, in which he gives a much more dramatic account of what really happened: 'De son mouvement, il envoya querir le sieur de La Trémoille, luy confirma ses états et offices, luy pria qu'il luy soit aussi fidelle serviteur qu'il avoit esté au Roye son predecesseur, et se voulant excuser de ce qui s'estoit passé, le Roy luy dit qu'il n'estait pas memoratif des jeunesses du Duc d'Orleans.' Louis II. was killed at the battle of Pavia under the very eyes of King Francis I. Francis, Sire de La Trémoille, married, in 1541, Anne, daughter of Gui XXI., Comte de Laval, by Charlotte of Aragon, Princess of Tarente, through whom the La Trémoilles not only acquired a right to the throne of Naples, which they asserted on the occasion of every important European treaty, but were henceforth regarded as of royal birth at the French Court itself. Louis III., Sire de La Trémoille, received from Charles IX. the Dukedom of Thouars in July 1563, thanks to which his descendant, the present Duc de La Trémoille et de Thouars, Prince de Tarente et de Talmont, is the premier Duke or France, though, owing to his son Claude having been made a Peer of France by Henri IV. in June 1595, he ranks only as second

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amongst the peers, the Duc d'Uzès being the first peer of France. The first Duc de La Trémoille joined the Reformed Church and married Charlotte, daughter of William the Silent of Nassau. He died in 1586. His grandson Henri, who was born in 1599, abjured the Reformed Church, but allowed his children to be brought up Protestants. He survived his son Henri Charles, who married, in 1648, Amélie, daughter of William V., Landgraf of Hesse Cassel, and abjured Protestantism in 1670. Charles V., Duke, died a Field-Marshal in 1719. The seventh duke suffered considerable losses through the surrender of his feudal rights at the time of the French Revolution. The eighth duke went through many vicissitudes after he had been forced to emigrate from France. With the help of his uncle, Prince Salm, he raised the regiment of the Salm Hussars, and took part in the campaign of 1792 against France. He surrendered this command to his brother, the Prince Louis Stanislas Kotska de la Trémoille, and entered first the Austrian, and then the Neapolitan, service. He lived subsequently for many years in retirement on a pension of lieutenant-general, allotted to him by his cousin, the Duke of Baden. He did not return to France until the Restoration, when Louis XVIII. raised him to the rank of Lieutenant-general and Peer of France. On the advice of Charles X., to whom he offered his services at Rambouillet, he agreed to recognise the new dynasty and took the oath of allegiance in 1830. It was he who married, the same year, Valentine Walsh, daughter of the Count de Serrant, by whom he left one son, the present Duc de La Trémoille. The most valuable inheritance that he may be said to have received from his ancestors is the celebrated *Chartier de Thouars*, which escaped destruction at the time of the French Revolution, as it laid neglected and forgotten in the Castle at Thouars. It contains nearly the whole feudal history of Lower Poitou, coming as it does from a time when seventeen hundred lairds did homage to the Duc de La Trémoille. It also includes the daily accounts of the La Trémoilles from 1343 down to 1789. The present duke has himself rendered a most valuable service to social history by publishing, in the five volumes entitled '*Les La Trémoille pendant cinq siècles*,' extracts from the *Chartier*, which show how a great French nobleman lived from day to day, what was his revenue and what were his expenses in the fourteenth, the fifteenth, the sixteenth, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These priceless documents were only transported to Serrant in the third decade of this century, when the Duc de La Trémoille presented the *Château de Thouars* to the people of the town. They arrived in twenty old barrels, and in many large boxes, stamped with the arms of the Henri Charles de La Trémoille who died in 1672. They are not, however, all at Serrant now, for several of them have been transferred to the town house of the Duc

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de La Trémoille, in the Avenue Gabriel, but still quite enough remain behind to occupy the student for many years.

The Château has within the last few years undergone a thorough restoration. M. Lucien Magne, the great French architect, who now so ably represents the School founded by Viollet Leduc, has done all that was possible to carry out the original scheme of Philibert Delorme, for since his time architects had done much to destroy many of its most characteristic features. The angle of the roof had been raised, but it was easy enough to detect where the eaves once were, and when work was commenced the old beams were discovered. Windows had been closed and the finest rooms split up into smaller apartments. The restoration has now been so thoroughly executed that little now distinguishes Serrant from the original plans of the greatest French architect of the sixteenth century. The Château commands the main road leading from Paris to Nantes, which is faced by a fine Renaissance gateway of cut stone. The avenue leads straight up to the house, where the courtyard is approached by a drawbridge and flanked by two handsome pavilions on either side. The house itself is composed of a main building with two wings at right angles. The chief decoration consists of the pilasters that ornament each storey, being Ionic on the ground floor, Corinthian on the first, and Composite on the second storey; whilst at the top, in the centre of each portion of the Château, are triangular frontals, supported in the main building by four and in the wings by two caryatides. The crossed G's that have puzzled many students relate to Guillaume de Bautre, who had the wings lengthened in 1687. At the back of the house, which faces the flower-beds and the lake, is a fine terrace approached by steps, whilst the main building is connected with its wings by two massive round towers. The work was begun in 1546 by the erection of the northern tower as well as of that portion of the right wing and the main building. The southern tower and the left wing date from 1636, whilst the prolongation of the two wings is of even later date. The distinction between these various periods is easily grasped by the student, as the earlier work, and especially the carving of the capitals of the pilasters, is immeasurably superior there than it is in the later additions. The chapel, which is in the left wing, is ornamented by columns and pilasters of black marble and in the Corinthian style of architecture. It contains inscriptions to the memory of several members of the Walsh family, but its chief feature is the monument executed by Coysevox to the memory of the Maréchal de Vaubrun, and regarded by many as his masterpiece. On the face of the tomb of black marble is a bas-relief of gilt lead, representing the battle of Altenheim, in which he lost his life, modelled on Raphael's picture of Constantine's battle against the Emperor Maxentius. The sarcophagus supports the statues of the Marquis and the Marquise de Vaubrun. He lies upon a trophy,

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ready to give his last gasp, resting upon his right arm, whilst his hand still holds the Marshal's bâton ; otherwise, he is dressed in Roman costume. She is on her knees, her head resting on her right hand and partly covered by a heavy veil. A few feet above these figures Victory descends from Heaven, holding in one hand a trophy, whilst with the other she intends to place a crown upon the warrior's head. This is perhaps the finest portion of the work, for such is its grace and lightness, that Victory only seems to support itself with the help of her wings.

The chief characteristic of the main building is its stone staircase, worthy of many a king's palace. The vaulted ceiling is ornamented with the arms of the De Bries, and of the Maillés, the Matheférons, the Giffarts, the Vasées, all of whom were united by marriage with the De Bries, and this may be said to establish the date of the staircase, which must have been built by Philibert de Lorme before the Château had passed out of the hands of the De Bries and during the life of Charles De Bries' second wife, Guillemette de Grognet de Vassée, for her arms are impaled with his. On the ground floor the hall lies to the left and the dining-room to the right. In the former are portraits of Alfred Walsh, of the last Comtesse Walsh de Serrant, who married Count Alfred Walsh as her second husband, separately and with her children, of Guillaume de Bautru and of Cardinal de Richelieu. The latter is chiefly remarkable for its seven tapestries woven from Teniers' designs and separated by Ionic pilasters of oak, its oak ceiling with cross-beams and its fine chimney-piece likewise of carved oak. On the first floor the drawing-room lies to the right and the library to the left. In the former there are also many family portraits and busts as well as a fine chimney-piece in cut stone ornamented by a knight in full armour, likewise in cut stone. The library is, however, the most interesting room in the house. Over the mantelpiece are the portraits of Charles Edward giving his instructions to Anthony Walsh for the Courts of France and of Rome. The Prince is in Highland costume, and is represented as at least a foot larger than Walsh, which was not by any means historically accurate, but only evidence of that respect with which royal personages were regarded in the eighteenth century, which would have made any other representation savour of disloyalty to the Prince. The library also contains portraits of the Duc and Duchesse d'Estrées and of other members of the Bautru family. On either side the wings contain the bedrooms ornamented with French and Belgian tapestries. On the second floor a gallery, whose walls are hung with drawings of the ruins of the numerous castles belonging to the Walshes in County Kilkenny, and other prints, leads to the bedrooms. On the same floor the tower contains many of the archives of the La Trémoille and Walsh families. The basement is truly magnificent, the kitchens and offices opening on to a fine vaulted corridor,

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whilst the windows look out upon the moat, each side of which is eighty feet long.

Few of the old historic châteaux of France have been so admirably preserved, for even the stonework shows a whiteness and freshness unattainable in our own country. The restoration is thoroughly in keeping with the original design, the situation enables the higher storeys to command fine views of the Valley of the Loire, whilst the extraordinary collection of archives contained within the four walls of the Château itself enables Serrant to occupy a position absolutely unique in modern France.

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BEING A FEW NOTES MADE FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH
THE SOLDIERS OF UNCLE SAM, JOHN BULL, AND OOM PAUL
BY POULTNEY BIGELOW



THE hardest fighting in these enlightened times of philanthropy and international congresses should have been, according to prophetic programme, between avowedly military empires. Ever since the close of the Franco-Prussian war the cartoonists of the parliamentary world have amused themselves by poking fun at poor old continental Europe groaning under the burden of war in time of peace. The free peoples of the earth have lived in daily anticipation of a terrible explosion in which England and America alone would figure as the wise parties who had cultivated civilisation while others had studied only the art of self-destruction.

The smoke of the Spanish-American war has scarcely blown away before another, much more destructive, engages the attention of astonished Europe—this time the country of Cobden fighting a self-governing nation of farmers in South Africa. The Boers are fighting against alleged tyranny ; Englishmen are fighting to make the Boers more liberal. Both are convinced that the other is wrong, and angels of peace meanwhile record with sorrow——

But this is not meant as a political article.

The Yankee soldier, as I knew him in the Cuban war and in the Phillipines is the best all-round fighting unit I have so far messed with. This sounds like bragging, and, of course, it requires explanation. There are soldiers and soldiers—as there are Boers and Boers. Our greatest of war correspondents, Sir William Howard Russell, has placed on record the panic of Bull Run—the running away of United States soldiers. So also in Cuba a New York regiment hesitated when ordered to charge the Spanish position of San Juan. In Manilla I was given the evidence that another United States regiment had failed to respond when the forward was sounded in the capture of the city. Americans smarted under ‘Bull Run,’ Russell’s caustic record of fact ; but we were in the wrong and Russell in the right. Those men who ran away had no business at the front ; they were raw troops commanded by officers equally unfit for fighting ; and the lesson taught by these facts is that ‘volunteers,’ however patriotic, however dashing and however brave under conditions they understand, are not proof against panic unless they have been drilled into soldierly habits, and, above all, until they have come to trust their officers.

In the Spanish war the United States had but about 25,000 regulars as against a volunteer army of 250,000. The volunteers were all voters, their officers largely politicians ; while in the regular army both officers and men avoid party politics. Consequently the

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papers rang with the heroic doings of volunteer organisations, while as to the regulars, the average American citizen scarcely regarded his existence. If a volunteer did something, his picture went the rounds of the Press, and he was rated with the great commanders. It is not too much to say that the single regiment of 'rough riders' engrossed more newspaper space than the whole of the regular army during the war—and subsequently. The officers and men of that regiment were good men; Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, who conceived the idea of the regiment, is personally brave to recklessness. Let us assume they were all individual heroes; yet, as a regiment, they were inferior to any single cavalry regiment in the service, for the obvious reason that a cavalry regiment to be an efficient force in war must have been thoroughly drilled together—as cavalry cannot be improvised in a few days. No American begrudges the honours reaped by Colonel Roosevelt; he deserves the very best, and I for one expect to cast my vote for him as next President of the United States. But it is noteworthy that such a regiment should have, in the public estimation, eclipsed the work of the 'regulars,' who bore the full brunt of the war, and were the only troops on which the country could rely for every kind of work.

At Tampa I had my first opportunity of seeing United States regulars on a war footing, and I was as much surprised as most Americans. Tampa is tropical at all times, but in June it is a pestiferous place which I can compare only with Delagoa Bay, Kiao Chow, or other stations where desperate men resort when they are weary of life. There was not sufficient water; the men could not bathe. The officers had to go into town for a bath, which cost twenty-five cents each. The United States had to pay two cents a gallon for such water as was used. It was currently believed that some official received a percentage on the number of gallons consumed at Tampa; I hope not. The heat was so intense that I, who was familiar with the West Indies and the Red Sea, found movement of any kind irksome. The men could but spend the day lying panting like dogs in hot kennels. Drill to any extent was impossible; the utmost I saw was with companies early in the morning. These returned after an hour or so, their heavy woollen clothing saturated with sweat. The Government supplied not a single regiment with seasonable clothing; each regiment lived in Tampa as though it were stationed on the Canadian border; and while all the civilian people of the town were in cottons or sombreros, the men who were expected to do the fighting were smothered in woollen.

At Tampa there was no evidence that the United States Army possessed such a thing as a staff organisation—the staff being that portion of the army which has to do with transportation, feeding, clothing, in fact almost everything beyond merely fighting the enemy at close quarters. There were hundreds of thirsty-looking men in

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new uniforms who called themselves 'staff officers' and who drew salary mainly for political services rendered in the past, or which they expected to render in the future; but these gentlemen were thickest about the bar of the hotel, while 'regulars' under canvas were suffering from the want of the common necessities of soldier life. If a bucket was needed, a tent pole, a box of quinine, anything, the requisition had to pass through so many helpless hands that it was soon found a useless endeavour; and officers and men paid for what they needed out of their own pockets, or did without. The men had their rations of pork and beans; if they wanted anything cooling not on Uncle Sam's bill of fare they had to buy it themselves. They had not even coarse planks provided from which they might have made flooring for their tents, and had no other food than the winter rations of an extreme frontier post. Even a Spaniard might have pitied this army of invaders.

Was all this necessary to war? Not at all. For during these days patriotic 'Ladies' Committees' were shipping to the troops cars loaded with good things—at one time forty miles of railway track were blocked with supplies for the army. Ice, intended for the hospitals, trickled away from the freight cars in which it was lying, while the 'staff' idled about headquarters standing drinks to 159 newspaper correspondents.

During those trying days I heard of no breach of discipline amongst the regulars. They did what they were told—and kept their mouths shut. They read each day in the papers that politicians were being put into high military commands—that West Pointers were being kept back in order to make room for civilians: they were trained to endurance even to this extent. When the war broke out the Secretary of War and others like him in charge of army affairs, at once treated the situation from a political point of view. They said to themselves: 'Here is a chance of getting votes—250,000 volunteers mean about 25,000 offices to be distributed amongst the supporters of our party; then there are lots of contractors who will make money out of it and indirectly help us.' Consequently the 'regular' army, as well as the 'volunteers' were placed under the control of incompetent politicians, who were sometimes brave men and sometimes cowards, but in every case were scantily qualified to take charge of troops in the field. The job was scandalously done, the army that went out strong in physique and flushed with the prospect of an honourable fight, came back like a gang of diseased tramps.

When the Prussian army ran away from Napoleon at Jena in 1806 it was not a proud moment for the military aristocracy of that country; but a court-martial was held afterwards and nearly every prominent general was found guilty. After the Spanish War no court-martial was held; on the contrary, the President appointed a

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political committee to investigate, and this committee discovered with startling promptitude that the Spanish-American war reflected rather favourably than otherwise upon the Government.

During those sad days at Tampa I had abundant opportunity of studying the Yankee soldier. When he mounted guard he suffered in comparison with Tommy Atkins, so far as uniform went; but he was a bigger man, more mature in years and on the average a better campaigner. Of course, in speaking of the British soldier I refer to the average, not to the crack regiments alone.

The relation of officers to men in the United States regular army is excellent. The American soldier sees considerable service in a small way out in the Indian country, where the life is very hard and all hands have to rely upon their own resources. An officer has abundant opportunity of showing the stuff that is in him, and there springs up between officers and men a sense of mutual confidence born of common dangers successfully endured. Tommy Atkins gets plenty of this also, but mostly in India.

Before I had been twenty-four hours at Tampa I was offered an opportunity of sharing in a species of raid or filibustering expedition which had for its object the landing of some fifty mules on the shores of Cuba along with a batch of insurgent major-generals and a lot of ammunition. In this amusing trip, in which we were three times under fire, there participated two companies of a 'regular' infantry regiment whose station had been San Francisco. Being more than a week cooped up together we naturally saw much of one another. They were not picked men, yet there were few below six feet in height and their average age was nearly thirty years. The commander of the two companies told me that every man in the regiment was a re-enlisted man, that he had served already one enlistment, either in that regiment or in some other. One man I chatted with had been eighteen years in the army, and could not imagine himself happy anywhere else. These men had no bunks or hammocks provided for them—they spread their strip of canvas wherever they could find a place on the open decks. The officers occupied the after cabin. It rained frequently, and when it did there was no sleep for the men. But there was no complaining—that was war, and they liked it. During the whole trip I heard of no case of drunkenness, or the exercise of any discipline beyond routine. In fact, the officers assured me that discipline with such men was limited to the essential military requirements, the men were all seasoned soldiers who knew their business, who trusted their officers, and were satisfied with soldiering as a profession.

A landing party went ashore at a place about two miles from a town where we were told 2000 Spaniards were habitually in garrison. With an indifference to consequences truly appalling, the crazy old wooden paddle transport named *Gussy*, was anchored just outside

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the breakers, and about fifty men were sent ashore, very slowly, for only two boats were available for this purpose. Nearly every boat capsized in the heavy surf, but nevertheless, the men succeeded finally in scrambling ashore. The commander of this expedition had not thought it necessary to provide means for embarking and disembarking, nor had he thought it worth while to make sure that he was not marching into an ambush. At any rate no sooner were fifty men ashore, and entering the dense forest, than out blazed a crackling of infantry fire which sounded as though the whole Spanish garrison had turned out for our reception. This was just the sort of surprise which had greeted General Braddock in 1755, when half his men were shot to pieces. On this occasion not a man proved unequal to his work. The officers were young West Pointers, but they knew the Indian country. Each man dropped under cover and fired deliberately. As a result the Spanish commander was dropped out of his saddle, the rest continued firing for a short time and finding that the Yankees did not retire, they went away themselves, having done no damage. While the firing was going on in the woods, a messenger passed between the shore and the transport with instructions as to where the fire might be directed without hitting the wrong party, for from the transport nothing was visible save a strip of beach and the line of forest trees.

To me the interesting feature of this engagement was that while all knew that there was an indefinite force in the woods, not a man acted otherwise than as if he were at a sham fight. There was no calling for volunteers, no theatrical dwelling upon the dangers to be faced; the men went down into the boats, while the bullets were hissing all around them, with the mechanical coolness of an engineer entering the bowels of a steamship. Officers and men knew that there were no Victoria Crosses to be secured, that probably half of them would be killed and the rest made prisoners. Yet the casual observer could see nothing but an ordinary everyday landing—and a mighty clumsy one it was too.

We Anglo-Saxons may well rejoice in little things like this. The Spanish war developed corruption in high places of a painful kind; it showed us a brutal disregard of decency in the treatment of privates and a heartless neglect of the wounded. But it did show us at least that the private of the regular army of Uncle Sam, led by his West Point officer, is a worthy chip of the old block. The Yankee regular has all the courage of the trained British regular, and with it he has the resourcefulness of the Boer. He will never be able to show his power so long as politicians place him at the mercy of incompetent generals and quartermasters; but on some fine day of the future the tame American citizen, who is now buried in his money-bags, will emerge, and will develop a desire for better government, and such a desire may produce a military

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re-organisation, which will put into the field a fighting force compared to which that under Napoleon will seem insignificant.

The British soldier, from the standpoint of a Yankee regular, is a most pampered warrior in a few respects. To be sure, his pay is small compared to the American's thirteen dollars a month; but his creature comforts are looked after in a manner calculated to excite envy on the banks of the Rio Grande or the Upper Missouri. On entering the new port of Wei-Hai-Wei, when the British flag had been waving there scarce half a year, I was much struck by the elaborate provision made for giving recreation to the men, both of the land and sea forces. Cricket and football were in full swing, and Admiral Seymour, commanding the station, acted up to the maxim of Nelson that to have good men on the day of battle you must keep them in good spirits in the dull times preceding. In consequence of this great care for the men's happiness, the amount of disease at Wei-Hai-Wei was hardly worth recording. Yet within one hundred miles as the crow flies, at the new German port of Kiao Chow, dysentery and fever were apparently familiar guests. It may be that the Germans had selected a peculiarly unhealthy spot for their new colonial venture, but at the same time the German officers and men there appeared to have no exhilarating sports; and depression of spirits is the best foundation for epidemic disease. As Wei-Hai-Wei was to Kiao Chow so was Hong Kong to Manilla. These two ports I visited about September 1, 1898, some months, therefore, after Dewey had smashed the Spanish fleet, and when General Merritt was in peaceful possession of the capital. While the American soldier was doing the hardest kind of camp drudgery in the tropical sun, dressed in shabby woollen garments in which he perspired night and day, Tommy Atkins in Hong Kong wore deliciously cool tropical dress, was housed in palatial barracks, and had Chinamen to assist him in the household drudgery. I was even told there that at night his brows were cooled by the swinging of vast fans, worked by Chinese coolies. This story is so violent a strain upon average credulity that I mention it with reserve. Whenever I have observed the British soldier in other tropical places—the West Indies, British Guiana, Singapore, Durban, Aden, &c.—everywhere he is an object to excite the envy of his American cousin. He always has his football and cricket field; always enjoys a well-equipped canteen; always lives in cool, healthy barracks; always dresses in the most comfortable of clothing, and drills only a few hours in the coolest part of the day. If there is a creature on earth who embodies all that we most seek to attain—a happy irresponsible existence without drudgery—it is the British soldier in normal times, particularly in the Tropics. There was no good reason why the Yankee volunteers in the Philippines were not all as well

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dressed as their British brethren in arms across the way at Hong Kong. The men themselves were for the most part well able to buy anything they wished ; but there again, as in Cuba, the whole machinery for equipping and caring for the men generally was in the hands of political creatures who were either ignorant of their business or indifferent. The manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank in Manilla told me that it was no uncommon thing to have men come into his office looking like tramps and cash drafts for hundreds of pounds. These were Uncle Sam's volunteers. Many of them came home, after their discharge, paying their passage first-class, and cursing the day they had originally enlisted—not that they shirked the necessary hardships of war, but that they resented being swindled and bullied by grossly incompetent officers. In Manilla I saw United States troops in the height of a tropical noon dragging loads through the streets, cleaning out the filthy outhouses of the Spanish barracks, lifting paving stones, &c., while all the while no effort was made to relieve them by native help, or by giving the 13,000 Spanish prisoners a job. The neglect which the American soldier endured in the Philippines is not matched by anything I know of in the British or any other civilised army.

Tommy Atkins does not suffer as much as the American soldier from political favouritism or jobbery ; but both armies undoubtedly do suffer to a large extent from having divided responsibility at the head. Perhaps this is inherent in parliamentary governments ; but these last two wars illustrate the mischief of divided control so clearly that reform may be looked for. In the English army it is hard for the average man to know whether the army is commanded by the Commander-in-Chief, so called, or by the civilian War Secretary, or by the chief officer in the field, or to what extent it is affected by the Treasury officials. When all goes right each claims the whole honour, and when disaster comes, then each rolls the responsibility off on to the shoulders of the others. In the American war there were at least six Commanders-in-Chief and no doubt many more of whom I did not hear. The result was confusion in details and utter failure to fix responsibility.

There is no doubt considerable favouritism in the British army, even to-day, though whether it does much harm I cannot say. I happen to know of several British officers who have for years devoted their time and money to perfecting themselves in their profession by mastering foreign languages, and notably by following the great military operations of Continental armies. These young men are burning with enthusiasm to distinguish themselves, and in times of peace have done the very best possible thing to fit them for staff duties in time of war. It is only by following the autumn manœuvres of the German army that the tactician can see in practice the latest theories regarding the action of modern weapons and the methods

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adopted for overcoming their deadly range and precision. The Germans have for years tested their theories in this manner, and their manœuvres from year to year have well illustrated what has been latterly happening in South Africa. Now the question naturally offers itself to the average man: Why did the British generals appear to be ignorant of these things, while the British army contained many young officers, thoroughly familiar with exactly analogous conditions? Is no record kept at the War Office of young officers who have made special studies in this field? In America, of course, no such record is regarded, but we look for better system in the Mother Country. I can now think of several young Englishmen whom I have met repeatedly at German manœuvres, earnestly following the operations and keeping in touch with the opinions of the most-experienced Continental critics of war. Such men as these deserved immediate recognition on the first rumour of war, and I feel safe in thinking that had they been consulted, there would have been less mourning in England. The Boers, at least, did not make this mistake—they applied the ripest knowledge of modern tactics with signal success.

President Kruger is quoted as having issued an order to kill as many officers as possible: 'But for God's sake spare the Generals.' There is a grim humour in this—a humour that is not of to-day only. It would have sounded well in Cuba and the Philippines.

There surely must be something wrong about the 'business management' of a War Office which sends intelligent officers to Berlin, St. Petersburg, &c., for the sake of learning all they can of warfare, and then when actual war takes place, treats the experience gathered by these agents as valueless. The United States has had military *attachés* in Europe for ten years, but so far from sending the ablest West Point graduates to fill these posts, they have as a rule preferred those whose political connections enabled them to intrigue most successfully. In Germany, for instance, I can recall but one American military *attaché* who came there with enough of the language to order his breakfast. Yet at the time I could have mentioned half a dozen able West Pointers who would have done credit to such an appointment. On the other hand, England has had at European courts not merely officers who were excellent linguists, but men who had distinguished themselves in their regiments and in the Intelligence Department at home.

Tommy Atkins prays to heaven, along with his Yankee cousin, for some means by which officers may be promoted for other reasons than merely because they are old. The German Emperor is magnificent in respect to weeding out the superannuated and overfed warriors who otherwise might command Army Corps in the event of war. He chases about the country over hedges and ditches, and the Generals, who spill off at the various obstacles, practically sign

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their resignation at the same time. To tell a genial old General that he is no longer fit to command in the field requires a moral courage which does not flourish in the shadow of Congress, nor yet in the neighbourhood of Westminster. But it is a quality we must cultivate if we mean to have good soldiers. We Anglo-Saxons are on the threshold of a new life in which war will play a pretty constant rôle. The signs of it are all around, and as a body of businesslike people we are bound to take an interest in the matter.

General Braddock made his memorable march in 1755; but yet some recent despatches from the neighbourhood of Ladysmith suggest that he may have stepped from the Seven Years' War straight into command in South Africa. In those days it was French and Indian; now it is Joubert, Cronje & Co. Braddock had the benefit of colonial Englishmen—gentlemen of Virginia, who had had abundant experience of Indian fighting. He had an expedition well equipped with everything but generalship. Out of a round 1500 men and officers, whom he led against the enemy, he lost in killed and wounded 877; only 583 were brought off whole. He took his men into an ambush in spite of the warnings of younger and more capable men. He sinned against knowledge if ever man did, and meagrely atoned for it by the loss of his own life.

To give one some idea of the slaughter on that occasion, here are a few facts. Of three colonels with the expedition, all three were in the list of killed or wounded. Of twenty-one captains, fourteen were in the list of killed or wounded. Of six surgeons, every one was 'killed or wounded.' Of fifty-eight sergeants, thirty-seven were either killed or wounded, and so on through the list; and all through the blundering of one man who was brave as a lion and stupid as—Braddock.

In the London *Public Advertiser* of August 27, 1755, appeared this letter from a private source, for in those days the 'war correspondent' was not yet invented:

Before our men could get within musket shot of the French, the Indians in ambuscade surprised our army by firing singly at the General and other particular officers, and as soon as Colonels Gage and Burton had begun the attack, which was very fierce, the Indians gave the war whoop, and rising from the thickets, discovered themselves, when the advanced guard being between three fires gave way and was rallied by their officers. They gave one fire, and then retreated in the greatest confusion imaginable till they had thrown Dunbar's regiment into disorder. Their officers with a great deal of trouble, after having run several times through, rallied them a second time, when they stood a second fire from the French, and without returning it retired in great disorder with Dunbar's regiment, and left their officers a sacrifice to the enemy, and out of sixty of them but five escaped being either killed or wounded. . . .

Our army lost its baggage, provisions, &c., and had these two regiments stood the ground, it would very probably have put an end to the contest in America.

In the London *Evening Post* of September 9-11, 1755, is another private letter from Virginia with this statement:

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As for the unfortunate battle the accounts are very confused. It is generally allowed that the troops never saw above 300 Frenchmen, Indians and all included . . . They say the troops were shot at from behind trees, and could not see their enemies, on which they ran away. The officers would have forced them to stand, and killed some of the men for not standing. So it became a fight between the men and officers, for the men fired on the officers that struck them, and ran quite away. . . .

In the *Public Advertiser* of October 15, 1755, was printed another private letter from a Boston gentleman. In the course of it he uses language almost identical with that of a Boer friend of mine who fought the Jameson Raiders, and is now with Joubert :

This is, and always will be, the consequence of Old England officers and soldiers being sent to America. For the Indians will kill them as fast as pigeons, and they stand no chance either offensive or defensive. Three hundred New England men would have routed this party of Indians.

And here are words that seem to be echoed by young English Afrikaners, eager to volunteer and fight the Boers in Boer fashion :

We want nothing but money and liberty to act, and we'll soon have all North America.

This was the spirit of the loyal American colonist twenty years before Bunker Hill.

In short, when we raise men here (colonials) by beat of drum, we have such numbers offer that we are forced to turn many home again (this I am an eye-witness of) both on account of their number and youth. Some lads about 13, 14, 15 years old offer who can shoot a bird flying with any man in this province. This is a right martial spirit, and seems to run through the whole of this country people.¹

So much for one hundred and fifty years ago—times which we are sometimes pleased to think are so remote that their lesson is quite superfluous in this time of telegraph and military intelligence bureaux. We are glad to learn that the British army to-day contains generals no less brave than Braddock ; it is not so refreshing to learn that some of our contemporary warriors have not fully profited by his disaster.

Now, as to the soldiers of Oom Paul, they are the true 'nation in arms.' Not only are all the men fighting, but the women as well are doing their share. The Boer fights the Englishman exactly as the trappers and Indians of the Upper Ohio fought General Braddock. The Boer has the courage of all men brought up in savage surroundings, especially men of our great Germanic race. The Dutchman in all times has given proof of high moral and physical valour, and he is by no means a degenerate. We have been told of late, by writers who pretend to have lived many years in Johannesburg, that the Boer lacked courage as well as enterprise, and that the war would collapse as soon as an English demonstration was made in force.

¹ 'Braddock's Defeat,' by Darnell Davis, C.M.G., Auditor-General of British Guiana. Philadelphia, 1899.

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This goes to show that the men who are attracted by Johannesburgers are not good specimens of Boer social life, or else that these writers are singularly limited in their powers of observation.

There are Boers and Boers, of course. Mrs. Lionel Phillips, in her charming book, and Mrs. John Hays Hammond in hers, have described graphically the Boer as he appeared to them, and to people with whom they consorted. That Boer exists, and more's the pity. But there are plenty of Boers of another variety whom Johannesburg mine proprietors are not apt to meet on an equal footing. They are Boers who have no favours to ask and fewer still to grant, from a financial point of view. President Steyn is no less a Boer than Paul Kruger. The Chief Justice of the Cape Colony, Sir Henry de Villiers, differs from Joubert or Cronje merely in the detail of school opportunities and social surroundings. I have spent night after night in Boer farmhouses whose occupants compared favourably with those of corresponding homes in Texas or Colorado. We of the eastern part of America and the western part of Europe are apt to confuse illiteracy with ignorance. Men who are ignorant are apt to be illiterate as well, but schoolmen are not necessarily wise, nor illiterate men stupid. I have met many commanding figures in America who did not know the alphabet, and Kruger, who writes his name with physical effort, has proved conclusively that statesmanship is not acquired in the Universities alone—not even the University which matriculated Cecil Rhodes. And yet the present war may be a necessary one, judged from the standpoint of poor humanity. We may deplore the manner in which it was precipitated, regret the over-zealous activity of the London Cabinet in matters that might wisely have been relegated to South African tribunals, and, above all, we must regret that the authors of the Jameson Raid were flogged with feather dusters. On the technical points of law the Briton is in the wrong; and yet, on the broader ground of political expediency, if not necessity, the war is just, and will benefit the Boer as well as the world in general. In a rough way, it may be likened to the American Civil War, in which the slave states were legally in the right—at least, in the opinion of many eminent jurists. But as we now look back upon that five years' conflict, we pretty generally agree that it was worth much blood and money to settle once for all the question of who was to rule on the North American continent. The whole world is to-day deeply interested in the solution of a similar question in Africa. Paul Kruger, and those of his frame of mind, have undertaken to tell the progressive English-speaking races that he means to raise up a barrier behind which Boer ideas shall flourish. He has clever lawyers to present his case, and on paper it looks strong. It is a case resembling that of Brigham Young when he asserted that Utah had the right to live for and by itself; that his peculiar people could form an *imperium in imperio* in the midst of

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the North American continent. Brigham Young had the law on his side, but unfortunately he had gold mines as well, and the Yankee 'Uitlanders' made short work of his legal fulminations. He was a grand old Paul Kruger in his way, and his 'Burghers' bore a strong resemblance to those whom I met in Pretoria.

The Mormon question has gradually settled itself by natural means—the Uitlanders filled the mines faster than old Brigham Young could recruit for his Tabernacle, and so it comes about that after a life just about as long as that of the Transvaal, the Mormon state of Utah has pretty nearly come to an end so far as Mormon predominance is concerned, even in Utah.

This is the solution I had hoped for when I wrote my book shortly after the Jameson Raid. I knew that the bulk of intelligent Boers in the Orange Free State, the Cape Colony and Natal, even the educated Burghers of Oom Paul, were by no means in sympathy with the anachronistic government of the Transvaal. Burghers of the Orange Free State complained in my hearing that their children were not permitted to find positions in the Transvaal, though room was made for imported Hollanders. The popular political cry 'Africa for the Afrikanders' was one which sooner or later would have put an end to Transvaal exclusiveness. The other South Africans, Boer and English as well, were insisting more and more earnestly upon their right to move and settle where they chose all over the different states from the Zambesi to the Cape.

The Jameson Raid suddenly arrested this beneficent movement, and from that time on, Boers in every part of South Africa commenced to be suspicious, not of one another, but of the Paramount Power. Dr. Leyds fanned this feeling with great skill, and the result was that when England went to war in South Africa she had to fight not merely the Burghers of Kruger but those of Martin Steyn as well. Nay, worse than that, the English troops found themselves in the enemy's country almost immediately on landing at Durban or Capetown.

On the occasion of my visit to the Orange Free State I made a most interesting journey with an English gentleman who held a high official position in that Republic. That man is now fighting against the Mother Country; and as his case is similar to many others it is worth noting for the purpose of explaining the strength of the Boer army. He was settled in the Transvaal when it was under British control, and, like other Englishmen, regarded himself politically as safe as though settled in Canada or Ireland. He had a farm and large herds of cattle and lived on agreeable terms with his Boer neighbours.

One fine day the Boer war opened and my friend had to choose between Paul Kruger and Queen Victoria. He called upon the British Agent for enlightenment and received the comforting

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assurance that Britain would never surrender the Transvaal, and that all damage done to loyal Englishmen would be made good at the end of the war by the Mother Country. So my friend went back to his farm, and when the Field Cornet came to commandeer him he refused to go, declaring that he was a loyal Englishman and would die rather than fight against his flag.

The Boers appropriated all his live stock and compelled him to reside as a prisoner on parole along with other loyalists, at a town near by. My friend went with a light heart. He was positive that England would have an easy victory—just as positive as those generals of 1899 who had arranged for a Christmas dinner in Pretoria. He knew that his farm had been plundered, but slept in peace knowing, or fancying, that his Government would keep word with him.

But when the war closed, after Majuba Hill, his worldly assets looked somewhat like this :

He was so cordially hated by all the Boers of his neighbourhood, that he could no longer live in the Transvaal.

His cattle had been taken, and his farm was valueless.

The British Government declined to give any compensation on the ground that he could not furnish satisfactory evidence of the loss he had sustained. He had to leave the country in search of work—practically a ruined man.

Now, then, will you throw stones at that man when he declines to expose himself a second time in the same manner ?

There are thousands like him fighting against England—fighting for a Boer Government they despise in their hearts ; but forced to choose to-day as did my friend in 1881.

The Boer is a natural soldier in all that pertains to the essentials of South African warfare. He practically provides for himself, and the Central Government is spared much of the vast machinery that works so clumsily at Washington, and not too well in Pall Mall. The Boer has few sports not connected with warfare—I mean the war against wild beasts. From the President down to the last Government employé, the one game in which every Boer seeks to excel is hitting a target. Shooting is a universal pastime, and while all Boers of to-day cannot do what Paul Kruger did in his youth, still it is safe to say that the average Boer is more familiar with the rifle than the average American ; and yet in my school days it seemed to me that every lad of my acquaintance owned a rifle or shot-gun, and had considerable practice with birds if not big game. Soldier life in some form is a necessity to Boers, even to the most cultivated of them, as for instance the President of the Orange Free State or the Chief Justice. When these gentlemen have to travel, either for the purpose of business or pleasure, they have to bivouac much of the time, and thus are compelled to know the many details

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which make the American backwoodsman so interesting and resourceful a man to travel with. I venture to think there are very few cavalry colonels in the British army who understand the practical personal care of horses, who know how to hobble them, who can cook their own meals in the open field—who can, in short, campaign in South Africa without having to learn much from the enemy. I once met an English colonel who confessed to me that he had never put a bit into his horse's mouth. In short we of the old-world civilisation call upon servants to do the things which the Boer does himself. Tommy Atkins must have a camp kitchen and be looked after most carefully, or he grumbles. Every Boer cooks for himself—and mighty good meals he makes, as I can attest.

During the past winter the walls of London were decorated with a coloured poster intended to advertise a South African Exhibition. On this poster was depicted a group of alleged Boers. They may have been Boers, or they may have been Australian tramps. At any rate, they were a disreputable lot of men cooking their meal in the open, at the tail end of an ox waggon. The great public passing those posters from day to day were absorbing the notion that in that poster was reflected a faithful picture of Boer social life; and, indeed, most people whom I have met latterly in New York and London seem to take it for granted that all Boers are dirty and therefore immoral. The Southern papers, used to have that idea of Northerners in the Civil War, and I recall French papers describing Germans as semi-savages during 1870-71. These feelings are largely the result of ignorance played upon by a press which may have a mercenary motive in encouraging strife.

We saw in America how after the Civil War, the first people to smoke the pipe of peace and bury the hatchet were, not the politicians, nor noisy editors, but the soldiers who had fought, while the war-makers had been shouting. In this Boer war the same will be true. While the sensational press is filled with charges of cruelty against Boers, the private letters of soldiers bear eloquent testimony, not merely to the courage, but also to the humane behaviour of the enemy.

In conclusion, I beg to repeat that I believe this war will be productive of good to all of us—and chiefly to the Boers themselves. It is dangerous to foretell the future in detail, but as history repeats itself we can, by carefully studying the past, form many a shrewd guess as to what is to happen under analogous circumstances. We may roughly assume that the most violent Anglo-Saxon repudiates all idea of enslaving any people, least of all a white people with high standards of civil and religious liberty. Next let us pray that this war may forever obliterate Customs boundaries throughout South Africa, and that everywhere south of the Zambesi travel and residence may be as unimpeded as throughout the United States.

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My other prayer is that, as the future of South Africa is intimately bound up with that of the blacks, the whole question of treatment of natives be determined by a tribunal or legislative body made up of all interested States. It is a great sin against that race that while in the Free State brandy is kept from the native, across the border in the Cape Colony the blacks are debauched by drink. In a hazy way I think we may see ahead of us a legislative body sitting in Pretoria or Bloemfontein representing Natal and the Cape equally with the Free State and the Transvaal. We may anticipate a strong Supreme Court for the whole Union, which shall settle disputes between the States and veto acts of the legislature which are contrary to the federal constitution.


At the head of this government we may readily conceive a British Governor-General, sustained by a legislative council, representing varied interests, and superior to local partisanship.

South Africa needs federation if she is to prosper as a 'White Man's' country. She has been periodically scourged by pest and drought. The unaided efforts of single States are not enough to correct these mischiefs; but a central government for all South Africa would be rich enough to do so. The wealth of the country appears to-day limited to the mines. So thought Americans some years ago in regard to California. But irrigation has already converted many wildernesses into farm land, and when the present water supply of South Africa shall have been utilised on a broad scientific plan we now living may see rich gardens along the Orange and Caledon Rivers where we now find only a desert. What America has done South Africa can do as well.

This war is the opening chapter in the history of United South Africa. As North and South in the United States now mourn together over those who fell in the Civil War, so shall the children of those who fell in this one unite in honouring their joint ancestors and building up a new government worthy of the race to which both belong.

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BY C. W. BOYD

E are we,' observes William Wordsworth, 'and must grieve when even the shade of that which once was great hath passed away.' Pretoria, though eminently formidable, was never great in the poet's sense; neither, like the Venetian Republic, has it passed away just yet. Altogether the quotation must seem singularly inapposite. But the emotion which is stirred by the passing of the last symbol of Authentic Power has a sort of understudy in that mingling of curiosity and wistfulness with which one surveys an entity approaching its appointed term; man thus is moved as he contemplates the shade of fallen greatness, is sensible of an unusual interest in the little which is soon to disappear. Twice have I jolted through a weary wilderness of tawny veldt to make sojourn in the capital of Mr. Kruger. See it again exactly as I have seen, that shall I never. Dingaan's Day will come again; but not again shall I balance my bicycle against a post outside the big kirk in the Market Square, and tarry until the psalm—familiar from a Scots boyhood—ceases, and the voice of Stephanus Johannes Paulus, Staats President, is upraised in truculent thanksgiving. There will be trotting escorts through the Market Square and in the shady lanes around it, but they will not wear grey uniforms picked out with blue, and little Austrian *képis*. And although one may still receive letters from Capetown and England, men will no longer scan the seals of the envelopes to note where the electric knife of the censor has left its traces. In a word, that little Union Jack which flew from the pole in Mr. Conyngham Greene's garden will have grown larger and be floating over the Raadzaal, and that other British flag, buried, not without tears and curses, after 1881, under the motto *Resurgam*, will have been reverently dug up.

Pretoria is the Sleepy Hollow of South Africa, and not as interesting even to the Transvaalers as is Bloemfontein to the people of the Orange Free State. It is the political capital no doubt, and here President Kruger lives, and here the Raad meets and the Civil Service has its centre. But it was not always even the capital. We are apt to forget that until 1858 the present Transvaal was not one but four independent states, each with its separate government and centre. But in that year Pretorius and Potgieter buried the hatchet and the independent states were fused in one, with Andreas Pretorius his town as their metropolis. It was the poorest apology for a capital which even South Africa had seen in those days of its first incarnation. Years later, when the far-famed 12s. 6d. was all that lay in the State Treasury, and Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the country in the Queen's name to save it from anarchy, the officers of the first British 'Army of Occupation,' a single foot

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regiment, found Pretoria little more than a dusty market-place, with a handful of mud-built houses, roofed with corrugated iron and carpeted with cow-dung ; a sort of barn by way of public buildings ; the Dutch Reformed Church, where I have listened to the voice of Mr. Kruger ; and a straggling line of what might one day be a street trending westwards, and composed of the roughest class of *winkles*, where miscellaneous *winklers* sold bibles, gin, coffee and karosses to white and black. Nobody came to the capital except on errands of business or religion. Nobody lived in the capital but the President and his Executive, the Judges, and the members of a very rough-and-ready Civil Service. But you are not to suppose, now that I have mentioned them, that the judges were incompetent. It was not until President Kruger, many years later, insisted that the High Court of the Republic should be subservient to the Executive and Mr. Chief-Justice Kotze resigned, that the decisions of the Transvaal judges became contemptible. Even when an appointment was made outside the Cape Bar and in quarters where judges are not usually recruited, the result was entirely satisfactory. Thus Mr. Justice Jorissen, who only resigned from the Transvaal Bench the other day was appointed from—the pulpit. Mr. Jorissen had come out from Holland at the invitation of Mr. Burgers, President Kruger's predecessor, to serve as *predikant*, or minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, and was wagging his form in that very pulpit in the Town Square when he was promoted to the Bench.

Mr. Burgers, let us note, was himself a Hollander and had come out to South Africa as a schoolmaster. Holland and Scotland each took a hand in the supply of ministers to be the colleagues of Mr. Jorissen and his colleagues. Most of the *predikants*, no doubt, were Dutch, but the Established and Free Churches of Scotland sent out not less than thirty licensed preachers within a dozen years to fill the pulpits of the Orange Free State, and some of them, a fair proportion, came into the Transvaal. With these and their flocks, arrayed in their wonderful tall hats, black broad-cloth coats and trousers, which are the rigorous uniform alike of the communicant and the Boer member of the Volksraad, we may fancy Pretoria periodically filling for Synod or *Naachtmaal*. But save for Synod, or communion, or the scanty days when the Volksraad sat, the place was empty. Grass grew in the Market Square in modest plenty when Shepstone ran up the Union Jack above the 'public-buildings.' The Transvaal Boers never had a wiser friend than Sir Theophilus Shepstone (whose private secretary it is somehow cheering to remember was Mr. Rider Haggard) and their own President Burgers was entirely of his mind. When, before retiring to the Cape Colony on the Queen's pension, he handed over the keys of office and the State Treasury, Burgers did, indeed, record a formal protest ; but, if we may use such a

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figure of so grave a man, the President, while he protested, likewise winked. He knew the case was hopeless and his last recorded speeches, afterwards defended in his memoirs or *Apologia*, warned the burghers in solemn accents that anarchy and Zulu assegais were much worse things than the loss of independence. The fault was in not leaving Shepstone a free hand. From the moment the British flag was run up above the Market Square the circumstances of the Transvaal and of Pretoria improved out of recognition. The State affairs were put upon a proper basis and a very fair amount of capital flowed into the country. The Boers were better off than they had ever been, and if the arrangements which Shepstone had mapped in his mind had been carried out we might have heard the last of our troubles in the Transvaal and never heard the first of a South African Republic. Unhappily the powers that were, 7000 miles away, in Downing Street, knew better than the man upon the spot. Instead of Sir Theophilus, with his abundant common sense and easy manner, we must substitute a British officer of excellent record in other fields, but of a type fantastically unsuited to the needs of his position. He did everything that was inexpedient, he did nothing that was convenient. The two or three ambitious malcontents who had their own axe to grind found with delight their work being done for them by the Queen's Administrator; and, for no particular reason that any of them could give for it, the majority of the burghers found themselves hustled by Mr. Kruger and his co-triumvirs into the Declaration of December 16, 1880, and a course of events which, after a score of dishonouring years, we are sweating blood and money, past any reckoning, to the end that we may repair. . . .

But, save for the momentary lightening of those few years of British occupation, Pretoria remains much where she did before 1877. There is a railway, there is electric light, but you would never dream that here is the capital of a State, the richest for its size in all the world, with what sinews and armaments of war 'humanity'—staggered, beyond any doubt, as the President is alleged to have threatened—has excellent reason to know. You would not believe that, not thirty miles away as the crow flies, sits Johannesburg, with its streets, its theatres, churches, libraries, clubs—a great and handsome modern city. On the railway between the Rand and Pretoria the moan of the stamp-battery ceases out of earshot after Elandsfontein, and the great chimneys fade out of sight. You jolt, at fifteen miles an hour, over the most solitary ocean of high veldt, with not a sound and hardly a human habitation in all that illimitable level yellow, under the pale clear sky above you. Then suddenly enough the railway begins to fall. The descent grows swiftly sharper. You begin to run into a green cup of hills covered with slim stems and green branches. You look back and the high veldt

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has somehow vanished. The train bolts down a steep decline—down many steep declines—and through a tunnel. You step out upon Pretoria.

The first sensation on those December mornings in which I have known that platform is familiar—the hot rooms of a Turkish bath. You have done with the keen air of Johannesburg (which so many find exhilarating and some few impossible), and are down in a hollow of the hills. You look up unto the hills and see their tops are shaved and brown. You learn soon enough that these are the forts. The platform is crowded with Kaffir 'boys,' and one or two Europeans among them. You ask for your hotel or the British agency, but no one can tell you where they are, and no one helps to get your luggage. You go outside the station sheds and have your choice of a half-dozen 'Cape boys' or Malay cabmen, and, returning, pick out a Kaffir porter and make him carry forth your portmanteau. The Market Square, with the club and the hotels, stands some distance from the station. You make your way there and you have all Pretoria within a stone's throw; for you could count the notable buildings. The Dutch Reformed Church stands where it did in 1851; it is like the barest country church in Scotland of that date. The Club is a pretty cosy place, standing back a few paces from the square in its own wreath of blue-gums. The other houses are irregular in shape and quality, one or two carrying a certain business-like swagger, the rest mean. On one side stands the single stately building of Pretoria, the Government offices, where the first and second Volksraad meet and the High Court of the Republic sits. Handsome it is and handsome it ought to be, for it cost £200,000. German contractors built it, and the tenders of their English rivals were expressly excluded.

For the abstract visitor from England or America, whom I try to keep in mind, Pretoria must have proved a deadly place of sojourn. But to some of us fresh from Johannesburg 'with its sick hurry, its divided aims,' its abnormal keenness of intelligence never pausing over work or play, the scarce endurable tonic of its exciting climate, its eternal symphony of brown and pale blue in earth and sky, that leafy dulness of Pretoria has seemed like opening Paradise. The heat, no doubt, was dreadful, for you had leapt, as in a pantomime, to a better world; and every night upon your bed must carefully fortify your position with pink mosquito netting. All day long the grass was clamorous with the million-voiced monotony of the 'sing-sing-je,' and at nightfall the rattle of brigaded frogs kept up a metallic accompaniment to conversation on the *sloeps* under the incomparable stars. People owned to a touch of sun quite honestly, and, as they won't or don't in Cape Colony, they wore pith-helmets. But, after all, there was no 'call' to any form of exertion, the air was sweetened with the breath of various gum-trees,

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the weeping-willows were everywhere and tiny *sluits* or runnels of water flashed and tinkled by the road-side. Memory recalls pleasant bicycle picnics at Irene, where the British prisoners now are; and away to the other side beyond the stately pleasure-house—‘the only country-house in the country’ Pretoria tradesmen told you—which Mr. Eloff, the President’s son-in-law, had built with his share of the swag. I have smoked fragrant pipes with a delightful family who were wisely spending their summer in a caravan.

Beyond such informal intercourse there was not much attempt at society. In the pretty British Agency west of the town, a fairy house bought at a Continental Exhibition, and packed piecemeal and carried hither, the British Agent and Lady Lily Greene were delightfully hospitable, with that frank kindness which did so much to lighten others’ burdens and, one hopes, their own. What a thing it was for the visitor from Witwatersrand to look upon the little flag before this house, and with what emotion has one crossed the threshold and beheld the forms of Mr. Greene and Mr. Fraser hard at it, as old English public schoolboys should, with their shirt-sleeves turned to the elbow and in flannel trousers! But outside the Agency and even in it, the largest ‘function’—dreadful word—seldom exceeded a half-dozen young men and ladies—English, Anglo-Afrikaner and Hollander—at tea and tennis. You see Pretoria is still what it was years ago—a village-capital of civil servants and necessary traders. Excepting an orderly in State Artillery uniform, the Indians were the only exotic presence visible, and they were British subjects, proud of their common lot in bondage with the English Uitlanders, and, in their dazzling cleanliness of dress, a credit to the flag above the Agency. Otherwise Pretoria is an English town; the ‘boys’ only ride in on business, great strapping fellows, gaunt or broad-framed to excess, shirtless and brown, and showing, for all the world, like small Scotch ‘tenant’ farmers, lacking soap and water. Except in the Raad and on the President’s *stoep*, you might live for months in the Boer capital and never hear a word of Kitchen-Dutch. The Australian wattles and the weeping-willows were types of the situation. I have recorded a visitor’s delight in them, and there is a verse of the Scottish psalms in metre, a great favourite with Louis Stevenson, which used to recur and gratefully jingle in one’s mind.

Through pastures green He leadeth me
The quiet waters by,

so the ‘metrical vairsion’ has it, and I remember springing it (through an interpreter) on my co-religionist, President Kruger.

His Honour heard me coldly, possibly reflecting that the trees came from St. Helena and Australia and were mostly planted by those English hands which drew the first *sluits* through the streets.

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Pretoria, his capital, and the entire State, owed nought of its amenity to Burgher enterprise and endeavour. The very Hollander officials who ran the country and grew fat upon their pickings, were of a mind by far more alien to the Burgher and more contemptuous of him than was ever any *rooinek*. I remember a broiling afternoon in the Market Square and a considerable concourse of officials and their wives assembled to welcome home the Commandant-General from his campaign against the Magato; and how, when the escort of State Artillery under Colonel Schiel wheeled round a street corner and into the Market Square, and the General was apparent, carrying a bouquet, and clad, if my eyes did not deceive me, in a white 'topper' and evening dress, the *rooinek* who writes was one of the very few who had the decency to raise a hat. 'You shouldn't do that,' said a Hollander acquaintance at my elbow. 'When the English take the country the first thing they'll do will be to square "Slim Piet" and he'll remember this day and raise his price.' And at a tennis party at the British Agency an hour later the same gentleman, a prominent official, added that he hoped I had noticed that at least two people had cheered the Commandant-General.

This was, we found, the attitude of Dr. Leyds in his office in the public building; a vastly pleasant fellow of no genuine convictions, though with a decided genius for intrigue and a good servant to his paymasters, revelling in the position to which his sinister talents had raised him, as became the stage adventurer of Adelphi melodrama crowned with something of the artist. In truth, Boer Pretoria was confined to the Raadzaal and to the President's verandah. The first you must have exhausted in ten minutes. A body of semi-civilised peasants, in black broadcloth, debating matters beyond their comprehension, is less interesting when you watch it in the body than at a range of 7000 miles. It was a feat for the imaginative to realise that this was a body that really mattered, but that in fact it did. The better men, like poor M—— W——, one of the first to fall for the Republic at Elandslaagte, had given up all hopes of combating the President's disastrous policy and the prevalent corruption. Had not the President himself announced his conviction that it was right and proper for the members of the Volksraad to take presents? As for the President himself, no doubt you would have found him between the drowsy sentries and the marble lions and stood in the presence. But if you had you would have found him no more in touch with the town outside than some ancient survivor of another age like the new Dopper church opposite his door, or the hippopotamus of the Zoo, and you would have realised that he requires a separate paper to himself. Surely, as Louis Stevenson said of the armies, he hears the clock strike but in another century. In President Kruger the Transvaal Boers have an authentic

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monarch, because, as in his strenuous youth he excelled them all in physical prowess, so in age he transcends his people in the qualities which are all that a majority among them can best understand. Wilier, more obstinate, a bigger bulk of man than any of them, he is great among them as much by his limitations as by his qualities. Recollect that this is a country where Colonel Hay or Lord Rosebery would have to unlearn all that makes them conspicuous among Anglo-Saxons before they could become the least significant of Volksraad members. But if in President Kruger the Transvaalers have a monarch, in Pretoria they have no capital and nothing worth defending. The guns upon the forts above the town were chiefly useful because their construction provided pickings for so many, and because they emphasised the President's stock argument and appeal, by frightening the burghers about the independence of their country. There is no settled centre of gravity in the Transvaal. That is migratory; and wherever a majority of burghers is concentrated, at Rensburg or the Tugela, there is the Boer capital. Unless they choose to evolve an unwonted point of honour, the last ditch of the defenders will not be in the basin of green hills which surrounds Pretoria.

A CENTURY OF WOMEN

BY LADY JEUNE



VICTOR HUGO rightly named the nineteenth century *Le siècle des femmes*; since among the innumerable changes that have swept over the world in the last hundred years, none have been more wonderful than those which have affected the lives of women. The old conception of women's sphere of work being limited to the home was still adhered to, and her appearance from that into the wider life of the nation only dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century. The age of chivalry did nothing towards developing the true career of woman: it merely invested her with a sentiment of romantic passion, and she became a beautiful plaything or a spiritual puppet. But mediæval women were by no means exempt from the drudgery and labour of life. They undertook grave responsibilities, for they had not only the entire charge of their household, but they managed the great estates of their husbands while they were absent during the wars which devastated the world, they had entire control of the servants and labourers, and they held positions of great importance; and though the lives of the upper classes were free from manual labour, the women belonging to the tenants and lower classes had to till the ground and toil at most of the occupations usually undertaken by men.

The position of women altered very slightly till the great industrial revolution of the eighteenth century and the educational revolution of the nineteenth, which have taken women out of their purely domestic sphere and placed them in competition with men as bread-winners and fellow workers in many occupations and professions. The progress of woman has not been an unbroken evolution. There have been interruptions which have given the impression that the changes in her position were spasmodic and uncertain; but on the whole the movement has been upward.

It is difficult to imagine anything more dull or narrow than the lives of women at the beginning of the last century. The great ladies of society had some interests, because their social duties in the country and in town gave them a recognised occupation, and from time to time they busied themselves at moments of political excitement; but the number of women who enjoyed these privileges were few, and outside such events their lives were tame enough. There was very little education and fewer accomplishments, and both were of too superficial a nature to be much of a pleasure, or profound enough to enable a woman to carry on the persistent pursuit of any intellectual work. They did a great deal of needle-work, and they talked as much gossip and scandal as was possible. There was little, if any, literature, and the endless occupations of

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our modern life were unknown. Women were unfitted, by ignorance, from being any companion to man, and their physical inferiority debarred them from sharing his sports or pursuits. The women of the poorer classes were mere servants and drudges, the women of the middle classes uneducated and helpless, and only those of the upper classes, though to a most limited extent, were in a somewhat more satisfactory condition.

The concluding years of the eighteenth century, which witnessed the French Revolution, had a great effect on the lives and conduct of French women, as they produced a period of licence, irreligion and anarchy which was almost unparalleled, and destroyed for a time the fabric of society in France. Though such a social upheaval could not but affect the whole civilised world, it had less permanent effect in England, partly owing to the great national hatred of France and the inherent conservatism of the English nation, which was the first to feel the reaction inevitably following such a *débâcle*. It undoubtedly did affect somewhat the tone of society among the upper classes in England, for the dulness and propriety of the Court of George III. was more shadowy than real, and the accession of George IV. introduced a state of society which, fortunately, was not of long duration. It was impossible that women belonging to the Court could be anything but coarse and frivolous, without any intellectual life or interest, and during the reigns of the two last male representatives of the Hanoverian sovereigns, nothing could have appeared darker, or more dreary, than the future of women in England. There seems to have been very little indication of the changes that were impending, or the rapidity with which they appeared. There were, however, two causes which undoubtedly gave the first impetus to the movement: the rapidly increasing majority of women over men, and the accession of the Queen. The disproportion of the sexes began to be recognised at the commencement of the first decade of the Queen's reign, and the fact that a young girl was the occupant of the throne exercised an elevating influence over the destinies of women. The sentimental aspect of the question was not the important one, but the existence of a rapidly increasing class of 'superfluous women' was in reality the cause. The recognition of their numerical superiority destroyed at one blow the doctrine that marriage was the object of every woman's life, and with the destruction of that important belief, it was necessary to create a new ideal and a fresh career. The years 1847 and 1848 saw the development of two great factors in the emancipation of women: the inauguration of the great railway system in England, which afforded every facility for communication with all parts of the country, and the other the first serious attempt to deal practically with an improvement in feminine education.

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The Census returns of 1831 showed an excess of nearly half a million of women over men, while those of 1891 show that the difference has increased to nearly a million. No separate mention of the callings or occupations of women is made in the first return, and in 1881 only 330 women are mentioned as following professions. It seems very clear that women had great difficulty in taking up any intellectual or professional career until the movement in favour of their education became accepted, though they had already been enabled to follow certain 'vocations' where their sphere of usefulness was recognised. Very early in the century women had thrown themselves into religious work, and some of the earliest and most devoted missionaries were ladies who, in Japan, China, Turkey and Africa, had spent their lives in an attempt to improve and evangelise the inhabitants of those countries. The Zenana Missions to Eastern women began under these auspices, and many lost their lives in their endeavours to benefit their sisters in these distant parts of the world. These missionaries were isolated and almost solitary workers, but the mystery and sorrow of the lives of women in the East appealed to their sisters here, and no soldier ever died a nobler death than some of these pioneers of Christianity. The Evangelical and High Church movement, however, opened up another vocation and a wider field of work for women at home, and provided by means of religious communities, sisterhoods and deaconesses, a career for those whose capacity for work, under proper control and supervision, was infinite. Who can measure what such women have done, or estimate what was to grow out of the work of Mrs. Sellon, Mrs. Monsell, the All Saints' Sisterhood, The Sisters of the Church, St. Mary's, Wantage, and the labours of Miss Neale in connection with Mr. Lowder's work at the London Docks? There is no slum in our large towns, no den of wickedness or sin, no fever-stricken street, that cannot bear testimony to the glorious work done by the sisterhoods in England, and by the deaconesses who represented another school of religious thought. And out of the example of these communities of women has grown nearly all the civilising and humanising movements which have revolutionised the social life of England and labour.

The philanthropic work of women laid the foundation of what has become one of the most popular, as well as the most useful of their occupations, namely, nursing. Nearly all women are natural nurses; their tenderness and quickness fit them for the occupation, and in their own homes there was no one else to tend the sick. Therefore there was little novelty in their adoption of nursing as a recognised calling; but until the Crimean War, there was no such organised system of nursing in England as existed in Germany and Italy. The condition of the sick and wounded during the Russian campaign was so terrible that Miss Nightingale, who was well known for her

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interest in all charitable works, and who had gone through a course at Kaiserwerth, then the only nursing training school of any importance, was requested by the Secretary for War to organise a nursing staff for the hospital at Scutari. Her achievements there form part of the history of our century, and she crowned her noble enterprise by giving the sum of £50,000, subscribed for her by the country, towards founding a training school for nurses, which had its beginning in the old buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital, in Southwark. That nursing school has been the Alma Mater of thousands of women who have made successful careers for themselves as nurses, not only in England, but all over the world. The further development of nursing has been stupendous, for not only has it embraced hospitals, infirmaries and nursing in all great institutions for the sick, but the numberless associations which provide the poor with nursing in their own homes, in the large centres of population, as well as in the more isolated country districts. Nearly 20,000 women are employed as nurses in England, and the Queen's Jubilee gift towards further developing the work was a fitting tribute to their devotion and excellence.

A natural consequence of the capacity shown by women in nursing was the inauguration of one of the most important changes affecting their future careers—their admission to the medical profession. One branch of the medical art was for many centuries entirely in the hands of women, that of midwifery, and it conferred a *status*. The position was really one of some dignity, as midwives obtained their licence to practise, and also power to baptize, from the bishops. From very early times there are records on this subject: Margaret Cobbe in 1496 had £10 as salary for attending the Queen of Edward IV. at the birth of her son, and in 1567 the Archbishop of Canterbury licensed Eleanor Pead, and requested her to take an oath to fulfil her duties properly. She bound herself to employ the proper words at baptism, and to 'use pure and cleare water, and not any rose or damask water.' In later times we find the fees increased; Anne Dennis, who attended Anne of Denmark, received a hundred pounds. Mrs. Stephen, the midwife of Queen Charlotte, wrote a book on the subject, and the same lady, who attended the Duchess of Kent at the birth of our Queen had attended the Duchess of Coburg three months before, at the birth of Prince Albert. A few women in different countries were interested in medicine, had studied it, and written books on it, but no practical progress was made until 1858, when Miss Elizabeth Blackwell and Miss Garrett resolved to begin the study of medicine, with a view to practising in England. The struggle was a long and bitter one, and nothing but the ability, courage and tenacity of the women who fought it, could have ensured success. The story is too well known for us to repeat it here; but after rebuffs, disappointments, defeats, the Government passed a Bill conferring the same powers on women as men, and in

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1876 the victory was won. The bitterest opponents of medical women cannot deny that they have justified the stand they made, for not only has experience shown that there was a distinct demand for women doctors, but these ladies, by their wisdom, tact and ability, have won the respect of the community, and are occupying positions of responsibility, not only in England, but all over the world. The London Medical School for women is sending out every year well qualified practitioners, and after years of the keenest opposition and the most minute scrutiny there has been no case in which women have shown themselves either incompetent or unworthy of the position they occupy. Whatever difference of opinion may have existed as to the need for medical women in England, no one can deny the urgent necessity there was for the services of fully qualified medical women in India, where religion and native custom make it impossible for women to be attended by a man. In 1872 Surgeon-General Balfour reported that out of the hundred million of women in India, at least two-thirds were debarred by social custom from receiving the visits of a medical man, and that the suffering and disease in consequence was incalculable. No more useful or beneficent field of work was ever inaugurated than the labours of medical women in the East, and the establishment of one hospital after another, and the crowds waiting for admission, together with the number of native women who at once enrolled themselves as students at the various medical schools in India, the initiative taken by native residents, as well as the large funds collected by them, was sufficient evidence of what a necessity existed for female doctors. The recognised position of medical women in India is one of the greatest victories won by them, and with their success will be associated in ever grateful remembrance the name of Lady Dufferin, whose energy and kindness placed it on a safe financial footing.

Before the accession of Queen Victoria there was no systematic education of any kind for English girls. The richer and upper classes went through an expensive and showy curriculum, which was very superficial; a certain amount of music, drawing and other accomplishments was considered part of the educational equipment of girls, but the study of classics, mathematics, literature, or anything which went below the surface, was discouraged, because it was not the fashion to be singular in intellectual pursuits, and such learning was of no practical utility to a woman in her life. The popular idea that a woman who was intellectual would have no chance of marrying, because men were afraid of her, was of wide acceptance, and as no career but matrimony was possible for a woman in those days, such inclinations were to be discouraged. But, as the first half of the century drew to a close a much broader view began to be held upon the education of all women, and the

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humanitarian movement, as well as the rapidly increasing number of women, helped to put their education on a sounder basis. The new education was more thorough, its foundations more solid, its methods better calculated to stimulate intellectual power, and the conviction that it was neither good nor politic for women to remain, intellectually, in their former state of ignorance became accepted by every one. Some few women had shown great mental ability. Mrs. Somerville and Caroline Herschell were elected members of the Astronomical Society sixty years before the admission of women to the Geographical Society was vetoed, on which occasion, by the way, the present Viceroy of India opposed the proposal on the ground that 'these steps in the direction of the emancipation of women would not be so much injurious to men as disastrous to women.' The movement in favour of women's education owes much to Frederick Denison Maurice. He was the pioneer of the movement, and Queen's College, which he watched over, and initiated, was the first to give a wider scope to their training. Out of his teaching, and that of his brother-professors, including Charles Kingsley, grew nearly all the educational advantages which women enjoy to-day, and to the women who were trained as students at Queen's College we owe some of the best teaching done in England. Bedford College, Cheltenham College, the North London Collegiate School for Girls, the Girls' Public Day School Company, are only a few of the centres of education which have sprung into life all over the country, and were filled as rapidly as they grew, by the girls of the middle and professional classes; and from them in 1873 and 1875 came the final stage of development which gave women the same academic advantages as men. Somerville College and Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford, Girton College at Cambridge, Westfield College in London, and the many colleges for women in all parts of England, are some of the later, but equally successful, products of the movement. The necessity for testing the quality of the education of women, however, soon began to make itself felt. The tests applied to boys were adequate enough for girls under school age, but something higher was required for those over that age. Cambridge first granted a special examination for women over eighteen, and its example was followed by Oxford and London, and other universities, though the privilege of granting degrees is still wanting. London, Dublin, Victoria have alone generously granted degrees, but Oxford, Cambridge and St. Andrews give honours with great reservations. It may be ungenerous to withhold a University degree from those who have passed the same examinations as men, but women may well rest content with the position they occupy. A Senior Classic and Senior Wrangler within a short space of time may satisfy the wildest dreams of female ambition; and the temperate, calm, earnest demeanour of all women, both in the schools and

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university life, has awakened the greatest admiration and respect. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect the woman's educational movement has had on the community, for it has brought into existence a vast army of women as well educated as men. Keen for employment, hardworking, persevering, and capable, they have invaded every profession, and hold their ground everywhere. The University training of women has, however, affected one class only, while the high schools throughout the country have benefited every class, enabling women to enter any profession, in which a good sound education is the foundation of success.

The pioneers of female education spent their energies in fostering its higher and more intellectual walks, but the last few years has brought about a great improvement in the development of their technical teaching. Every woman could not be a scholar, or a teacher, a doctor, a lawyer, or attain to any great position in professions where the competition with men was keen, and where there was overcrowding. The development of the last few years, which has enabled women to be gardeners, farmers, agriculturists, has opened many outlets for women's work; while, as members of School Boards, Factory Inspectors, Poor Law Guardians, Sanitary Inspectors, they have had ample scope for gratifying their ambition and energy. The work that has been done in factory inspection by Mrs. Tennant and her successors, and by Mrs. Senior in the Metropolitan Poor Law Schools, for comprehensiveness and thoroughness can scarcely be excelled, and their appointments have been followed by others equally successful.

There is hardly an occupation now in which women cannot take a prominent part; in many departments of the Civil Service, the Post Office, the Bank of England, Savings Bank, in public offices as clerks and typewriters, they are to be found; indeed, the Law and the Church are the only two professions which have successfully defied their onslaughts, and there are, we believe, a few women, who, as Conveyancers, have braved the dangers of the Bar, and have opened chambers of their own, and are doing a fair amount of business.

Trades which used to be entirely in the hands of men are now open to women. Printing gives employment to numbers of women and girls—women making excellent compositors. Typewriting, photography, carving, modelling, designing are a few of the trades now largely in their hands, and we can form some idea of the enormous female industrial army, when we know that in 1895 there were over 100,000 women members of trades unions, while we know nothing of still vaster numbers who have not sought combination. There is a very large, and an increasing, number of women who live by literature and journalism, a development brought about by the higher standard of their education, and though they are badly paid,

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many still earn enough to live on ; the facility with which women write, their imaginative powers and the enormous demand for cheap literature, create alas ! a market for their work which, however, is poorly paid ; for the vast army of superfluous women crowd into every profession and walk in life, and by their industry, and the inexorable laws of supply and demand, which forces them to accept lower wages, successfully compete with their masculine rivals.

In the foregoing pages I have tried to exhibit a few of the changes that have come over the lives of working women in England during the last century ; they are changes which have been mainly beneficial in their results, as they have enabled women to make a career in life which was impossible before, and the spirit of independence and confidence which they have produced has been an unmixed benefit to them. The transition has been rapid, so rapid indeed as to be startling, and it is much to the credit of women in England that the effects have been so little disturbing. The moment was opportune for the change, the unemployed women were vaguely searching for an outlet for their energy, and the pressure of necessity made them seize the advantages which the new conditions of life brought about. There was no time for excitement or revolution, and they thankfully crowded through the open door which led to the deliverance they had longed and hoped for ; and there is no more creditable page in the history of any great movement than the part played by English women in the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century.

The changes which have affected the working women of England, have naturally also reacted on the lives of the upper classes, though in a lesser degree. The women of the upper classes were never shut in by tradition and custom, and while the change of ideas has touched them, they have not been swept away into an entirely new life. The middle and the lower classes found it impossible to stand still, the altered conditions of life offered them a new existence, and a means of making a living, which the knowledge that they could not all marry, had made a vital necessity. The life of women in the upper classes remains more what it was, though the spirit of independence and revolt against control has altered it considerably. There is more equality of feeling and intercourse between the sexes, and if there is less gallantry and coquetry, there is a healthier camaraderie. The tendency of the day is to destroy the delusions with regard to the delicacy of woman, and she escapes few of the difficulties or unpleasantnesses of life by reason of her sex. She has to bear a greater part of the burden of life, and neither rank, position, nor beauty is allowed to exempt a lady from any of the obligations of an exacting era ; no life is more full, or varied, or more fatiguing than that of a busy woman in the upper classes. It is full of interest, full of usefulness, but it is active from morning to

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night. Contrast it with that of her grandmother, or mother, and mark the calm, empty serenity of the one compared with the feverish occupation of the other, who has now liberated herself from the principle that the only mission of woman is to be a wife and mother. The education of women in the upper classes has also improved, and the smattering of accomplishments which was formerly deemed a necessity has disappeared, and no woman attempts to shine in any way unless she is quite proficient. The standard of contented mediocrity has disappeared, and though that which has taken its place is not perfect, still it is a higher and a more practical one. The influence of women to-day is far-reaching, and in politics, society, and in every interest in life, it is universally acknowledged. To educational, charitable, political, and religious work women of the upper classes render the most valuable assistance; the languid interest, the feeble recognition of the realities of existence, have disappeared, and women have thrown themselves into every cause and work with all the energy of their devoted nature.

One of the greatest political organisations of the century, the Primrose League, owes its success and its power to women, who have taken it up and adapted it to the political exigencies of the period, and there are few politicians who do not either admit its usefulness or inveigh against its work. The political interests of women have brought them out as platform speakers, not only in political contests, but on all subjects in which they are occupied. Women speak well, they have good voices and address, they are generally voluble, and when deeply touched, often eloquent, and many a cause has gained largely by its feminine orators; perhaps their logical powers are not overwhelming, but they speak with an enthusiasm, a straightforwardness, and a conviction which touches their hearers. The temperance movement, the protection of women and children, and most of the humanitarian questions of to-day have their ablest advocates in women, and the important question of the franchise has produced many interesting discussions, both for and against, from women of all classes.

In literature women have more than held their own; indeed, the saying, 'No one writes well now but women,' is hardly a jest. This is not the place for comparisons or opinions but the names of many women rise to our mind, when we remember the works that have influenced us, and added pleasure and charm to our lives. To the literary work of women we owe one of the most interesting, but fantastic, creations of the century, 'The New Woman.' To our regret she paid us so short a visit; we had hoped to have known her well, to have studied all her endless developments, but the harsh, unfeeling tide of practical opinion overwhelmed her, and she remains only an interesting memory. She had a shorter and more stormy existence than one innovation, which at the time

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raised a Cassandra-like wail throughout the country. The opening of clubs for women was at first looked on as an institution absolutely perverse of all the traditional life of women, immoral, unsexing, in short the embodiment of all that was evil, and their opponents found consolation in the prospect that where both sexes were admitted, the clubs would expire in some scandalous upheaval, and where the male sex was excluded, they would disappear, because their members would eventually quarrel, and club life would become impossible. Both theories proved false: the prosperity and purity of the mixed club has never been impugned, and experience has proved not only that single women can live in peace, but that there was a real necessity for such places.

It followed as a logical consequence that the changes which affected so deeply the lives of women must act on them at a very early age, and the results on young girls have been watched with interest and some anxiety. They have influenced them undoubtedly, for they have produced a spirit of independence, criticism, and general impatience of paternal control. They have given every girl of individuality and ability other aims in life, and diverted her interests into other directions than the orthodox ones. No girl now looks on an early marriage as the one object of her life, nor is she hemmed round by the conventional restraint of her parents; she has greater independence as regards her movements, and, if she so chooses, she can make her life full and interesting with occupations unheard of in her mother's youth. The tradition of parental control is disappearing, and the advice, counsel and direction of family life is more in the hands of the children than the parents. Twenty years ago a girl could not go out unattended, or drive in a hansom, or ride in the park alone; she could not receive visits from young men, read the newspapers, or any book without its being first ascertained that there was nothing objectionable in it. Now her newspapers, her literature, her exercise, and her amusements are very little restricted, and the life of an unmarried woman is often one of such happiness and liberty that marriage, instead of being an emancipation to her, as it was to her mother, is in reality a minor bondage; with the result that girls marry later, or not at all, especially if they have an independent income, however small, which will enable them to be their own mistresses. This is not true of one class, but of all, and while one deplors that there should be anything that appears like a revolt against the highest and happiest career for women, still independence is the prerogative of women, and its influence is not diminishing.

Modern legislation has also favoured the protection and liberation of women. The Married Woman's Property Act dealt a severe blow at the power of men over women, and, though it has been beneficial to thousands of working women, it has entirely altered

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the position of the sexes with regard to each other ; and the Married Woman's Maintenance Act, as well as those affecting the custody and guardianship of children, gave women further independent positions, which undoubtedly many hard cases justified. The position of a woman with regard to her children, where a father might be unworthy or bad, was, before the passing of these measures, both unjust and cruel as regarded herself, and often most injurious for her offspring.

It would hardly appear, on reviewing the changes that have come over women, all beneficial in their way, that there could be any grievance still unredressed; for women have free competition in all professions and walks of life, and a generous and hearty admission of their capacity. But there remains one unfulfilled ambition : the Parliamentary franchise is still denied. They are able to take a very great part in public, municipal, and educational life, but the doors of St. Stephen's are barred to female legislators. It always appears to me that the arguments and causes which procured them their present position are the strongest that can be used against them in this particular case—at least, by their male opponents. The whole woman's movement was initiated and carried out by the superfluous women of England, who were driven to find some outlet for their energy, added to the necessity for making a livelihood. They have carried their point, and have entered into all the professions of men, and not only held their own, but have driven men out of them, by underselling their labour and by their patience and capacity. Is it likely, in a country like ours, where there are a million more women than men, and where property is not the qualification for the franchise, that a privilege will be granted which will transfer the whole political power of England into the hands of women? The House of Commons is emotional and hysterical enough, even with its present composition, but can any one deny that it would not become infinitely more so were it elected by an overwhelming female franchise? And for the sake of all women it would be a misfortune were they ever placed in that position. The mass of women in England are indifferent, or opposed, to any change, being satisfied that their influence is wide and powerful enough to be felt on all public questions; and there are many indications that they are beginning to accept the fact that what political power they have must be exercised through the male puppets whose strings they have pulled since the creation of the world. Women may well be content with the improved position they hold, and with the knowledge that it is due to themselves that they enjoy it, and that, by their moderation and self-control, they have justified its acquisition.

So great a revolution has never been brought about in so short a space of time ; and, while the work has been progressing, women have lost no opportunity of availing themselves of everything which would equip and strengthen them to carry on the struggle. The attention

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paid to the sanitary condition of women, their use of athletics, their recognition of the necessity of fresh air and exercise, have improved them physically and made them the strong race that they are. It would have been almost impossible for them to have attained all they have done had they not fully realised that if a woman is to be capable she must be strong. In every class exercise plays such an important part in woman's lives that we can hardly understand how absolutely they were unknown thirty years ago, or how horrified our mothers and grandmothers would be could they attend the classes at any gymnasium for girls, or see the strong brown-armed young oarswomen on the Thames, or the army of women that bicycle out of London on Saturdays and Sundays. Physical fitness is the elementary secret of success in life ; and we have realised it to so great an extent that our women have almost become too manly.

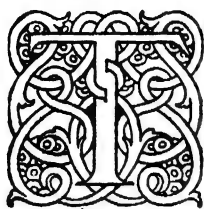
This short paper shows only imperfectly what a different existence is enjoyed by the women of 1800 and 1900. Both physically and mentally their lives are changed and widened, their views broadened, and they enjoy an independence of thought and action participated in by the women of no other country. The revolution—for such, indeed, it has been—is sweeping enough to have altered their natures, and made them different beings, but human nature is stronger than any movement, and though they have modified them in many respects, the woman of to-day is not a very different creature from the woman who sat at home, working in the midst of her household, waiting for the return of her lord from the wars. There was a latent power in the women of those days, as in the women of to-day, only the moment had not arrived when it was to be called into existence. There are many old enough to remember women as they were before the more sweeping of the changes that we have enumerated were accomplished, as well as the prophecies of the dire calamities which would befall the world if what we foresaw coming ever became a fact. The revolution in women's lives is a *fait accompli*, and we who have weathered the storm, and are now in smooth water, can afford to smile at the false prophets. To the women we love and revere it has made no difference, they are as they always were, and will be, true women. The majority are not in reality changed, but for the better. Better, because their lives are fuller and happier ; because in the infinite and varied interests of the most important epoch in the history of our country, they have been enabled to shape its destinies. Not in any subversive or antinomian mood, or in any spirit of insolent victory, have they taken their place, but in a most serious frame of thought, feeling that their powers must be used to further the great humanitarian work that has characterised their time.

It is, of course, impossible, in all the changes that have come over religious ideas, that women should have escaped their

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influences ; but the devotional sentiment is still the strongest factor in many feminine lives, and if the dogmas of religion have somewhat loosened their hold, the teaching and spirit of Christianity continue to be the main source of inspiration. It has kept women gentle, tolerant and charitable. If some of the pioneers of the woman's movement have adopted an aggressive attitude towards revelation, it is but the excrescences which a movement like this must always produce. The work that has been done by the Church through women, and is always going on, is a sufficient assurance that there is no danger to the community from the attitude she has taken up. Religion is as necessary for women as the air they breathe ; not the stiff formulas of dogmas and doctrines, but the religion of humanity, the teaching of Christianity, which appeals to the noblest and highest parts of their nature, and which has developed the beautiful unselfishness of natures who find their greatest happiness in living for others. The relaxation of the restraints which surrounded women, and the emancipation of their lives, have not destroyed their moral instincts. The standard of purity among them is what it was, and they are spending much of their eloquence and power in endeavouring to enforce it on men, and I believe that the conduct of men towards them is daily growing more respectful and deferential. Nowhere can women go about alone with more absolute freedom from molestation and insult than in England. I have no intention of affirming, or trying to prove, that as a nation we are more moral than our neighbours ; my contention only is that among women there is no desire or attempt to destroy the social restraints, or the laws, which experience and time have decreed to be necessary for the well-being of society. The broader aims, and wider lives, of women have banished the frivolities and scandals of a life with little but pleasure for its object. The engrossing occupations, and the reality of the work that women have undertaken, leave little place or time for the temptations and allurements of to-day. Where it is a question of livelihood, and the struggle for existence, the necessity of purity and an unblemished character are too important to be disregarded. These, while important, are, we believe, but minor influences in the lives of most women ; and the real spirit of religion which is the keynote in every woman's nature, and the feeling of self-respect which her new position has engendered, are the real causes. The position of women towards men, while more on an equality, has, in fact, also changed but little ; for the mass of women will, in spite of all social changes or upheavals, always regard their natural career as the one which will give perfect completeness to their lives, and the happiest women will continue to be the wives and mothers of England.

CATERINA CORNARO, QUEEN OF CYPRUS. BY ALETHÆA WIEL



THE story of Caterina Cornaro, lady of Asolo, Queen of Cyprus, Jerusalem, and Armenia, is full of tragedy and romance. The heroine of the story was one fitted in every way for the rôle she had to play. Beautiful, good, and unhappy, she evoked the love and sympathy of those with whom she came in contact ; while those 'whom vice and envy made her foes' had no personal rancour in their enmity.

Caterina Cornaro was born in Venice on St. Catherine's Day, November 25, 1454, her parents being Marco Cornaro and Fiorenza his wife. On her mother's side Caterina's descent was Imperial, for Fiorenza was the granddaughter of John Comene, Emperor of Trebizond. Her father's family was one of the noblest in Venice. Three of their number were at different times Doges, Caterina's great-great-grandfather being the first of his line who was raised to that office ; while, to enhance the nobility of their pedigree, they traced their origin back to the Cornelii of Rome. Such an ancestry became one who was destined to wear the crown of the kingdom of Cyprus, and to rule as Queen in the island that had once acknowledged Venus as its sovereign.

The position of Cyprus, situate on the very highroad to the East, made the possession of the island an important matter, and one of peculiar moment to the Venetians. The trade carried on by Venice with the Levant was the chief source of her enormous wealth and power, and she neglected no opportunity to further this commerce and secure to herself posts where her ships could anchor in safety and her wares be untouched by the smuggler. The Republic consequently had her eye on Cyprus : its acquisition would be of untold advantage to her ; and by fair means or foul she meant to possess it.

The island of Cyprus had been under the rule of the House of Lusignan since 1192, when Richard Cœur de Lion had sold it to Guy de Lusignan. The reigning sovereign was John II., a man of weak, dissolute character, always under the sway of different women. Married first to a daughter of the Marquis of Montferrat, he caused her to be poisoned—if the chronicle of that day is to be trusted—in order to marry Elena, the daughter of Paleologus, the tyrant of the Morea. Elena was a woman of an imperious, commanding nature, who knew no mercy, and who shrank from no crime or cruelty that came between her and her ambition. She had one daughter by King John, Carlotta or Charlotte by name, and Queen Elena was resolved to secure the succession to this the King's only child born in wedlock at any price. Females were not excluded from reigning in Cyprus, and Charlotte was rightfully the heir to the throne ; but John had

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an illegitimate son, James, the son of his mistress, the beautiful Maria of Patras, whom he wished should succeed him. James was beloved by his father ; he was brave, handsome, popular throughout the island, and the bar sinister would have been no obstacle to his succession once his father chose to appoint him as his heir.

Such an act of favouritism Queen Elena resolved to prevent. She began her plan of campaign by an act of fiendish cruelty against the beautiful Maria. In order to wean King John's affections from his mistress she caused Maria's nose and ears to be cut off ; and, when the bloody deed had been carried out, she sent her husband to visit the woman he loved. She would have had no hesitation in taking the life of the bastard child, but the boy's popularity made such a step impolitic, and all she could do in order to prevent his succession was to compel his father to appoint him Bishop of Nicosia. The lad, though not more than about fifteen years old, was tonsured, dedicated to the clerical life, and sent to the episcopal palace to receive an education that would fit him for the direction of his See.

Elena having, as she hoped, got rid of the most serious obstacle to her daughter's succession, set about finding a husband for the Princess. Her choice of a son-in-law fell on Prince John of Portugal. He came to Cyprus, where the marriage was performed, and Elena, who actually held the reins of office, resolved to rule even more firmly still through the connivance and support of her son-in-law. John of Portugal was not, however, the docile instrument the Queen needed. He was a man of energy and resolution, determined, if he ruled at all, to do so in his own name. This was not in keeping with the Queen's programme ; such independence could not be tolerated ; and Prince John was poisoned.

Another husband was soon provided for Charlotte in the person of Louis, the second son of the Duke of Savoy, a man of no firmness or depth of character. Queen Elena died before Prince Louis arrived in Cyprus, and Charlotte's prospects were momentarily overcast by her father's line of action. Regardless of his dead wife's wishes he sent for his bastard son, loaded him with favours, and was about to proclaim him Prince of Galilee (the title borne by the heir to the throne) when death cut short his intentions. He died July 24, 1458, a few months only after Queen Elena, and his daughter Charlotte was proclaimed Queen.

James applied for aid to the Soldan of Egypt. He pleaded his cause as the last male representative of the Lusignans ; he urged that the crown of Cyprus, rendered tributary by his grandfather to Egypt, was being disposed of without the consent of its suzerain ; and it is even asserted that in exchange for help he professed himself ready to forego his Christianity and become a Mussulman. The Soldan adopted the Prince as his son, he invested him with the crown

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and royal arms of Cyprus, and he ordered a contingent of ships and warriors to assist in the conquest of the kingdom.

James's success in Cyprus, where he landed September 18, 1460, was complete. Town after town recognised him as the lawful sovereign; his subjects came to his assistance with large sums, and Charlotte and her husband were forced to fly from the island. Charlotte went first to Rhodes, and then to Rome, collecting troops and money against her rebellious brother; Louis retired to Savoy, from where he made overtures to the Soldan to recognise his own and his wife's claims, while he offered James a sum of money to retire into private life and leave the throne to its rightful occupants.

James was, however, too fairly seated on that throne to think of relinquishing it. His sole thought was now to establish himself more firmly on it, to select a bride fit to reign as his Queen, and to continue the dynasty in his own person. His partisans in the island were numerous, and through them again he was sure of extraneous support. This was especially the case with regard to his Venetian friends, chief among whom was Andrea Cornaro, brother of Marco, Caterina's father, a wily Venetian, who saw in James's revolt an opportunity for furthering the designs that he knew were entertained by his Government at home, and for advancing the interests of his own family.

The reasons that led to the selection of Caterina Cornaro as the King's bride have never been fully explained, and have given rise to all kinds of conjectures. One romantic legend maintains that James fell in love with Caterina from a miniature that her uncle let fall, as it were inadvertently before the King, and that he refused to confess who it represented till he saw the young man wholly enamoured of the original. Another myth declares that Caterina was chosen for her beauty from among a concourse of seventy-two maidens, all assembled in the Ducal Palace for the purpose of providing a bride for King James from among the fairest and noblest girls in Venice. These legends are both devoid of truth. Of Caterina's beauty there can be little doubt. The chroniclers of the day have all dwelt persistently on that point, and when such a writer as Sanudo, ever chary of praise, yet as truthful as the day, pronounces the maiden to be 'most lovely' (*bellissima*) we may be sure that her beauty was indeed great. The renown of this beauty, together with the fact of the long standing friendship between her uncle and the King, and the eagerness of Andrea to further the marriage, may account for its being brought about without searching for further reasons. Venice, too, was in favour of the match; and King James's ambassador, who came to ask formally for the hand of Caterina Cornaro, was received with every mark of honour. The betrothal took place in the Ducal Palace in July 1468.

It was not till four years after her betrothal—on September 14,

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1472—that Caterina sailed for Cyprus, accompanied by four Venetian galleys under the command of Gerolamo Diedo, and three Cypriot vessels sent by King James to swell his bride's escort. She reached Nicosia in safety, and here the marriage was at once celebrated with great solemnity and rejoicing. Caterina's beauty won her universal admiration in Cyprus. Venus had come back to her kingdom the people declared, and happiness and prosperity must surely attend her steps. Her prospects of happiness could not, however, be considered as very secure, given the conditions of the life into which she was about to enter. Her husband, though brave and handsome, was dissolute and licentious in the extreme. The kingdom was a prey to party factions. The crown which had just been placed on her head as Queen-consort belonged more truly to her sister-in-law Charlotte than to her; and Caterina knew that at the first opportunity Charlotte would assert her rights with no small chance of success.

And, indeed, a fate far other than happy or prosperous was in store for Caterina Cornaro. She had soon to learn that her husband was already, owing to licentious amours, the father of three illegitimate children—Eugenio, Giovanni, and a daughter named Zarla (the diminutive for 'Charlotte')—the eldest of these children being nearly five years old.

More painful events than these discoveries were, however, in store for Caterina. Eight months after her marriage James fell ill. He was but thirty-three years old, and the strength and vigour of his constitution gave hope that he would make head against the fever which had seized him. The hope was a vain one. James II. of Lusignan died during the night of July 6, 1473, at a place near Famagosta, where he had gone on a hunting expedition. His wife was at Nicosia at the time, but she hurried to his bedside as soon as she heard how serious a turn the illness had taken, 'affliction and tears possessing her so heavily as to weigh down her eyes and tongue.' Caterina's grief knew no bounds. She refused to be comforted or resigned, the sense of oncoming desolation and loneliness forcing itself already with vehemence on her stricken soul. Her uncle Andrea Cornaro and several other noblemen were present at the moment, and the dying monarch made them swear to be loyal to his Queen and support her rights to the kingdom against all pretenders. He was leaving his wife with child, and till the infant should be born he decreed that Caterina should have sole rule. He also ordered the release of all the galley-slaves in his domains, and, this act of mercy done, King James II. died.

The King's death was notified officially to Venice, and a decree was at once promulgated despatching the Venetian fleet to Cyprus, in order, it was said, to watch over the safety of the Queen and of the country; in order really to make an advance move in the game

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Venice was playing to possess herself of the island. The Republic had need of all her caution in the part she was about to take. The death of the young King had aroused suspicions far and wide. The enemies of Venice (and they were many) declared that Venetian poison had hastened his end, so as to render the appropriation of his realm an easy deed for Venetian statesmen. Other rumours maintained that he had been done to death through the agency of Queen Charlotte's partisans, and that the exiled Queen had connived at the murder so as to further her schemes for regaining her rights. Another rumour laid the crime at King Ferdinand's door, in order, it was said, to avenge himself on James for having preferred the protection and help of Venice to that of Naples. No proof, however, was forthcoming to confirm or refute any of these accusations, and while discussion was still rife on the matter Caterina was delivered of a son. The child was born August 28, 1473, at Famagosta, where Caterina had remained after her husband's death, too absorbed in the cares of her double condition as widow and mother to heed the growing conspiracies that were forming against her throne and person.

The first of these conspiracies broke out in November of this same year 1473, when the Venetian fleet had sailed away from Cyprus. The Admiral Mocenigo had imagined that all discussion as to the succession would be settled by the birth of Caterina's son, and consequently deemed it safe to leave the Queen and her boy to the care of their own subjects. His departure was the signal for a partial uprising, headed by the Archbishop of Nicosia and backed by the King of Naples. The ringleaders' plan was to bring about a marriage between Alfonso, a natural son of King Ferdinand, and Zarla, King James's illegitimate daughter, and to establish them eventually on the throne of Cyprus. The Archbishop, supported by Rizzo di Marin, the Counts of Tripoli and Jaffa (all of whom the late King had appointed to be of the Queen's council), seized the town of Famagosta, where Caterina was still residing. They forced their way into the castle, rushed into the presence-chamber of the Queen, and barbarously murdered under her eyes one of her servants and her physician, Gabriel Gentile, who had fled to her for protection, and who was slain in her very arms. Her uncle Andrea Cornaro and her cousin Marco Bembo hastened to her rescue, but were slain under the castle walls, where their hacked and naked bodies were left for days close under the Queen's windows. Not till they were half eaten by dogs did Caterina dare to order the burial of those relatives who, as she well knew, had laid down their lives for her.

The young King, called after his father James, was taken away from his mother, and she herself was kept a close prisoner in the castle of Famagosta. The conspirators carried away much of her plate, her jewels, and money; they forced her to write to the Venetian Government alleging that Cornaro's and Bembo's deaths were due to

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some private quarrel between them and the soldiers; and they also insisted that she should write to the Governor of Cerines, a fort of great importance, ordering him to deliver up his command.

An exact report of what had actually taken place was, however, sent home by the Venetian consul, Giosafat Barbaro, and in December the Venetian fleet started again for Cyprus to watch over the affairs of the island. The presence of the fleet cowed the conspirators for a time. The Queen was set at liberty, quiet was restored, the forts throughout Cyprus were entrusted to the command of men devoted entirely to Venetian interests, the power of the Republic thus establishing itself slowly and surely. This being all duly brought about, and Venice having made another successful move in her game of acquisition, her fleet was ordered to withdraw.

Caterina never forgot the horrors she had undergone during those days of revolution at Famagosta, or the indignities to which she had been subjected. But a yet more abiding blow was in store for her in the death of her infant son, who died, aged just one year, in August, 1474. Certainly Venice was lucky in the way in which the different heirs and claimants to the throne of Cyprus disappeared out of her path. Caterina's husband was dead, her son had just died, and the Republic had now to deal with James's illegitimate children, who claimed the throne by right of their father's will. An order was given that they should be sent to Venice. The reason for this order was to prevent the girl Zarla from marrying Alfonso of Naples, and to place these lawful claimants in the grasp of the Republic. The children, with their grandmother Maria of Patras, arrived in Venice, but were soon transferred to Padua, where Zarla died, naturally according to some accounts, by violence according to others. The youths Eugenio and Giovanni managed to escape from what was in reality but an ill-disguised captivity, and, fleeing from the neighbourhood of the lagunes, continued for many years to plot and strive after a crown which they were destined never to wear.

The road was fast clearing along which Venice had elected to advance in order to realise her plans for the occupation of Cyprus. Each figure that appeared likely to bar that road had been removed in turn, and only that of Caterina Cornaro herself stood between the Republic and actual possession. Caterina must therefore be removed. The means employed to bring about these ends were at first devised in order to induce the Queen to relinquish the crown of her own free will, and make it appear as though Venice had no choice but to assume the reins of office handed over to her by her adopted daughter. To further this purpose, Caterina's money was withheld from her; she was hampered on all sides by the '*provveditori*' sent by Venice nominally to assist her, but in reality to oust her by degrees from her kingdom; her very correspondence was subjected to inspection before it reached her hands; and in every way pressure was

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brought to bear to force her into a so-called voluntary surrender of the throne.

The condition to which she was reduced owing to these measures may be gathered from some letters written by Marco Cornaro, Caterina's father, from Cyprus to the Doge in Venice. Marco had obtained leave from the Venetian Government to repair to Cyprus soon after the death of the little King to comfort his daughter, and his reports as to her poverty, together with the complaints he makes as to the treatment dealt by the Venetian councillors and '*provveditori*,' present a sorry picture as to the existing state of things. He relates how he

found the Majesty of the Queen with a sickness upon her of a most perilous nature. And had we not arrived with the physicians we should maybe have lost her. Heaven had not willed such a doom, but in the meanwhile she has become thin and much undone. She eats [her father goes on to state] in her room on a desk an ell long ; she has but three or four menservants in her house, a few menials, and her purveyor. I vow to Your Excellency, every one of my daughters fares better in my house and is better treated. I have given to Her Majesty 300 of my ducats in order that she may spend and possess as a woman, for it breaks my heart to see Her Majesty thus straitened in her means, and this country go to perdition. I can scarcely write [he adds in conclusion] for the gout which has seized my hand, but I cannot refrain from begging Your Sublimity by reason of your clemency to maintain the dignity of the Most Serene Queen, and that this people may know that this Queen is a woman and things must not go on as heretofore.

Caterina's own letters complain bitterly to the Doge of the scrutiny exercised with regard to her correspondence. She also craves to be allowed to leave the town in order to breathe a purer air, and escape from the malarious vapours 'owing to whose malignity we lost our most beloved son-king, who was the greatest consolation we had in this world.' The treatment she received from the '*provveditori*' also calls for comment on her part, though she pleads for redress in prudent and measured terms, so as to enlist the Doge's sympathies, if it may be, on her behalf, recognising, as she herself admits, that she is 'but a woman and young.'

These appeals to Venice bore fruit to a certain extent. Orders were sent to allow Caterina to remove at will to the different towns on the island, her income was to be paid regularly, and the necessities for her table and her daily life were to be supplied without stint. Caterina might almost have begun to hope that better days were in store for her, and that peace and quiet were about to dawn upon the land. Such a state of things was henceforward impossible. The Cypriot nobles were opposed to her rule, and their vassals and peasants in the country shared their sentiments. The townspeople were the only subjects on whom Caterina could depend, and they were devoted heart and soul to their Queen. The land was split up into factions, for Naples was also striving to put in a claim to the throne, and Caterina's life was often in danger amid the plots and counter-plots that surged around her.

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For another ten years her life in Cyprus went on in the same way : perils from within, and the ever-crushing vigilance of Venice from without. Some moments of brightness and festivity relieve the gloom of her existence now and again, and we read of receptions given to her at Famagosta and Nicosia, when she is greeted with regal honours and demonstrations of joy and affection.

Venice, however, was becoming impatient. Caterina had not abdicated as originally laid down in the programme ; events had not furthered the Republic's game ; it remained therefore for her to assert herself, and by a resolute stroke to compass the desired end. A plot organised by Rizzo di Marin gave Venice the excuse she needed to put her plans into execution. This plot had its origin in Naples, and the object was to bring about a marriage between Caterina Cornaro and Alfonso, the aspirant of former days for the hand of Zarla the late King's natural daughter. Some writers declare that the prospect of such a union was not disdained by Caterina, and that she would have accepted Alfonso in spite of the difference in their ages (he might have been her son) solely with the view of retaining her position as Queen of Cyprus. The idea of this marriage, however, whether countenanced or not by Caterina, was not to be tolerated for an instant by Venice. She managed to get Rizzo de Marin into her clutches, and though the Soldan of Egypt requested that as Rizzo was his ambassador his life should be spared, Venice had other views on the subject. She gave orders that Rizzo should be kept in prison till a convenient moment came, when he was to be strangled, and pending that she sent word to the Soldan that the man had poisoned himself. Venice could not afford to quarrel with the potentate of Egypt at that moment, and a lie was not a heavy price to pay for the maintenance of peace !

To put a stop to the possibility of any further plots Caterina was now called upon to abdicate. To bring this about, her brother Giorgio Cornaro was despatched to Cyprus with directions to persuade, or—if persuasions were in vain—to force the Queen to lay aside her crown. Giorgio's task was no easy one. Caterina loved her people, and was beloved by all of those with whom she had most to do ; her interests and occupations had grown with her life and bound her with cords of undying affection to the island and its inhabitants. She had formed a centre there such as she could never hope to form again in any other spot ; and though her greatest sorrows and trials had been undergone in Cyprus, her love and devotion were only linked the closer round the home of her adoption.

When tears and entreaties and lamentations had all been tried in vain, she asked her brother in the anguish of her soul if no delay were possible. 'Is it not enough,' she said, 'that Venice shall inherit when I am gone ?' But Venice was tired of waiting, and Giorgio had to resort to threats to bring about the desired end.

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He told her that if she did not comply with a good grace, violence would be used to force her from the throne ; her family would be ruined ; and she herself would forfeit the yearly allowance of 8000 ducats, besides other advantages, which the Republic had said should be hers as soon as she abdicated.

Caterina had no choice but to submit, and on Thursday, February 26, 1489, the act of renunciation was solemnly performed by her early in the morning at Famagosta. Mass was celebrated in the royal chapel ; and in the presence of a numerous audience a banner bearing the emblem of St. Mark was blessed by the Bishop, who then handed it to the Queen. She in her turn presented it to the Captain-General in the name of the Venetian Signory, and immediately after it was hoisted in the chief square of Famagosta. This act was the signal throughout Cyprus for the removal from every fortress and government office of the standards that for wellnigh three hundred years had borne the arms of the Lusignans, and for the erection in their stead of the standard of Venice. Caterina was thus forced to make a public display of her act of abdication, and of her so-called voluntary appointment of Venice to the kingdom of Cyprus. No sign of pressure or compulsion was to appear in what the Senate were pleased to regard as 'the full and free determination of Our Most Serene and beloved daughter Caterina Cornaro.'

Caterina did not, however, leave Cyprus till the nineteenth of the following month, when the tears and lamentations of a mourning people followed her to the place of embarkation. Her conduct was touching and dignified to the last. Instead of claiming the sympathy and comfort she so sorely needed, she strove instead to impart it to the sorrowing hearts she was leaving behind her ; and even on board the galley *Dalmatina*, about to bear her away, she answered the cries of grief which reached her with signs as if to imply she would come back again and that the leave-taking would not be final. Her fortitude was bought at a price. No sooner had the *Dalmatina* weighed anchor than Caterina fainted away on the deck, overcome by the emotion and sorrow against which she had struggled so bravely.

The passage from the Lido to the town of Venice bore the character of a triumphal progress. Boats and gondolas decked in festive style preceded and followed the stately *Bucentaur*. The bells rang out their cheer ; flags and banners waved ; guns and cannon thundered ; drums, trumpets, 'and all kinds of music' added a deafening roar to the note of welcome with which the city greeted the widowed Queen. Another ceremony had still to be undergone, the last of those trying rites of abdication claimed by Venice, and which must each in turn have cost poor Caterina a fresh pang and humiliation. 'At St. Mark's, in the very place where nineteen years before Venice had adopted Caterina as her child, she now set the seal of the Church to her spoliation.' Caterina was there declared to

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have made 'a free gift to the Republic of the kingdom of Cyprus,' and in return for such a gift, Sanudo ironically remarks, 'the Doge made Zorzi (Giorgio) Cornaro a Cavaliere'!

This function ended, feasting and rejoicings went on for three days in the palace of the Duke of Ferrara—now the Museo Civico—and from there Caterina repaired to the palace on the Grand Canal called after her Palazzo Cornaro della Regina, now used as the Monte di Pietà. Here she stayed till the castle of Asolo was ready for her reception. This castle, standing in the Trevisan march, had been conferred on her for her life; and together with the donation were conferred also the rights to administer justice and other sovereign privileges, which were, however, more of a fictitious than of a genuine nature. The old chronicler Colbertaldi says: 'Right glad were the Asolani when they learnt that the Queen had chosen that site for her habitation,' and steps were at once taken to ensure a fit and hearty welcome for the royal lady. On Sunday, October 22, 1489, Caterina's arrival at Asolo was celebrated with due pomp.

The little town, perched on a spur of the Alps between Bassano and Montebelluna, occupies a unique position. Below the hill on which it stands lies the vast plain of the 'Veneto' stretching away in one direction to Venice and the sea, on the other to Padua and the Euganean hills. Behind it rise the mountains in ever-increasing slopes of beauty and fertility, till they give way to the grand and barren heights of the Julian Alps that form at once an effective and splendid barrier between Italy and Austria. The name of Asolo is also endeared to the Anglo-Saxon race for its associations with Robert Browning. It was here that the great poet withdrew to the cool and quiet of country life to recruit from the heat and scirocco of Venice; it was at Asolo that he laid the scene of one of his masterpieces; it was Asolo, again, that lent its name to his last work, and brought itself into world-wide fame through the fame of 'Asolando.'

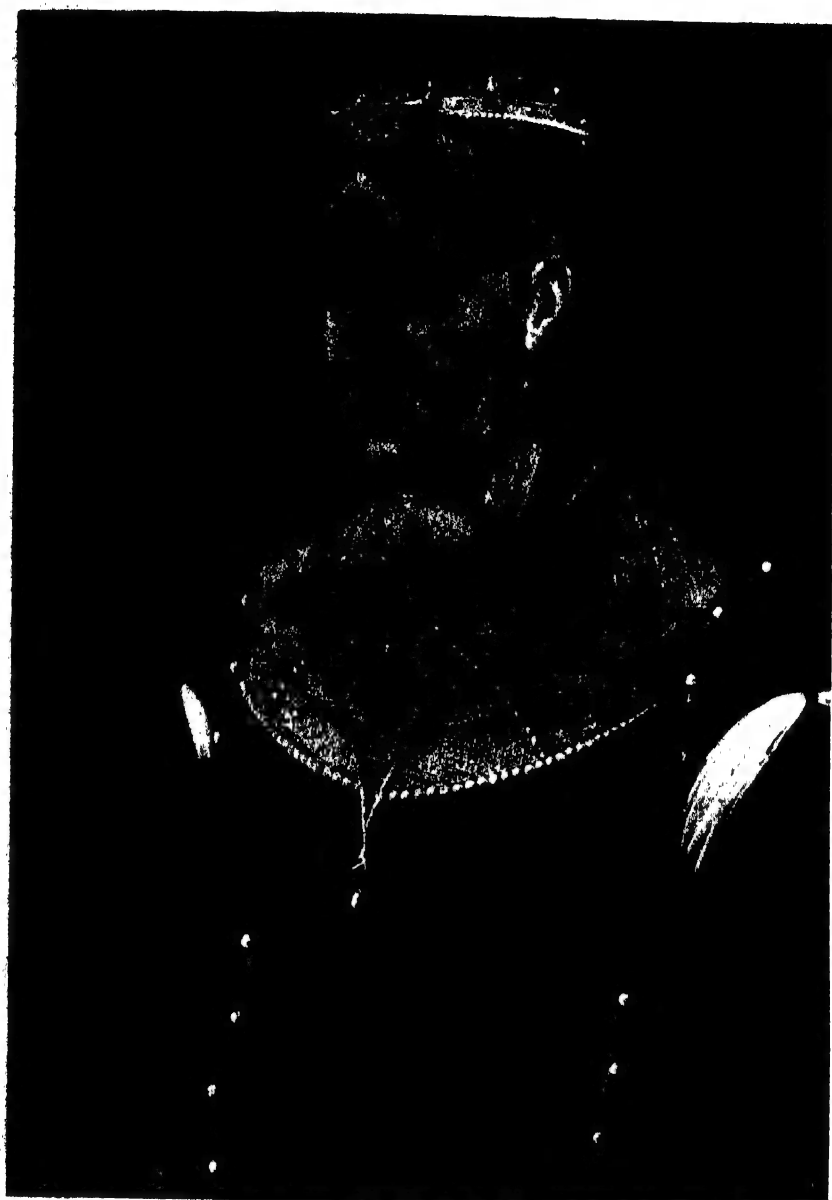
Amid such scenes and surroundings Caterina's lot was now to be cast; and probably a greater contrast could not well have been found than between her new home and the one she had so lately left behind. Intrigue gave place to calm; factions to discussions on platonic love, for one of the occupations of the Court of Asolo was to argue on the theme of Love without allowing the real element to make it felt, veiling it ever in classical language, and interspersing the conversation with allusions to gods and goddesses, to nymphs, and mortals grown immortal. Love, however, was not to be kept at bay by the dry dissertations held in his honour. His presence was hinted at in many a revel, and a description given by Pietro—afterwards Cardinal—Bembo of the nuptials held between one of Caterina's maids of honour and Florian di Floriano da Montagnana shows what ceremony the actuality of Love could evoke in the courtly groves of Asolo. The description of this wedding and of the garden

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at Asolo is taken from Bembo's book entitled 'Gli Asolani,' a book dedicated to Lucrezia Borgia, the woman whose beauty exercised so lasting a charm on the Cardinal, and whose gift to him of a lock of her hair was always carried about within the pages of one of his most treasured volumes. The marriage alluded to was performed in the month of September, and was attended by a host of noble guests from Venice and the neighbourhood. The wedding breakfast was served at midday in a spacious hall supported on either side by two open 'loggie.' Behind these 'loggie' tall dark cypresses stood out against the sky, and below them again lay the garden, which, if Bembo is to be believed, 'was very delicious, and of marvellous beauty.'

The Court at Asolo did not confine its attention exclusively to weddings and dissertations on platonic love. A steady flow of comers and goers kept the Queen and her courtiers always busy, and transformed the quiet little country town into a centre of life and animation. At one moment Caterina is to be found entertaining an ambassador from Cyprus, who came with a train of many nobles and three hundred pages to offer to her Majesty a present of 'sugar-plums, preserves, and other sweetmeats.' At another time came different dames of high degree, and on the occasion of each visit feastings and revellings were kept up for fifteen and even for twenty days consecutively. One of Caterina's most constant guests was Pandolfo Malatesta, formerly Lord of Rimini, who came regularly every fortnight to Asolo to pay his court, it was said, to Queen Caterina, though other rumours hinted that the attraction was in reality the Queen's waiting-maid Fiammetta. Malatesta was then living at his castle at Cittadella, where he had retired after ceding Rimini to the Republic of Venice. It was said that Caterina was not averse to this lover, though the reasons given for her rejection of his suit show that she was not deeply in love with him. 'She would perhaps have accepted him, and submitted to becoming the wife of a private gentleman, were it not that she was withheld by the fear and dread of her kinsfolk ; by the recollection that she had been the wife of a king ; and that on her mother's side she was descended from an Eastern Emperor' !

Caterina's quiet life at Asolo was brought to a close by the political condition of Venice. The prosperity and ambition of the Republic aroused the jealousy of most of the European States, and a powerful coalition resulting in the League of Cambray was formed against her. The armies of the League invaded the 'Veneto,' the Emperor Maximilian's troops occupied Asolo, and Caterina retired for safety to Venice. Her time here was chiefly devoted to religion and religious matters. We are told that she busied herself with reading the Life of St. Catherine, the Miracles of St. Jerome, the Legends of the Virgins, the Lives of the Holy Fathers. She



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Caterina Cornaro.

Queen of Cyprus.

From the painting by Gentile Bellini in the Academy at Buda-Pest.

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presented a precious reliquary to the Church of the Santi Apostoli, containing the bones of St. Amethyst's arm (a saint who had undergone martyrdom in Cyprus); she took part in the processions formed to invoke Heaven's mercy on her harassed country, and in those of the chief confraternities as well.

It was while attending one of these latter ceremonies that Gentile Bellini placed her in his great picture of the 'Miracle of the Cross,' painted by him for the Confraternita, or guild, of San Giovanni Evangelista, and now at the Accademia in Venice. In this picture Caterina is represented kneeling in adoration before a fragment of the Cross which has fallen into the canal, and which is miraculously held up in the water by Andrea Vendramin. That Caterina was actually present when the incident occurred is most probable, but that Gentile Bellini faithfully portrayed her lineaments on that occasion is just as unlikely. His portrait of her in the gallery at Buda-Pesth is perhaps the only genuine one of her extant, and is without doubt an authentic likeness. The artist gives in this picture, and also in the one in Venice, the same fashion as to the clothes, the same make and colour of the dress, the same shape and arrangement of the jewels, the same drapery as to the veil, the same adaptation of the crown. The features, though, differ in the two pictures; and whereas in the Buda-Pesth portrait Bellini was careful to give an exact likeness, he probably took no such trouble in the Venetian picture, where hundreds of figures are introduced, and where he was anxious to record the presence of the Queen of Cyprus rather than to make an accurate drawing of one person among many. The date of the Buda-Pesth picture also is earlier than that of the 'Miracle of the Cross,' and in this latter Gentile Bellini doubtless drew the accessories of jewels, drapery, and so forth from memory, and allowed his fancy free play when he filled in the face of the Queen.

The belief in Caterina's beauty would count for little had it to be judged by the standard of Bellini's portrait. It must, though, be borne in mind that this portrait was drawn when Caterina was advancing in years, and when the hardships she had undergone and the unbecoming advance of *embonpoint* had dimmed her charms. The portrait at Buda-Pesth is a panel-picture, life-size, and in perfect preservation. The inscription on a feigned tablet in the right-hand corner of the painting leaves no doubt as to the person represented or the name of the author.

The portraits scattered throughout the chief galleries of Europe, which claim to represent Caterina Cornaro, are numerous. The one best known is doubtless the one ascribed to Titian in the Uffizi gallery at Florence. That this picture is actually a likeness of the Queen of Cyprus is altogether improbable. Caterina was already twenty-three years old when Titian was born, and this picture, painted in his later manner, represents probably the same model whom

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we find again in the famous 'Bella di Tiziano,' and who was certainly not Caterina Cornaro. Giorgione is also said to have painted her portrait, though the whereabouts of the picture, if it exists, is unknown. Another portrait of her is ascribed to Paolo Veronese. This picture (said to be in the possession of M. Armand, at Passy, near Paris) has for its subject Caterina's surrender of the crown of Cyprus to the Doge of Venice. The picture is very large, and comprises in all fourteen figures, Caterina, her brother Giorgio, and the Doge Barbarigo being conspicuous among them.

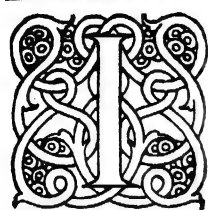
But other thoughts than those connected with pictures and beauty were now occupying Caterina's mind. Her chronicler Colbertaldi says 'she in no wise sought to increase the physical charms God had given her by the aid of novel arts.' Her thoughts were turned away from the world, and its pomps and vanities had no longer any power to attract her. She withdrew more and more from public life, devoting herself to acts of charity and goodness, and, on July 10, 1510, she died at the age of fifty-six. Her funeral obsequies were held in the Church of the Santi Apostoli, and were celebrated with as much state and pomp as Venice in her impoverished condition could afford. A bridge of boats was built across the Grand Canal, though on the night before the interment Caterina's remains were laid to rest in the Church of San Cassiano. That night was one of wild storm and tempest. Hail, wind, and rain raged over Venice while Caterina, robed in the garb of a poverty-vowed sister of the Order of St. Francis, lay at peace in her quiet coffin.

The day following, the bier, covered with cloth of gold and a royal crown upon it, was carried across the bridge of boats, from the 'Pescheria,' or Fish-market, to Santa Sofia, escorted by the Vice-Doge, the Bishops of Feltre and Spalato, the members of the Cornaro family, and an immense concourse of citizens, of guilds, of monks, of dignitaries of the Church.

Caterina's remains rested for about a century only in the Santi Apostoli. Some repairs then took place in the church, and her coffin was removed to San Salvatore, where it is to this day, and where a tablet let into the pavement records in a few simple words that under that stone lie the ashes of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, Jerusalem, and Armenia.¹

¹ The sources from whence this article is compiled are taken almost exclusively from the study on Caterina Cornaro in Mr. Horatio F. Brown's 'Venetian Studies' (London: Kegan Paul, &c. 1887) and 'Caterina Cornaro, e il Suo Regno,' by Signor Attilio Centelli (Venezia: Ongania. 1892).

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IN these days, when all eyes are fixed on the theatre of war, it seems futile and almost impertinent to claim any attention for the mimic stage. Especially does it appear inopportune to hint at anything in the nature of endowment. It will be as much as we can do for many a day to endow that other theatre, even if the drama should have a shorter run than there is reason to anticipate. Yet a review of our theatrical position may perhaps not prove so utterly irrelevant as it at first sight appears. If, in spite of our glorious dramatic literature and not inglorious theatrical history, our existing theatre is far behind that of the other great nations, and even of some small ones, may not the fault lie partly in the same defects of national character and habit of mind which have sent us into battle at a disadvantage in almost every respect, except that of mere personal bravery? And in the bracing of the national character, the chastening of lax and self-complacent habits of mind, to which we must certainly address ourselves—the sooner the better—may it not be that, in its due order of importance, the theatre may share in the general reorganisation, and be placed on a footing worthy of our literature and of our place among the nations of the world? When the turn of the theatre arrives, we ought to have clear and definite ideas as to the reforms required and the way to set about them.

This is neither a purely æsthetic nor a merely local question. It is national, imperial, racial. The theatre ought to be, and in a very important sense it is, one of the strongest bonds of union between the scattered sections of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not so potent, indeed, as the Press; but whereas the Press too often foment misunderstandings and exasperates differences, the theatre, so far as it goes, makes almost entirely for unity. So far as it goes—but at present that is not a great way. As a disseminator of English and American slang, and of cheap popular melodies, it works with amazing rapidity and effectiveness. I have seen United States troops fresh from Cuba marching up Fifth Avenue to the strains of a 'musical comedy' produced not many weeks before at the Gaiety Theatre, London; and from Cape Town to Bulawayo the rhythms of 'The Belle of New York' are doubtless as familiar as 'God Save the Queen.' This is, in the main, a phenomenon to be welcomed. Twenty years ago, both British and American regiments would have been marching to the music of Offenbach and Lecocq. It is well that on both sides of the Atlantic we should have learnt to make our own street jingles, and that we should keep up a lively traffic in these commodities. But there are other things in life than bar-room slang and street-organ melodies, and it is in relation to these other

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things that the Anglo-American theatre fails in its duties. As a disseminator of ideas or ideals, and even as an instrument for keeping the popular mind in touch with the masterpieces of our literature, it is practically of no avail. To men of intelligence throughout the English-speaking world the theatre is indeed a bond of union, inasmuch as it unites them in a common humiliation.

But let us be quite clear as to what it is we deplore and want to remedy. A great deal of 'cultured' discussion about the theatre is rendered useless, if not obstructive, by a misconception of historical and actual conditions. In the first place, it must be declared with all possible emphasis that the drama is neither decadent nor moribund; that, on the contrary, it shows stirrings of healthy life on every hand; and that our effort must be, not to restore a past golden age, but rather to assist a natural process of development, and, combining the advantages of the past and the present, to place the theatre on a footing which it has never yet attained in any English-speaking country.

A short glance at the history of the stage will suffice, I hope, to make clear my meaning. The theatre has two main functions: it ought to hold up, as 'twere, a double-faced mirror, to the life of the present and to the literature of the past. There have been two periods—roughly speaking, the Elizabethan and the Restoration periods—during which the English theatre did indeed show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. In the Restoration comedy it was but a narrow section of life that was represented, and always with what now seems to us an insensate bias towards cynicism. Still, the Restoration playwrights, no less than the Elizabethans, were first-hand observers and delineators of life. Soon after the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, English playwrights ceased, in the main, to observe, and lapsed into the servile condition of mere imitators, reproducing, with different names and costumes, the comedies and tragedies of the past. Towards the end of the century there was a flicker of originality in Goldsmith and Sheridan, but it quickly died away. A little later, we can trace some gropings after a new form, but always by men of insufficient talent. About the beginning of the nineteenth century the stage was flooded with translations and imitations of German melodrama, while the middle years of the century were given up to translations and adaptations of French melodrama and clockwork comedy of the school of Scribe. In the sixties and early seventies Robertson and Albery made a timid and practically abortive attempt to bring the drama into line with the movement in fiction represented by Dickens and Thackeray. From about seventy-five to eighty-five stagnation and adaptation set in afresh. But during the past fifteen years there has arisen a school of playwrights, going straight to life for their material, and striving after a rational and competent technique, who have given us by far

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the nearest approach to a living drama we have had since the days of Queen Anne. If any one doubts this fact, it is only because he has failed to reach a point of view from which he can see things in something like their true perspective. So far as the living, contemporary drama is concerned, the critics who bewail the decadence of the stage show either ignorance of the past or blindness to the present—or both. Absolutely, the drama of to-day may not be much to boast of; but, relatively to the drama of many previous generations, it must be called a vigorous and flourishing product. The movement has had every possible difficulty to contend with, and some competent observers think (though I trust they are mistaken) that the conditions are becoming more and more hostile to it. But there can be no rational doubt that the advance has been real, substantial, remarkable. The first point, then, of urgent necessity is that we should keep this advance afoot, and remove some, at least, of the obstacles that stand in its way.

The main obstacle, beyond question, lies in the necessity for always aiming at a long run. So great is the cost of mounting a new play, according to modern methods, that, unless it runs at least a hundred nights to good houses, the manager will probably lose money by it, and the author will certainly lose prestige. It is true, no doubt, that, unless the mounting of a modern play is exceptionally gorgeous, it will not take a hundred full houses to cover the outlay; but such is the constitution of the public mind that moderate success is practically impossible. If you cannot count upon at least a hundred full houses, you may count upon none at all. If a play, in theatrical slang, 'catches on,' its hundred nights are assured; if it does not 'catch on,' it will not attract the twenty to fifty full houses necessary to replace the initial outlay. There is no middle course between sensational success and what managers, critics, and the public regard as failure. Therefore dramatists, on pain of sacrificing not only immediate income but the reputation necessary to secure their future works a hearing, are compelled to keep ever in view the tastes and prejudices of the great public, the hundred thousand playgoers, whose concourse is necessary to a hundred-night success. Now this is an excessively hampering, almost a paralysing, condition. Until its tyranny is relaxed—the tyranny of the obligatory long run, if I may so phrase it—dramatists can never have reasonable freedom either in the choice or in the treatment of their themes. The surprising thing is that so much good work has been done in spite of it—a testimony not only to the talent, but to the force of character, of some of our dramatists. If only we had one or two theatres at which moderate success meant real success, and not thinly disguised failure, we should have every reason to hope for a vigorous development of contemporary drama.

When we go on to inquire how the modern stage fulfils its second

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function, of mirroring the literature of the past, we have a less encouraging report to render. The art of acting our classical plays, and the power of discriminating competent from incompetent acting in this department, have almost entirely vanished. In the 'palmy days' of the English stage—and, despite all the nonsense talked about them, the 'palmy days' are no mere superstition—it was this branch of theatrical art that really flourished. The eighteenth century was an age of great acting, not of great drama; and its tradition endured with dwindling force through the first half of the nineteenth century. Of the acting which prevailed in the two vital periods of our dramatic literature we have very little real knowledge. The names of Burbage, Alleyn, and a few other famous players of the Elizabethan age have indeed come down to us, but scarcely a single detail to show what they did, or even the effect they produced. It is very hard to form any plausible picture of the Elizabethan theatre—the harder, perhaps, the more one studies it. Of the Restoration period, with Betterton for its central figure, we know enough to be well assured that some of its actors were really great; but we know, too, that the stage was still in a semi-barbarous condition, given over to habits and conventions which no one, certainly, could wish to restore. Nor is the period between Betterton and Garrick one which we can contemplate with lively feelings of envy. It probably saw in Quin, and even in Barton Booth, a mechanical continuation, not to say a caricature, of the Betterton tradition. The indubitably 'palmy days' of English acting begin with Garrick and end (to stretch the period to its uttermost) with Macready. The contemporary drama during these hundred years was practically a negligible quantity. It is strange to remember that not one character 'created'—that is, played for the first time—by Garrick or Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, or Edmund Kean, survives or deserves to survive on the stage. They acted either in Shakespeare (often terribly mutilated) or in the turgid tragedies of the Restoration, or in contemporary dramas of such utter dreariness that scarcely their names have come down to us. Home's 'Douglas,' remembered because of the impression produced by Mrs. Siddons as Lady Randolph, is perhaps the most famous and the least ridiculous. The comedians of this period were as great as the tragedians, and for a brief space, between 1773 ('She Stoops to Conquer') and 1777 ('The School for Scandal'), it seemed as though English comedy were about to revive. But with the death of Goldsmith, and the diversion of Sheridan to other pursuits, that hope died away. Two or three of the characters created by Macready, in the plays of Sheridan Knowles and Bulwer Lytton, are still occasionally seen on the stage, but the dramas in which they occur have no place in literature. Thus it is not too much to say that, with the exception of three comedies and a farce ('The Critic')

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the 'palmy days' of English acting contributed nothing of permanent value to the English drama.

But how do we know, it may be asked, that the acting of the 'palmy days' was really great? No one is alive who saw Garrick or Mrs. Siddons; not many who even saw Macready. We have only printed criticisms and a few stagey engravings to go by. The portraits are often ridiculous; and as for the criticisms, if extravagant newspaper laudation were the measure of greatness, Garrick would seem a mere pigmy beside the colossal actor-managers of to-day. This is a specious objection, but not a sound one. There must, of course, be a great deal of uncertainty as to details, and it is even possible that, if Garrick or Mrs. Siddons came to life to-day, we should—at first, at any rate—be more shocked by their mannerisms than thrilled by their genius. It is unquestionable, too, that there was much very bad acting in the palmy days. John Philip Kemble, for example, was probably to be reckoned a great actor only in certain parts and in happy moments. He must often have been intolerable. Of Edmund Kean, too, we may suspect that in his later years the intervals between his 'flashes of lightning' were bad with a cynical badness which a modern audience would scarcely endure. But, all deductions made, there remains abundant evidence that the great actors of that period possessed an art of which modern actors and playgoers have lost even the memory. We see this, not only in detailed descriptions of what they did, but in unquestionable first-hand testimony as to the effect they produced on their audiences—an order of effect totally foreign to the modern theatre. A typical anecdote may suffice to indicate what I mean. One night, in the pit of Drury Lane, Holman and the elder Macready, not raw playgoers, but experienced actors both, sat watching Mrs. Siddons as Arpasia in Rowe's 'Tamerlane.' When the curtain had fallen upon her death (the audience insisted that the play should end here, though there were several scenes to follow), Holman turned to his companion and said, after a moment's pause, '*Macready, do I look as pale as you?*' Here was no factitious rapture of enthusiasm, no conventional applause bestowed on the giver of a great spectacular feast. We do not learn that these men applauded at all, but they left the theatre with a reverence for the genius which had thus moved them, totally different in kind from the most extravagant actor-worship of to-day. And mark that this effect was produced in a play which we should consider, and justly, the most tedious fustian. There is no more convincing proof of the magical power over the emotions possessed by great actors of this school than the fact that they could render living and attractive the dismal pieces of bombast that composed three-fourths of their repertory. One more anecdote to the same purpose, from Samuel Rogers's 'Table Talk':

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‘Mr. Murphy, sir, you knew Mr. Garrick?’—‘Yes, sir, I did, and no man better.’—‘Well, sir, what did you think of his acting?’—After a pause: ‘Well, sir, *off* the stage he was a mean sneaking little fellow. But *on* the stage,’ throwing up his hands and eyes, ‘oh, my great God!’

Of an actor of to-day one would be apt to reverse the antithesis, and say, ‘*Off* the stage he was a polished, tactful, generous and upright gentleman; but *on* the stage—oh, my great God!’

But we need not rely exclusively upon anecdotes to show that the actors of that age attempted and achieved an order of effect of which this generation has forgotten the possibility. Isolated survivors of the period lingered on until quite recently; and though some of them represented its vices rather than its virtues, others brought to our ears a far-off but delightful and thrilling echo from the days of great rhetorical acting. The school flourished in America longer than in England, and passed away with that unequal but often truly great actor, Edwin Booth, whose Hamlet and Richelieu stand out clearly in my mind as noble instances of a type of acting now utterly extinct. Macready I never saw, but one of his ardent admirers (not an actor) once gave me, in his own drawing-room, a description and partial imitation of Macready’s mere ‘business’ in the last act of ‘Macbeth,’ which thrilled me more than any performance of the part I ever saw on the stage.

Some readers may have stumbled on a phrase in the last paragraph—‘great rhetorical acting.’ Accustomed to use ‘rhetorical’ as a term of reproach, they may wonder to find me lamenting the extinction of what they probably regard as synonymous with bombast. But what can be clearer than that all drama in verse is rhetorical, and must be treated with a thorough understanding of its rhetorical qualities? That is fundamental. The great actor transmutes rhetoric into poetry; the stupid actor degrades it into bombast. But to treat verse simply as bad prose, giving it neither sonority, cadence, nor impetus, is to stultify the poet’s endeavour. Why should he have taken the trouble to idealise human speech if the actor is, so far as possible, to drag it down again to the level of everyday chatter? Why should we sacrifice naturalness if it be not to gain strength and beauty? Who can doubt that ideal language demands ideal utterance?

How, it may be asked, have poetical eloquence and passion died out on the stage? Partly as a result of inevitable tendencies, but mainly, I think, by mere chance. The increase of population rendered long runs possible, and the possibility of long runs, combined with new fabrics for costuming, new methods of lighting, &c., rendered spectacle irresistibly tempting to managers. So far, the course of events was inevitable. But spectacle alone would not have killed great acting. The fatal chance (for so I cannot but regard it) was that just when spectacle was perfected and ready to their hand,

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there appeared on the scene a succession of actors who, with a great deal of talent, combined the insuperable defect of an almost complete lack of vocal power and training. This voiceless dynasty has ruled the stage for fifty years, in the persons of Charles Kean, Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Physically incapable of even attempting many of the effects obviously designed by Shakespeare, they diverted the attention of audiences from the shortcomings of their personal performance, by presenting them with beautiful and highly elaborated scenic entertainments, in which individual merits and defects became comparatively unimportant. It was Charles Kean who invented (so far as the theatre is concerned) the blessed word 'archæology.' Moreover, being very clever men in their way, these actor-managers fitted Shakespeare's text to their short-winded methods by devising what complaisant critics called 'subtleties' of interpretation. The invariable characteristic of these subtleties was that they required long and frequent pauses, and involved the breaking up of the poet's musical periods into a series of staccato ejaculations. A realistic school of acting in social comedy and drama having about the same time arisen, an attempt was made, by a patently false analogy, to apply its leading principles to Shakespearean acting, and to set up as an ideal a species of 'naturalness' totally foreign to the poet's conception and destructive to his style. Thus the classical drama became a mere canvas, as it were, for pictorial rather than dramatic effects. The queens of tragedy were played by charming comedienues (one of them a woman of rare talent) who had no tragic fibre in their natures, and recited blank verse like ill-taught schoolgirls. Certain plays of Shakespeare (those which lent themselves to spectacular treatment) were still acted, on account of the prestige of his name;¹ but it was felt by the public, and even proclaimed by the actor-managers themselves, that without their spectacular trappings they would be quite unattractive. Meanwhile, as the long run was an essential condition of this system, it was very difficult for subordinate actors to obtain sufficient variety of practice to develop their powers, and the voiceless leaders bred a school of almost equally voiceless followers. Let me add, however, that we have already, in some measure, broken through this vicious circle, and that some of our younger actors have recently shown considerable vocal power and grace of diction.

At each point, then, whether we consider the stage in its relation to the life of the present or to the literature of the past, we are brought up against the long run as an institution hostile to the higher artistic development of the drama and of acting. But the

¹ It is said, I believe truly, that when 'Henry VIII.' was produced at the Lyceum, some of the constant supporters of the Shakespearean revivals at that theatre were greatly perturbed by a rumour that it was not by Shakespeare, and had to be reassured on that point before they would come and see it.

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long run is clearly an inevitable outcome of our present social conditions. Wherever there is an immense amusement-loving public, as in our modern capitals, it must necessarily happen that more people will want to see a popular entertainment than the theatre presenting it can possibly accommodate in a limited number of performances. If a manager withdraws a play before its popularity is exhausted, he is simply throwing away money and sacrificing the profits of a hazardous speculation. He cannot even, with impunity, space out the performances of one play by alternating it with others. Universal experience proves that the slightest interruption of a 'run' tends to lessen what we may almost without metaphor call its impetus. Where there is a vast and preoccupied public, solicited on every hand by a hundred competing entertainments, half the art of management consists in begetting the rumour, the opinion, of great success; whereas even a temporary change of bill—even the mounting of another play at a *matinée*—has come to be regarded as a confession of failure, or at any rate of declining vogue. It has long been observed that the best way to get people to come to a theatre is to persuade them that there is only the remotest chance of their getting in. Nor is this so utterly unreasonable as it may appear. The average man who cannot give much time to the selection of his amusements, and either ignores or distrusts the guidance of newspaper criticism, not unnaturally says to himself, 'Such and such a piece has run fifty nights, apparently to full houses. It has pleased fifty thousand men and women, more or less of my own class; the chances are, then, that it will please me.' In nine cases out of ten this reasoning is good; and the manager who wants to employ his capital to the best advantage, will naturally do all in his power to induce people to reason thus. In overgrown and undereducated communities, bold advertisement is necessary to bring the mere existence of a given entertainment to the knowledge of the average playgoer; but success is its own best advertisement; and the uninterrupted run is the one infallible token of success. Thus the long run is by no means to be regarded as an accidental evil, the malignant invention of some wicked actor-manager. It is an inevitable product of social and economic forces. It results from some of the simplest laws of crowd-psychology. To attack it, then, with any hope of abolishing or annihilating it, would be the veriest futility. What we may reasonably deplore and strive to counteract is, not the long run in itself, but its exclusive predominance over the whole field of theatrical art.

Note that whenever a huge population is gathered in one city, and especially in those great centres which attract crowds of provincial and foreign visitors, the long run always comes into play. It is a recognised institution in Paris, Berlin and Vienna no less than in London and New York. The difference is that before those

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cities attained the dimensions which make the long run possible, theatrical institutions were already firmly established in their midst, whose written rules or unwritten traditions (backed by the instinctive sentiment of their regular frequenters) forbade the importation of runs. Thus in Paris, Berlin and Vienna runs are left to theatres of private enterprise, while the subventioned theatres, playing a combined classical and modern repertory, afford precisely that safety-valve to relieve the universal pressure of the long run which we urgently require in England and America. In Paris, as we know, some of the long-run boulevard theatres compete with the subventioned theatres in producing modern plays of high literary quality; but the cultivation of the French classical drama, which does not, like our romantic drama, lend itself to spectacular treatment, is left almost entirely to the Théâtre Français and the Odéon. In Berlin and Vienna, on the other hand, so clearly does the public realise what it would probably call the 'art-hostile' influence of the long run, that even the leading theatres of private enterprise (such as the Deutsches Theater, of Berlin) are conducted on the repertory principle, and a theatre is at once felt to have lost caste when the management yields to temptation and runs a successful play continuously. Practically, the long-run theatres are only those third-rate houses where farce, melodrama and operetta are the staple fare, or where some popular star is exploited. The plays of the leading German authors—Hauptmann, Sudermann, Max Halbe, &c.—are seldom or never produced at the theatres where long runs are permitted. At the Deutsches Theater, for example, the most popular play is never repeated more than four or five times in a week of eight performances. Twenty-five repetitions in the course of a season are held to constitute a fair success, fifty repetitions a great success, eighty or ninety repetitions a triumph. That is the reason—that, and not any great superiority of talent on the part of the German authors—why the modern drama of Germany is on the whole so far ahead of our own in intellectual and artistic quality.

The misfortune of the English stage lies in the fact that when, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, London by far outgrew the old system of privileged or 'patent' theatres, and free trade in theatrical entertainments was introduced, there was not a single institution which was placed, by public or private endowment, above the necessity of succumbing to the long run. The evils of the invading system were clearly recognised, and more than one manager made a gallant stand against them. Competent observers attributed the failure of Macready's two attempts at management—Covent Garden 1837-39 and Drury Lane 1841-43—to his obstinate refusal to drop his repertory and 'run' his popular productions, such as 'The Tempest,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' and 'Richelieu,' 'for all they were worth.' He was again and again counselled to adopt this

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course; but he saw in it the degradation of the art which, in his ungracious fashion, he still loved, and he preferred to lose his money and abandon his enterprise. Thus the very tradition of a repertory theatre was suffered to die out; and while the German public, as I have said, regards a long-run playhouse as essentially an inartistic and low-class establishment, the English public makes the frequency of long runs at a given theatre the measure of its prestige. If some man or body of men had come forward in 1841 with the comparatively small yearly sum necessary to establish Macready at Drury Lane, and render that theatre the stronghold of a sound literary and artistic tradition, we should not to-day have such a long and difficult lee-way to make up.

How, then, is it to be made up? How are we to re-establish the repertory system, with its non-spectacular mounting and its frequent changes of bill, and to set it in movement, not in opposition to, but concurrently with, the long run system? By the aid of state or municipal endowment some people tell us; but I do not agree. It seems to me almost inconceivable and scarcely desirable that in any of our Anglo-Saxon democracies the central government should endow a theatre or theatres. A state theatre, where it exists in a democratic country, is always a legacy from an autocratic past. If it be a worthy and well-managed theatre, to which popular sentiment is habituated, it is no doubt a highly desirable legacy. But for a democracy, and especially an Anglo-Saxon democracy, to set about creating such a theatre would be, I think, a countersense. Disguise it how you may, a state theatre involves the taxation of the many for the pleasure of the comparatively few. It is a fallacy to argue that because the State endows museums and picture galleries, it ought also to endow theatres. A museum is an educational institution the value of which no one seriously doubts; the theatre is also an educational institution, but the value of the education it affords is doubted, and even vehemently denied, by large sections of every Anglo-Saxon community. The museum is open gratis to all comers; the theatre can only on very rare occasions be thrown open gratis. Similar objections apply, though with somewhat less force, to the idea of a municipal theatre. It is certainly less unreasonable that Manchester should be taxed to support a Manchester theatre than that the whole country should be taxed to support a London theatre. If private art-lovers were to show the way, municipalities might possibly follow and co-operate; but the initiative must, I think, come from private liberality and enthusiasm. It is not at all my belief that private liberality need be severely or continuously taxed. I believe that in every great centre of population throughout the English-speaking world—every city of, say, 200,000 inhabitants and upwards—a Repertory Theatre might very soon become self-supporting. This is the ultimate end to be kept in view; but an initial basis of endow-

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ment is not only practically indispensable, but ideally desirable, in order to give to each theatre, as it comes into being, the dignity and responsibility of a public institution. Over its very threshold we must hang the Lamp of Sacrifice.

Taking London as an example—though there the vastness of the city and its metropolitan position complicate rather than simplify the problem—let us consider how we might set about the establishment of a Repertory Theatre. We have much to learn from the subscription theatres of the Continent: the Vienna Volkstheater, for example, the Deutsches Theater and Lessing Theater of Berlin, and the new National Theatre of Christiania. But as none of these institutions affords a model to be followed in detail, we must lay down an independent scheme suited to our own conditions.

In the first place, nothing should be attempted on a small scale, with inadequate resources, or in a hole-and-corner fashion. An initial defeat would be disastrous, inasmuch as it would throw back the whole movement indefinitely. Advertisement, as we have seen, is, in these days the first great requisite of every theatrical enterprise—of a Repertory Theatre no less than a Palace of Varieties. It must not, as the Americans say, ‘come in on rubbers.’ It must be brought prominently before the public notice and kept prominently in the public eye. But the advertisement which is paid for, in newspapers and on hoardings, is the least effective sort of advertisement. The Repertory Theatre should have nothing to do with picture posters or with ‘column ads.’ It should be from the outset its own advertisement, awakening interest and compelling attention by the very magnitude, or (shall I say?) the magnanimity, of its endeavour. The first step should be (before the scheme comes before the public at all) to secure a double set of provisional promises—promises from men of social, literary and artistic standing, that if a certain capital sum is subscribed they will serve on the Board of Trustees; promises from men of wealth that if a certain Board of Trustees is secured, they will subscribe the stipulated capital sum. Of course the men of social, literary and artistic standing would themselves, in some cases, be men of wealth and subscribers; but it would be a mistake to make it a rule that subscribers only should be eligible as trustees. The Board of Trustees should hold a position not unlike that of the Trustees of the British Museum. It must not be confounded with a Committee of Management. It ought simply to have the ultimate financial control of the undertaking, guaranteeing that the funds are not being grossly misapplied; that the artistic aims of the enterprise are being kept fairly in view; and that the theatre is being conducted as a public institution, and not for individual profit. It ought to meet at considerable intervals (say, once a quarter or twice a year) to receive the manager’s artistic and financial report, and to consider

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complaints, whether from authors, actors, employees of the theatre, or the outside public. It ought to act, in short, not as an executive body, but as a court of revision and of appeal.

The subscriptions should not, in the first instance at any rate, be absolute donations. Most of the German subscription theatres have been started by contributions *à fonds perdu*. I have not been able to arrive at the precise legal definition of this phrase, but in effect the subscriber *à fonds perdu* is a shareholder who does not look for any interest on his money, but accepts it, if it comes, as an agreeable windfall. My suggestion is, then, that subscribers should retain the property in their contributions, but should agree to claim no interest until the theatre should have reached a certain stated point of prosperity, and should even then receive only a low fixed rate of interest, any further profits going to the general funds of the institution. One effect of this arrangement would be that, in the event of the enterprise proving an artistic failure and being discontinued (a contingency to be hereinafter provided for) each subscriber to the endowment fund would be repaid either his full share, or if the fund had suffered diminution, his due proportion of what remained. Trustees should serve for a stated term (say three or five years) but should be indefinitely re-eligible; and new boards of trustees should be elected by the votes of the subscribers. A fixed minimum subscription should confer one vote, three times that minimum three votes, and so on up to six, eight, perhaps even ten times the minimum. But there should be a distinct limit to the voting power that can be exercised by one man. It is highly undesirable that one, two, or three large subscribers should be able to swamp the votes of all the rest, and practically nominate their own Board of Trustees. If a very rich man wishes to have a predominant influence in such an institution, let him endow a theatre on his own account. If once a model organisation were successfully established, I have little doubt that many individual millionaires would be found to imitate it in their own local centres.

We now come to what is in my judgment the most essential and (so far as London is concerned) the most difficult point in the scheme. The more I study the question the more deeply am I convinced that it would be futile to start such an enterprise in any existing London theatre. From the practical no less than from the ideal point of view, we require not only a new building, but one totally different, without and within, from any extant theatrical structure in the United Kingdom—nay, in the English-speaking world. Let us look at the matter from the two points of view in turn, considering first its ideal and then its practical aspect.

Can it be doubted that the drama suffers greatly in the popular esteem by reason of the combined meanness and garishness of the buildings in which it is housed? To all the other arts we assign

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spacious and dignified, if not always beautiful, mansions ; the drama we thrust away into any crevice or corner that comes handy. Two old-fashioned barn-theatres, useless save for spectacle and opera, survive as relics of the 'palmy days,' like giant boulders close pressed by a rising tide of slums. Two buildings of some pretensions, occupying free and prominent sites, might be mistaken for theatres, but are in fact the Pavilion and the Palace music-halls. For the rest, I know of no theatre in the West End of London, save the unpretending Shaftesbury, that is even, as the house-agents say, 'self-contained'; and the Shaftesbury is only a façade and three brick walls surrounded by narrow alleys. All the others are but semi-detached, if not actually buried beneath or sandwiched between other buildings. Some, such as the Haymarket and Daly's, have more or less convenient and handsome auditoriums, but their corridor and crush-room space is miserably limited. Several houses show on their narrow frontages a good deal of cheap and commonplace decoration, which they eke out at night with flaunting cressets and transparencies. Her Majesty's Theatre, the latest important addition to the roll, has the air of a moderately handsome hotel, and is, in fact, merely a wing of the Carlton. And what is true of London is equally true of the British Empire and the United States. After a good deal of travel and a great deal of inquiry, I have failed to discover in any city of the English-speaking world a single theatre of real architectural dignity, standing free and open to all sides and boldly announcing itself as a theatre and nothing else. When I made this remark some time ago in another place, the proprietor or architect of the Lafayette Square Theatre, Washington, sent me, in mute reproach, a photograph of that edifice. True, it is, like our own Shaftesbury Theatre, open on all sides ; but, again like the Shaftesbury, it is merely an oblong box consisting of three flat brick walls and a narrow decorated façade. Moreover, it is, or will soon be, closely hemmed in by other buildings. The Castle Square Theatre, Boston, is a really interesting and successful structure, but totally lacking in external dignity. In Chicago, Messrs. Adler and Sullivan, the architects of the Auditorium, the Dearborn, and other theatres have shown ingenuity and imagination in interior design ; but even the great Auditorium is, like Her Majesty's, merely part of a hotel, and is even more effectually hidden from outside observation. In sum, I have seen or heard of but one theatre in all the lands that speak the language of Shakespeare which, not by garish decoration, but by organic structure, proclaims itself a temple of the drama. I refer to the charming little theatre within a bowshot of Shakespeare's grave, at Stratford-on-Avon.

On the other hand, one may travel through the length and breadth of Germany and Austria and not find a single town of any importance that has not a spacious and seemly, and in many cases a

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magnificent, theatre occupying one of its most prominent sites, and proclaiming to the most thoughtless passer-by the dignity of the art to which it is devoted. A catalogue of such buildings would be tedious and unnecessary; any one who knows Germany can at will summon up the recollection of a score of them. And though many of these theatres are supported by Royal or municipal subsidies, several, and not the least splendid, are subscription theatres, founded by the art-loving munificence of private individuals. Nor need I demonstrate to any one who is at all acquainted with Germany that the German public takes a higher, more serious, more liberal and enlightened view of the drama than the English or the Anglo-Saxon public. Their noble theatres, no doubt, are as much the effect as the cause of this habit of thought. But in such matters it is impossible to discriminate between cause and effect. The habit of thought created the theatres, the theatres foster and sustain the habit of thought. If those of us who, like our German cousins, think nobly of the theatre, want to spread that view among those who are as yet unawakened to it, our obvious course is to express and embody it, plain for all-folk to see, in a noble building organically fitted to be the home of a noble art.

Turning now to the practical side of the question, we come back to the great practical principle that in our crowded cities advertisement is and must be the mainspring of theatrical success. But this enterprise, as I have said, should be its own advertisement; and how could it better achieve that end than by announcing itself to all the world in a building which should take rank among the architectural glories of the city? This it might easily do without any costliness of material or profusion of ornament. A theatre on the modern German model, with its clear and logical discrimination of parts, can be rendered extremely pleasing to the eye by the mere variety of its contours and dignity of its proportions. But the theatre should 'get itself talked about' no less by its comfort than by its dignity. Its corridors should be wide, its crush-rooms attractive, and its rows of seats so liberally spaced that the audience, ladies included, may freely leave their places between the acts, and resort to the crush-rooms for fresh air and conversation. This is the general practice in Germany, where the theatre is not only a palace of art but a recognised social rendezvous; and indeed it is the only rational system. Why should an audience be condemned to sit penned together for three mortal hours, and to bore itself in vitiated air through two or three long entr'actes? The penitential discomfort of an evening at the theatre is largely responsible for the proverbial impatience of English audiences—that habit of mind which demands amusement, vivid amusement, and nothing but amusement. Where theatre-going involves great expense and a good deal of physical endurance, the theatre-goer, not unnaturally expects to be repaid by

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continuous and continuously agreeable stimulation in the fare provided for him. The whole proceeding, and the entr'actes especially, being an unqualified bore, he becomes morbidly resentful of anything that is not positively and emphatically entertaining while the curtain is up. The German takes his theatre-going far more easily. He pays, on an average, half the price for the seat. He does not require to put on evening dress if he is not in the habit of doing so. During the entr'actes he goes out and has his indispensable glass of beer, while his wife and daughters stroll up and down the corridors, eat sweetmeats and gossip with their friends. The whole act of theatre-going becomes a mild social pleasure, apart from what is presented on the stage; so that when the curtain rises, the audience is in a placidly receptive rather than an eagerly exacting frame of mind. A German audience is prepared for a certain demand upon its intelligence; an English audience looks for nothing but an agreeable titillation of its nerves. It takes a German audience a long time to discover that it is bored. In this fact lies the chief advantage of the German playwright over his English colleagues—an advantage which he not infrequently abuses. I am far from proposing German stodginess as an ideal for the English dramatist; but I believe it would be possible, and certainly desirable, to increase the intelligent receptivity of an English audience by lessening the strain upon the nerves (and pocket) involved in the mere physical act of going to and sitting out a play. In the theatre, elbow-room and knee-room mean brain-room; and I am sure the public would appreciate reasonable enlargement in all three dimensions. It would even dispense with a certain amount of upholstery for the sake of fresh air and freedom of movement.

But in attempting to carry out the principles laid down in the last two paragraphs we are met by a serious difficulty. A self-contained and spacious theatre requires a spacious site; and the cost of such a site, in an advantageous quarter of a great city, would be apt to overburden the enterprise from the outset. The meanness of theatrical architecture in England and America arises simply from the fact that the problem invariably proposed to the architect is to find accommodation for some fifteen hundred people on a plot of ground about the size of a pocket-handkerchief. How are we to escape the pressure of this ever-hampering condition of commercial management?

Well, it is 'right here' that the need for endowment really comes in. The enterprise, as I have said, ought to be self-supporting, but only on condition that, like the Vienna Volkstheater, the Christiania National Theatre, and most of the subscription theatres of the Continent, it gets a suitable plot of ground for nothing. It cannot afford to sink piles of gold in its site. This, then, is what I propose: A working endowment having been raised as aforesaid, and trustees

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appointed, the subscribers should elect, or the trustees nominate, a small committee (unpaid, but with power to pay for expert assistance) to be called the Building Committee. This committee should get estimates of the approximate cost of a suitable building, exclusive of site. The cost would of course be largely dependent on the nature of the site, and could not be definitely estimated till that was determined. But an understanding might be arrived at as to the style of building and the scale of expenditure contemplated; and, that done, the committee should approach either public bodies or private individuals, saying: 'If we engage to erect a theatre of such-and-such architectural qualities, and to devote it to the public service under the guarantee of such-and-such a Board of Trustees, will you, on such-and-such conditions, give us a site for it?' Hereupon the public body or private individual would or should reply: 'Here is a site which I may be induced to devote to this purpose. If you approve of it, get your architect (or architects in competition) to draw out definite plans and estimates for the theatre to be erected on it. That done, if you can satisfy me that you have the money to build the theatre in a satisfactory fashion, I promise to place the site at your disposal.' The cost of the proposed building being thus as nearly as possible ascertained, the trustees should invite subscriptions to a building-fund, to be kept distinct from the original endowment fund, its conditions being to some extent different. The subscribers to the building-fund, like the original subscribers, should put down their money *à fonds perdu*, and should agree to a similar arrangement regarding the interest which may eventually accrue. But the rate of interest should be lower, and the voting power conferred by subscription to the building-fund should be smaller, for this reason, that the subscribers would run no risk of absolutely losing their money in the event of the artistic failure and discontinuance of the enterprise. A commodious theatre, on a good site, is always an excellent commercial investment. Should the enterprise be discontinued, the theatre would remain the property of the subscribers (the trustees being forbidden in any way to mortgage the building) and could be let at a good rental to a commercial manager. In this event, too, it should be stipulated that the donor of the site should have a certain claim to ground-rent; but the ground-rent would probably have to be less than the site would bring in the ordinary market, for the theatre would, by hypothesis, occupy more space in proportion to its seating capacity than the conditions of ordinary commercial management would permit.¹

Before leaving this question of site, let me say, as regards

¹ It might possibly be arranged that the moment the theatre was let to an ordinary commercial manager, the donor of the site should *ipso facto* become proprietor of a certain number of shares in it, and so entitled to a certain proportion of the rent.

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London, that I do not think a very central (and therefore enormously expensive) position by any means indispensable. This theatre would appeal primarily to a resident population, not to the floating hotel and lodging-house population which so largely supports the theatres between Temple Bar and Piccadilly Circus. Artistic decentralisation is one of the great needs of the theatrical world. The extraordinary multiplication of suburban theatres has practically decentralised nothing save melodrama and musical farce. If they want an entertainment of the slightest artistic pretensions, suburban playgoers must still betake themselves to the West End, except on the rare occasions when West End managers and their companies make a tour of the suburbs. Our Repertory Theatre should not necessarily aspire to be a central theatre, and still less to be the only one of its class. There is ample room for five or six such theatres in London, working either independently or (perhaps better) in affiliation. Each new theatre on the repertory system started either in London or the provinces would in many ways facilitate the working of the others. The pioneer theatre, therefore, should not aim at being unique or insist on a position of unique advantage. I believe the experiment would have every bit as good a chance of success in Chelsea, or Kensington, or Bayswater, or St. John's Wood as within the half-mile radius from Charing Cross. By aid of a judicious *abonnement* system (a most important point) it would become a social centre and place of resort for the public of its district; and it would attract playgoers from other districts almost as readily as if it were in the Strand. In London, until you get to the very outer rim of population, the further you go from this place the nearer you come to that, and it is only for the nomads of the great caravanserais that the neighbourhood of Charing Cross is, in any practical sense, particularly central.

Some arrangement would have to be made, as I have hinted, for determining, after a stated lapse of time, whether the enterprise so far fulfilled its purposes as to be worth carrying on, either indefinitely or for another stated period. This decision should not be left to the Trustees alone. Perhaps the best plan would be that at intervals of, say, five years, the Subscribers and Trustees should form themselves into a parliament of two chambers, and that a proposal to wind up the institution, if carried by a two-thirds majority in both the lower and the upper house, should thereby become law and should take effect according to a certain predetermined plan. This detail of the constitution would need very careful consideration, so that neither, on the one hand, should a few malcontent subscribers be enabled wantonly to wreck the enterprise, nor, on the other hand, should it have to drag out a superfluous and wasteful existence, because no machinery had been provided for winding it up.

I am at the end of my allotted space, yet not half way through

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what I had intended to say. On one point only—the essential question of management—I must, before closing, make a few brief suggestions.

The management must be a limited monarchy ; and the difficulty—a great difficulty in England—is to find the right monarch and devise the right limitations. The ideal manager ought to possess a combination of literary culture with theatrical instinct and experience, which is apparently common enough in Germany, but very rare in England. My proposal would be, then, that the responsible director—the man who should engage the company, assign the parts, supervise the rehearsals, and, in short, rule the theatre behind the curtain—should be either a retired actor or at any rate a ‘man of the theatre,’ thoroughly familiar with the whole mechanism of play-production. But this monarch should have associated with him a privy council of two—a man of letters, or reader, and a man of accounts, or treasurer. These three should form a committee of management and should, as a committee, choose the plays, old and new, arrange the repertory, estimate and sanction the cost of mounting each new production, and, in short, carry on all the business of the theatre not directly connected with the stage itself. It should be the duty of the reader to weed out the manuscripts sent in to the theatre before submitting them to his colleagues ; to select and arrange for representation classical plays, both English and foreign ; to keep an eye on the contemporary drama in Europe, and bring to the notice of his colleagues plays which he thinks suitable for the purposes of the theatre. The treasurer should have all the accounts of the institution in his hands, and it should be his especial duty to draw up the quarterly or half-yearly balance-sheets to be submitted to the Trustees. But the three committee-men—let us call them the scenic director, the literary director and the financial director—though each primarily responsible for his own department, should not be mere specialists, but, so far as possible, men of all-round ability. The scenic director and the financial director should possess some literary intelligence to boot, the literary director should know something of the stage, and should make it his business to understand the finances of the institution. All three should be appointed by the Trustees, and should be salaried officials, with no direct interest in receipts or profits. As the routine of a Repertory Theatre is thoroughly understood in Germany, while in this country it is a lost tradition, I believe it would be well to import, for an initial season or two at any rate, an experienced German ‘Oberregisseur’ to advise and assist the management.

The company, of course, would have to be numerous, else the frequent changes of bill would overtask it. But, however large the staff, the theatre would demand of its actors an amount of steady work to which English actors are unaccustomed, and which they

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would be apt at first to resent. The star system would be as carefully excluded as the long run system. Salaries, being permanent, would be comparatively small; and a pension fund would be an indispensable adjunct to the institution.

That there are difficulties to be overcome in the starting of such an enterprise I have freely admitted. But the main difficulty lies, not in any external conditions, but in the national character, with its instinctive shrinking from anything that savours of idealism. The scheme here propounded may be faulty in many details or in every detail; but the object towards which it is directed—the placing of the national drama on a footing of equality with the other arts and with the drama of other nations—ought certainly to fire the imagination and nerve the will of every Englishman throughout the world, who has any care for the glorious heritage of his national literature. Unfortunately the imagination of the average man—even of the average literary man—is very slow to take fire. His instinct is to suggest and exaggerate difficulties, instead of resolving to overcome them. He cannot see that the only insuperable difficulty—if, indeed, it be insuperable—lies in his own infirmity of purpose. Most of the practical objections he urges are met in advance by the experience of other nations. It is alleged, for example, that an endowed theatre would necessarily be a hotbed of backstairs intrigue, favouritism and jobbery. Human nature being as yet imperfect, it is probable enough that ideal justice might not always hold sway in the counsels of the enterprise. But there is no reason to suppose that an English theatre would be more dishonestly managed than a French or German theatre; and it is found in France and Germany that whatever the imperfections in their workings, endowed theatres are on the whole advantageous, nay, indispensable, to sound theatrical art. The checks upon favouritism in a public institution are certainly greater than in a private enterprise. But even if that were not so, how foolish the inertia which says, ‘Because we cannot devise an ideal instrument for a great end, we will have no instrument at all, and leave the end unattempted!’ Other objectors point to the comparative poverty of the contemporary drama and say, ‘Why trouble about a theatre until you have the plays to act in it?’ In other words, they make the very state of things that calls for remedy an argument for not remedying it. The contemporary drama is not what it ought to be, granted. If it were, there would be the less need for a Repertory Theatre, though it would still be extremely desirable for the due cultivation of the classical drama. But the contemporary drama, with all its shortcomings, is sufficiently vital to chafe at the restrictions imposed on it by the present system of commercial management. Surely, then, it is the height of inconsequence to make the depressing effect of these restrictions a reason for not attempting to remove them!

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The suggestions put forward in this paper are very incomplete, and some of them, I have no doubt, very injudicious. No one can be readier than I to accept such criticism as makes for the perfecting of the scheme. The criticism I deprecate is that purely destructive carping which, for an injudicious suggestion, substitutes none at all—which says, ‘This scheme is imperfect, therefore no scheme can succeed.’ It is a manifest stigma upon our national, our racial, character that the people which possesses the greatest dramatic literature in the world should be the only great people in the world which gives no public support to dramatic art, but leaves it entirely to the chafferers in the market-place. Broadly speaking, the theatre of the English-speaking world is a discredit to the English-speaking race. The removal of this stigma is possible, is even easy, if only we set about it with a will. And the duty is incumbent on us not merely as individual art-lovers, but as citizens of the empire and of the world.

‘THE MASTER OF THE GAME’

BY W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN



ON that famous hunting morning when Agincourt's coverts were drawn, a gallant English sportsman found a glorious death at the head of the British vanguard. Alençon's sword robbed England on that bloody St. Crispin's day, A.D. 1415, not only of a soldier and sportsman, but also of an author on themes ever dear to the sport-loving British nation. For it was brave Edward, Duke of York, who, as few remember nowadays, wrote the oldest existing hunting book in the English language, the work with which these pages propose to deal.

As no early or late publisher has so far done honour to this highly interesting treatise, the reader, if he wishes to inspect one of the best of the nineteen existing manuscript copies of it which the writer has traced in the various principal libraries of England, where they have happily escaped the vicissitudes of centuries, must repair to the Manuscript Room of the British Museum. After writing 'Add 16165' and his own name on the green slip of paper known as a reader's ticket, there will presently be delivered into his hands the precious leather-bound quarto containing a copy of this treatise by our royal sportsman.

Those not versed in deciphering the cramped handwriting of the first half of the fifteenth century, the quaint spelling and strange contractions in use at that period, no less than the long obsolete hunting terms that abound in the 150 closely written pages of the MS., will probably have some trouble in mastering its contents.

'Ye boke of huntynge the which is cleped (called) "Ye Maystre of ye Game" constrewed and made by my lorde of Yorke that died at Achincourt ye day of the batayle in his soverain lordes service' is the paragraph with which the prologue commences. Though the copy before us is perhaps not the oldest one existing, it is the only one so far as the writer has discovered which contains the above positive information concerning its authorship, none of the others that have passed through his hands bearing any remarks respecting this important matter. In this instance we also know who the copyist was that penned the pages which we are turning over, for we know him to have been the worthy John Shirley, a well-known transcriber of Chaucer's and Lydgate's works. Hence, reliance can be placed upon this statement, for, as Shirley was born about 1366, he was no longer a gullible youth when Duke Edward carried out his task of writing this 'little and symple book,' dedicating it in most humbly framed phrases to 'yowe my right worshipful and dredde lorde Henry by ye grace of god eldest sone and heyre unto ye hye excellent and crysten prynce henry ye forthe by ye forsayde grace kynge of England and of ffrance.'

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In the somewhat lengthy prologue to this ‘symple memoryal’ our princely author indulges in some quaint reflections, thus, ‘as Chaucer saith in the Fifteen goode wymmen by wryting have men mynde of thinges passed, for wryting is ye keye of alle goode remembraunce.’ Again, when he explains why the book is called the ‘Master of the Game,’ he tells us that hunting is to ‘every gentil heart the most honest and most disportful of all games,’ adding that though ‘I be unworthy, I am maystre of the game with ye noble prince youre fadre.’

Compared with any of the so-called classics on hunting written by Englishmen, such as the much over-rated and apocryphal Book of St. Albans, which is but a faulty compilation of extracts from older works, or the equally over-estimated ‘Arte of Venerie,’ which is mainly a translation of Du Fouilloux’s book on French hunting with a very few original remarks thrown in here and there by that arch cribber Tuberville, Duke Edward’s book presents features of infinitely greater interest to the student of sporting lore. For though, as we shall have to show, the latter followed the example of all other fifteenth- and sixteenth-century writers on sport, that is to say, he copied to a very considerable extent from the classic of all classics, ‘Gaston Phœbus,’ as ‘La Chasse,’ the work of the famous French veneur Count Gaston de Foix, was generally called. But our author is at least honest about his plagiarism, and frequently testifies to his having borrowed: ‘for as saith in his booke Phœbus erle of Ffoye, that noble hunter.’ While in those portions of ‘The Master of the Game’ that are original, important and often quite novel light is thrown upon English venery in the time of Henry IV.

Passing strange it is that this important manuscript has never been published, considering that of such a comparatively valueless treatise as the Book of St. Albans no fewer than four and twenty editions followed the first one of 1486, which latter is to-day a literary curiosity of the first rank, and when even Tuberville’s essay reached more than one edition. So little is ‘The Master of the Game’ known even to those who profess to be acquainted with the history of English sport, that the author of the chapters on this subject in the most modern text-book—the Badminton Library volume on hunting—placidly confesses that his knowledge of it is confined to the few extracts from it quoted by Cecil in his ‘Records of the Chace.’ After this it hardly surprises us to read in the same place such entirely erroneous statements as that Twici¹ (Edward II.’s Chief Huntsman) directs that the fox should be

¹ Twici, who wrote in French, which was then the language of the Court, is the author of the oldest work on hunting written in England, for as he wrote about the year 1320, his manuscript, of which there are two copies extant, is about a century older than ‘The Master of the Game.’ Sir H. Dryden published a very interesting treatise on this highly important MS. As it was printed for private circulation it is now very difficult to obtain.

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hunted above ground and that he confines himself in his treatise to the stag, the fox and the hare.

To come to the contents of our hunting book, the prologue contains a brief list of chapters, which, however, does not slavishly follow the sequence observed by Gaston Phœbus, for, while the latter commences with, what was by a long way, the most prized chase in France, *i.e.*, that of the hart, the English adapter commences with the hare, followed by the hart, the fallow deer, roe deer, wild boar, wolf, fox, badger, wild cat, marten and otter, which were the beasts of venery and of the chase. These chapters are followed by an account of the several kinds of hounds known to the hunter, such as the raches, the alauntes, the spaniels, the mastiffs, and the terrier, with a treatise on their various ailments and the cures then in vogue. Then we hear about the 'manner and condition of a good hunter,' the manner and shape of the kennel, followed by a short dissertation on the hunting-horn and the couplings used for hounds.

Before proceeding with these practical discussions our author, in the fashion of the time, deals at somewhat weary length with the godliness of hunting, and the salvation of the hunter's soul,

proving that there is no man's life that useth gentle game and disporte that gives less displeasure unto God than the life of a perfect and skilful hunter, or from which more good cometh.

The first reason, which, like the rest, is taken from 'Gaston Phœbus,' is

That this game causeth a man to eschew the seven deadly sins. The second, men are better when riding, more just, and more understanding, and more alert, and more at their ease and adventurous, knowing better all countries and all passages; in short all good customs and manners come therefrom as well as the salvation of the soul. For whoso fleeth the seven deadly sins shall as we believe be saved and in this world shall have joy enough and gladness and solace, so that he keep himself from two things. One is that he leave not the service of God from whom all good cometh, for his hunting. The second that he lose not the service of his master for his hunting nor his own needs which might be most profitable to him.

Equally quaint is the explanation which this God-fearing sportsman gives of how to avoid falling into any of the seven deadly sins:

When a man is idle, and reckless without work, and he be not occupied in doing some thing or other, he abides in his bed or in his chamber, a thing which draweth men much to imaginations of fleshly lust and pleasure. For such men have no wish but always to abide in one place and think of pride, or of avarice, or of wrath, or of sloth, or of gluttony, or of luxury, or of envy. For the imagination of men rather falleth to evil than to good, for the three enemies that mankind hath are the world, the devil, and the flesh.

After a few similar pious reflections Duke Edward comes to more practical considerations, beginning with the daily life of a

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hunter. He tells him how he shall rise early ‘in the dawning of the day to go unto his *quest*, which in English is called *searching*,’ how when he joins the assembly he must order his *finders* and *relays* to move the hart, uncouple his hounds, and to be near them and to hue and to route well and blow well, and to look well at what he hunteth, and which hounds are *vauncharies* and which are *parfytiers*. Interlarding his instructions with a few more quaint reflections upon the certainty of paradise for a hunter who is not idle, he gives expression to some poetical allusions proving that hunters live in this world more joyfully than any other men.

For when he riseth in the morning and it is clear weather and bright, he heareth the song of the small fowl, the which sing so sweetly with great melody and full of love, each in his own language in the best manner that he may. . . . And when the sun is arisen he shall see fresh dew upon the small twigs and grasses . . . which is great joy and liking to the hunter’s heart. When he has done his searching, and has harboured the great hart well, and within a little compass, he shall join the gathering and shall report to the lord and his company that which he hath seen with his eyes or by *scauntylaun* of the trace which he ought always of right to take, or by the fewmets (droppings) that he shall have in his horn or in his lap. And every man shall say, ‘Lo, here is a great hart, and if he is a deer of great metying or pasturing, let us go and move him.’

A curious light is thrown on English stag hunting by a careful comparison of the ‘Master of the Game’ and ‘Gaston Phœbus,’ for we find that while the latter never speaks of stag hunters being on foot, the English author usually adds in his English transcription to the sentence ‘and after he leapeth on horseback’ the words *if he be of that estate, and else on foot*, showing that the latter mode of pursuit, while unheard of in France, was not an unusual occurrence in England.

And when the hart is overcome and shall be at bay, then shall he have great joy. Also when the hart is spayed and dead, he undoeth him and maketh his curée and rewardeth his hounds, and so he shall have great liking, for his lord hath given him to drink of his good wine. And when he cometh home he shall doff his clothes, and his shoes and his hose, and he shall wash his thighs, and his legs, and peradventure all his body.

After some of these comforting reflections upon the happy lot of a hunter who is not idle, he goes on to prove how hunters live longer than any other men, quoting what Hippocras the doctor telleth ‘about frugality of living and the benefit of exercise in casting out wicked humours and superfluities,’ laying stress upon ‘what men know well is the best termination of sickness that can be, namely, sweating.’ ‘And as hunters eat little and sweat often they should live long in this world,’ winding up these amusingly quaint directions by :

Therefore be ye all hunters and ye shall do as wise men, wherefore I counsel all manner of men of what estate or condition they be to love hounds and hunting. . . . For as saith in his book Phœbus the Earl of Foix that noble hunter, he saw

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never a good man that hath not pleasure in some of these things were he ever so great and rich.

Twenty pages or so of the MS. are devoted to the prologue from which we have been quoting rather at greater length than we can from each of the following chapters, to the contents of which it has given us a clue. But this was necessary to show the didactic spirit of this and other early hunting books which were intended for the instruction of the country squire and professional hunter at a time when inter-communication was of the most primitive kind, and 'books,' other than sacred ones, were so scarce that even in royal palaces they could be counted on the fingers of two hands.

The chapter following the prologue is headed 'Of the hare and of *his* nature.' It begins in the usual form: 'The hare is a common enough beast,' and after some remarks upon its habitus it says: 'It is a good little beast and there is much disport and pleasure in hunting *her*.' This singular irregularity in the gender of the hare was presumably, as we must remind those unfamiliar with old hunting literature, caused by the general belief that the hare was at one time a male and at another a female, a belief to which most of the old writers give expression. Thus Twici, a hundred years before, says of the hare: 'She is the most marvellous beast which is on this earth . . . at one time it is male and at another it is female.' Two hundred and fifty years later Tuberville, when translating Du Fouilloux, when speaking of the hare, which he pronounces to be 'one of the most melancholicke beasts that is,' says: 'Although some say that there is no judgment of difference betweene the male and the female hares, yet have I found the contrary,' which is one of the earliest instances of doubt being cast upon this venerable old myth. Of the hunting, Duke Edward's treatise speaks with the full experience of long practice, the three curious mistakes which occur in the English rendering being merely faults of the copyist, as a comparison with other manuscripts of the 'Masters of the Game' clearly shows. The first occurs when he speaks of the hare's age, which he limits to *two* years. This should be seven. The second occurs in the sentence 'a hare hath gret feer to run,' it should read 'great power.' The third we discover in reading a curious circumstance to which 'Gaston Phœbus' is the first to direct attention. The passage runs:

One knows by the outside of the front leg of a hare if he has passed a year, the same of the hound, of the fox, and of the wolf, namely, by a little bone that they have in a bone which is next to the sinews where there is a little cavity between the two.

Shirley in copying wrote *snout* instead of *sinews*. Only careful comparison with other copies and with 'Gaston Phœbus' enables one to detect these sense-disturbing clerical errors. Though there are

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others these examples must suffice as a warning against these frequent pit-falls.

To his numerous and generally correct Natural History remarks we have not the space to refer at any length. Concerning the hunting of the hare we will quote his concluding remark :

Men slay the hare with greyhounds and with running hounds by strength as in England, but elsewhere they slay him with pockets, and pursenets, with small nets, with harepipes, and with long nets, and with small cords, but truly I trow no good hunter would slay him so for any good.

To the next chapter the most space is devoted, for it deals with the hart, of the habits of which our author gives, of course, a very circumstantial account, than which nothing could be more correct ; though in two instances it would seem as if Duke Edward did not consider quite enough the influence of the northern climate when speaking of the rutting season and of the mewing time of the hart. The one, he says, strictly following ‘ Gaston Phœbus,’ who of course wrote relating to deer inhabiting sunnier France, begins about Holy-
ibcr rood day (~~January~~ 14), *lasting nearly two months* ; of the other he says that harts are summed of their times . . . between March when they shed their antlers and the *middle of June*, fraying about Mary Magdalene day (July 22), but these are after all very trifling and quite local differences.

The long account which our author gives of the various manners of hunting the stag may be epitomised in his concluding remark, which again shows a patriotic pride in the more sportsmanlike methods employed in Britain. ‘ But in England they are not slain except with hounds or with shot or with strength of running hounds,’ the methods employed ‘ by men beyonde the see in some countreys,’ such as the use of nets, cords and other harness and with pits and gins evidently not meeting with the Englishman’s approval.

In conclusion, it is perhaps best to state more clearly to what extent Duke Edward of York’s treatise is a plagiarism of ‘ Gaston Phœbus.’ The latter work is nearly twice as long, consisting of eighty-two chapters, in which the Frenchman deals not only with the beasts to be found in Britain but with the rein-deer, the chamois (ibex), the bear and the coney, of which latter Duke Edward makes but a passing allusion in the hare chapter. The first thirty-three chapters (which are longer than the others) Duke Edward translated almost word for word, occasional original remarks, where English hunting differed from that of France, being inserted in the proper places. Three chapters on the hart and hare are quite original and these are for us of course the most interesting in this oldest hunting book in the English language.

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WAR—still war, and little else to fill our hearts and load our thoughts, even as it was when the last ANGLO-SAXON was passing through the press. But the end is in sight, or at least it is difficult not to think so. For there has passed by another anniversary of Majuba, that day of bitter humiliation that left 'a stain like a wound' upon the pride and self-respect of England. But on this Majuba Day of 1900 the old reckoning has been repaid, and let us hope that the old sore may cease to rankle. The second Majuba Day has 'wiped-out' the first.

So Englishmen are saying to themselves, but in a somewhat different spirit from that in which the words would have been used four months ago. One can imagine how we should have rejoiced, with what full-throated gratulation and undisturbed confidence in our own invincible valour and capacity, if the best of the Boer generals and 4000 of his men had surrendered to us in the early days of the war. 'No doubt, we are the people,' we should have said, as we have been industriously saying for several years to the edification of the outside world. *Our* officers, *our* troops, *our* brains, the unmatched quality of the Anglo-Saxon intellect and character—we should, I fear, have swaggered about them more than ever. But we have had some experiences which have shaken our complacency and given us many moments of sober thought. Magersfontein, Colenso, Stormberg, Spion Kop, the retreat from Glencoe, the disaster of Nicholson's Nek, 10,000 of our best troops in impotent passivity for months, 30,000 more beating vainly against the outside of their comrades' prison bars, 3000 of our officers and men in the hands of our despised enemy, our colonies invaded, our loyal subjects plundered, foreign rivals looking on with chuckling delight—there is enough in this to chasten our rejoicing, even over Paardeberg and the relief of Ladysmith. Swagger, indeed, would be singularly out of place. For we cannot forget that if Cronje surrendered it was only after being encircled by an overwhelming force in guns and men, and after holding out for ten days in a situation that would have excused surrender during the first half-hour. We cannot help remembering that if White's garrison was at length dug out from its prison-house, it was only after a stubborn, slow, protracted resistance, which was maintained, unflinchingly, long after it was clearly hopeless. With 30,000 English troops hammering on their front, and 10,000 pecking at their rear, with half their force swept away to be engulfed by the advancing flood elsewhere, Joubert's diminished legions still clung savagely to their entrenchments. They were like warders at a prison gate with a mob thundering outside. The gates were being burst in, the walls battered down. But they

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kept the keys in their hands and would not let their prisoners out until the rescuers had forced the very doors of their cells. Buller and Warren were twelve miles away from White's camp, ten miles away, eight miles, no further at length than the space which separates Bayswater from the Bank. Still, the besiegers had to be thrust aside by inches, and were only staved off from their prey by sheer weight and impact and a fierce determination that would not be denied. One does not know which to admire most—the sullen obstinacy of the one side in defence, the invincible spirit of the other in attack. One may say that it needed Boers to keep Englishmen away so long, and Englishmen to overcome Boers after all.

Perhaps in that sense we are wiping out Majuba. When the two kindred peoples have met and shown their best qualities to one another, we may hope for a lightening of the mists raised by politics, by prejudice, by evil passions purposely fomented for base and selfish ends, by mistakes and misunderstandings and tragic errors, by the wickedness of sordid intrigue and the foolishness of well-intentioned ignorance. It is said, one does not know with what truth, that ever since the old war the Boers have despised the English as a military nation. They have not believed in British capacity, British soldiership, nor even very deeply in British constancy and resolution. They have learned some lessons now. They know, not only that our men and officers are as brave as men can be, but also that they are no match for us in arms. Nothing, it is urged by many who know South Africa, would have convinced the Transvaal Boers that England could beat them until England had done so. Similarly, I suppose, that nothing would have persuaded a great many Englishmen that the Boers were not cowardly, treacherous, corrupt, and brutal, but such actual demonstration as we have received. The soldiers who have fought them will scarcely doubt that they are a brave people, a capable people, patient, enduring, resourceful, and tenacious, alike in adversity and in success. The war has taught Englishmen, some classes of Englishmen at least, and Boers to cherish a mutual respect, to delight in one another

With that stern joy which warriors feel,
At foemen worthy of their steel ;

and so to find that they are worthy to live side by side, and develop an united Afrikaner nation out of the mingling of two such tough and fibrous races. But there is a long road to travel before that goal is reached.

After Cronje's grim stand and the bitter combats among the Natal hills, Boer courage will not be doubted. But what of Boer cunning and brutality? On the whole we are inclined to think

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that, on this point also, there is an increasing tendency to acquit the enemy, though it is clear that his ways are not always those of disciplined soldiers in civilised warfare. Some ugly stories of Boer treachery and cunning there are, and no doubt brutes and ruffians will be found in every army. Besides, the Boer is by nature, and the traditions of 250 years' conflict with savagedom, a being full of tricks and dodges and 'plants.' The abuse of the white flag in certain cases is proved ; but then this kind of deception will happen in every war—our own men have not been wholly free from it—and it is easily exaggerated into a deliberate practice. At any rate there is abundant testimony to the consideration and humanity which the Boers have exhibited towards our wounded and prisoners in the course of the campaign. Here is one fragment of evidence :

We had to leave most of our wounded on the field after the Modder fight (writes a sergeant in the Seaforths), and every one of them speaks in the highest manner of the kindness of the Boers. It seemed that after our guns stopped fire, and when it got dark, the Boers came out of their trenches to our wounded, brought them water, food, and blankets, lighted their pipes for them, and did everything that was possible for them. It is only the scum of the Rand that fires on our sick and ambulance waggons.

Very likely that sergeant in the Seaforths is in the right. Many of the bad examples of barbarity we have heard of are due to 'the scum of the Rand,' often not Boers at all, but Uitlanders, hired adventurers, or the miscellaneous sweepings of the Johannesburg ant-heap.

A better, because more carefully weighed, certificate to Boer good conduct was that given by the Special Correspondent of the *Globe* at the Modder River. He says :

We learned that the Boers are by no means the undisciplined rabble which some people would have us believe. It is not too much to say that there was more indiscriminate looting done after the Modder River fight in a few days by the British than was done by the Boers in the whole six weeks before the fight. Not that one blames Tommy Atkins for a natural tendency to get what he can after taking a village ; on the contrary, he has been kept remarkably well in hand in the matter of looting. But it is certainly worthy of remark that the Boers, who are not supposed to have any discipline at all, have, in this part of the country, apparently behaved with exemplary consideration for the rights of private property.

While on the subject of Boer discipline and behaviour, I forgot to mention another important feature in their character and mode of life. I have seen it stated in some papers occasionally that they have been drunk in their trenches and in camps, having looted wine and spirit stores in various towns and villages. I have ascertained that this is absolutely untrue. Drunkenness is practically unknown in their camps. They do not drink wine or spirits ; their only intoxicant is a mixed concoction, of which they drink very little.

It has been a winter and spring in which death has been busy. A newspaper-reader, hindered by years or lack of opportunity from going to the war himself, as he sits in his arm-chair and runs down

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the terrible catalogues from the front, must be inclined to murmur to himself like Friar Lawrence in 'Romeo and Juliet':

How oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves !

How many bright spirits have been quenched, how many brave hearts stilled, since last we wrote ! And unhappily they are the best of us. War is the most wasteful method of thinning down a people. It is the *unfit* who survive. The adventurous, the self-sacrificing, the brilliant young souls, athirst for fame, for honour, for the chance of doing something by the country—these are the victims. The indolent, the unenterprising, the incapable, the infirm, are out of the way of bullet and shell.

Death, however, has been active of late among other than soldiers. It has left English literature the poorer by one most famous, and several distinguished, names. The loss of Ruskin would be a calamity if Ruskin had not long since lingered into silence. The death of Richard Blackmore deprived us of an accomplished and popular novelist, who only just missed being a great artist in fiction. And in H. D. Traill we have lost the most scholarly and competent of the elder, and in G. W. Steevens, the most brilliant of the younger, generation of our literary journalists.

Even amid the tumult of war and politics, the death of John Ruskin came upon some of us with a sort of shock. At any other time, one thinks, the loss of the last great prose writer of the Victorian age would have caused us to forget our public and private preoccupations for at least a few days. One remembers how it was when Carlyle died : how suddenly the figure of the Hermit of Chelsea loomed large before our eyes, and we had little else to talk about for a time but the works and ways of the dead sage. It ought to be so with Ruskin ; but would it have been so, even if there had been no war ? I am inclined to doubt it. I fancy that Ruskin had long since lost his hold with the younger generation of readers. To the elders, to those especially whose apprenticeship to life fell in the sixties and the seventies, Ruskin indeed was something more than a name. To many of them he was the teacher of a gospel, the bringer of glad tidings of great joy. His noble rhetoric had opened a new world of hope, and serene pleasure, and beauty and dignity. One fears that no such effect is produced by his pages now. He is read by working-men at the free libraries, perhaps sometimes by ambitious Board School teachers. But Culture, it seems, has got past Ruskin. His art criticism, they say, is unsound, his political economy a fad, and his scholarship loose and antiquated. And as for the 'Message' of Ruskin, that is deemed

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crude and archaic, and perhaps even childish, by an age that finds its inspiration to the higher thought in Maeterlinck and Ibsen, or comfortably does without inspiration altogether.

Forty, thirty, twenty years ago, we, in England, had never any lack of literary preachers. We sat round many pulpits, and from each there swelled or fluted some vibrant or thrilling voice that searched our souls. You had but to go into any bookseller's shop to see on the counter the volumes of the poets, the philosophers, the reformers, the seers of visions and the dreamers of dreams, the critics, the men of science, who were writing and living in our midst. In these times, so barren of literary genius, 'how strange it seems and true' that there are among us many men, as yet scarcely middle-aged, who might in one single week have seen or spoken to Carlyle and Ruskin, Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall, Froude and Freeman, Newman and Matthew Arnold, Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and William Morris. But all these are gone save one, and those who are among us still—Mr. Herbert Spencer, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Swinburne—belong by tradition and sentiment, if not all by years, to the last generation rather than our own. And their successors: where are they? What voices are there to speak to ardent youth, and to the happier moments of all of us, as these strong-lunged giants did? What cunning fashioner of immortal verse or sounding prose now enthral us with his master-work? There are a few accomplished minor poets, and some clever novelists; but the other kind we scarcely discern, even upon the horizon.

Perhaps this dearth of purely literary production is in part due to the absorption of so many able men in journalism, and in that kind of writing which deals with public affairs and contemporary events, and is journalistic in its character. One cannot doubt, for instance, that in other times and circumstances George Steevens would have sought and found fame as a writer of historical, imaginative or creative prose. He might have been the Macaulay of our age, for he had much of Macaulay's vivid faculty of description, his command of the poignant word, and the telling phrase, his capacity for assimilating facts and presenting the results of his study and observation with fascinating clearness and effect. These gifts Steevens devoted to journalism. He went about the world describing the wonder and the splendour of it to the Man in the Street. The home-staying folks, the people of the tram and omnibus, the dwellers in grey English towns and dull suburbs, where all is quiet, orderly, and unexciting, had their lives stirred by his columns of coloured print. He told them of strange countries and cities, where things happen that do not come within the purview

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of an ancient urban civilisation. He showed them Chicago and California, Egypt and India ; above all he sang the banjo-song of Empire in prose as searching as Mr. Kipling's verse, and told the story of the Anglo-Saxon race at its work on the desert sands and under the equatorial sun. He was one of those men to whom the magic of the written phrase is given, and in the work he turned out so hastily on the march, or in the railway-car, there was always the sense of literature. His death from fever, at Ladysmith, at thirty, is one of the many irreparable losses of the war.

Mr. Traill was an excellent representative of another kind of literary journalism. He was distinctively a critic and commentator on books and affairs. He wrote much and well, and some of his purely literary biographies were as good as anything of the sort we have had in recent years. But he was at his best when touching, with his gentle and wistful irony, on intellectual foibles and vanities, and the pathetic delusions of human nature. His satirical verse, keen, polished and pointed, might have given him a great reputation if he had lived in days when didactic poetry was seriously appreciated, and his 'New Lucian' showed the gifts which should have made him a writer of brilliant comedy, if that form of composition were not now almost out of date. Our readers may remember the little tale called 'The Unflinching Realist,' which was published in the last number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*—a good-humoured skit, which exhibited the skill in parody that was among the many talents of this versatile writer.

The mention of Stevens's premature death reminds us of one of the features of this campaign. It has been rather unlucky to the war correspondents, who have had their fair share, or more than their fair share, of sufferings, dangers and heroic adventures. No body of men are more deserving of credit for bravery and self-devotion, and on the whole they get little of honour or reward. V.C.'s, promotions, medals, decorations and pensions, are not for them. If the war correspondent can get his copy 'on the wires' in time, supply the hungry public with the record for which it is waiting, and do justice to his friends of the combatant ranks, he is satisfied. Of this modest class of heroes—your war correspondent is the minstrel, the band, the *sacer vates* of modern armies—some twelve at least have been killed or wounded, or have died of disease, or have been made prisoners. Some of them have been unlucky in other ways. A whole sheaf of the liveliest pens in the Press were chilled almost into inactivity by the stagnating siege of Ladysmith, with little to write of and small chance of getting their matter to their employers. There have been compensations. One or two new men have appeared—one at least who, by universal consent,

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deserves to hold the very highest place as an observer and recorder of warlike scenes and episodes. We have had some magnificent battle-pieces, some splendid pieces of description. But the censorship, the siege of Ladysmith, and other untoward circumstances have told adversely on many of the newspapers; so that, in spite of the absorbing interest taken in the war, it has hardly yet been brought home to us in its details. At present, indeed, the correspondents can do little more than keep apace with the breathless eagerness for news, for the actual description of events, which possesses the nation. Of the life of the camp and the army, the day-by-day experiences of campaigning, the feeling of the vast host, the incidents of march and siege and laager, we shall hear much more, when less is happening and there is time to talk and remember.

But the efforts of the professional news-writers have been supplemented by the contributions of a legion of amateurs. For the first time in the history of warfare the private soldier has been allowed to describe the campaign while it is still going on. Thanks to Board School education, to such postal facilities as were never before given to troops in the field, and to the enterprise of the cheap daily press, Tommy Atkins has become his own special correspondent. After the arrival of every Cape mail the newspapers are alive with extracts from letters written by men in the ranks to friends and kinsfolk at home, and obviously not meant for publication. And very good many of these hurried communications, full of observation and insight and illuminating flashes of common sense. They allow us to see many things from the inside which we should never learn from the official despatches or from the carefully edited press messages. Sometimes they tell us more than we ought to know, such as the vague rumours, the wild gossip, the imaginative stories, that fly about a camp and travel from mouth to mouth. Under the fatigue, the excitement, the restless movement, and still more restless inactivity, of a campaign many men tend to grow hysterical, and the strangest tales find credence among the seething, overwrought multitude jumbled round the bivouac fires. So sometimes you find a soldier's letter containing such a startling passage as this :

While we were at De Aar, a man of the Gordon Highlanders was taken out and shot for cowardice at Modder River; also nine Boers, or rather seven Boers who had fired on the doctors, and two Irishmen who had been captured at Belmont. They were placed in a row, with their hands tied to a stake, and a company of the Cornwalls gave them their last 'Beecham,' as our fellows call the bullet. They made the other Boers see them shot and dig their holes.

Very likely the episode never occurred at all; if it did there was, let us hope, an explanation not revealed to the private in Shropshires, who startled a quiet household in a north county town with the

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horrifying narrative. But, true or false, it is the kind of tale of which no hint would have escaped to the light in the campaigns of old—at least not while the troops were still face to face with the enemy.

Here is another bit from a soldier at the front which one rather hopes *is* true. In a letter from Frere Camp, a corporal in the Scots Fusiliers, writing to his brother in Coventry, says :

The reason why we have not got the Boers out of their fortifications is that they have some German officers with them who understand fortifications ; in fact, we are not only fighting Boers, but members of every nation in the world ; even Englishmen are amongst them. Just before the battle the Irish Brigade (Boers' side) sent a note to our Dublin Fusiliers, saying they would be glad to get the opportunity to wipe them (the Dublin Fusiliers) off the face of the earth, but the note was returned by the Dublins, to say that they would walk through the Irish Brigade as the devil did through Athlone.

That irrepressible, immortal, unchangeable Irish spirit ! It takes us back to the memories of the past—to the Seven Years War, the Austrian Succession War, the campaigns of Marlborough. On the Natal veldt, as 'on the plains of Flanders,' and the meadows of the Rhineland, there are Irishmen fighting Irishmen ; Irishmen in the pay of England and Irishmen in the pay of England's foes. 'Gentlemen, behold your oppressors,' said Lord Clare to his dragoons at Fontenoy ; and the Irish lads set up a mighty shout, and *did* walk through the English ranks (full of Irishmen) 'as the devil walked through Athlone.' Where there is fighting to be done you will find the Irishman ; and let us add that Irish troops never fought for England with a finer courage than they have shown this winter in Natal.

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